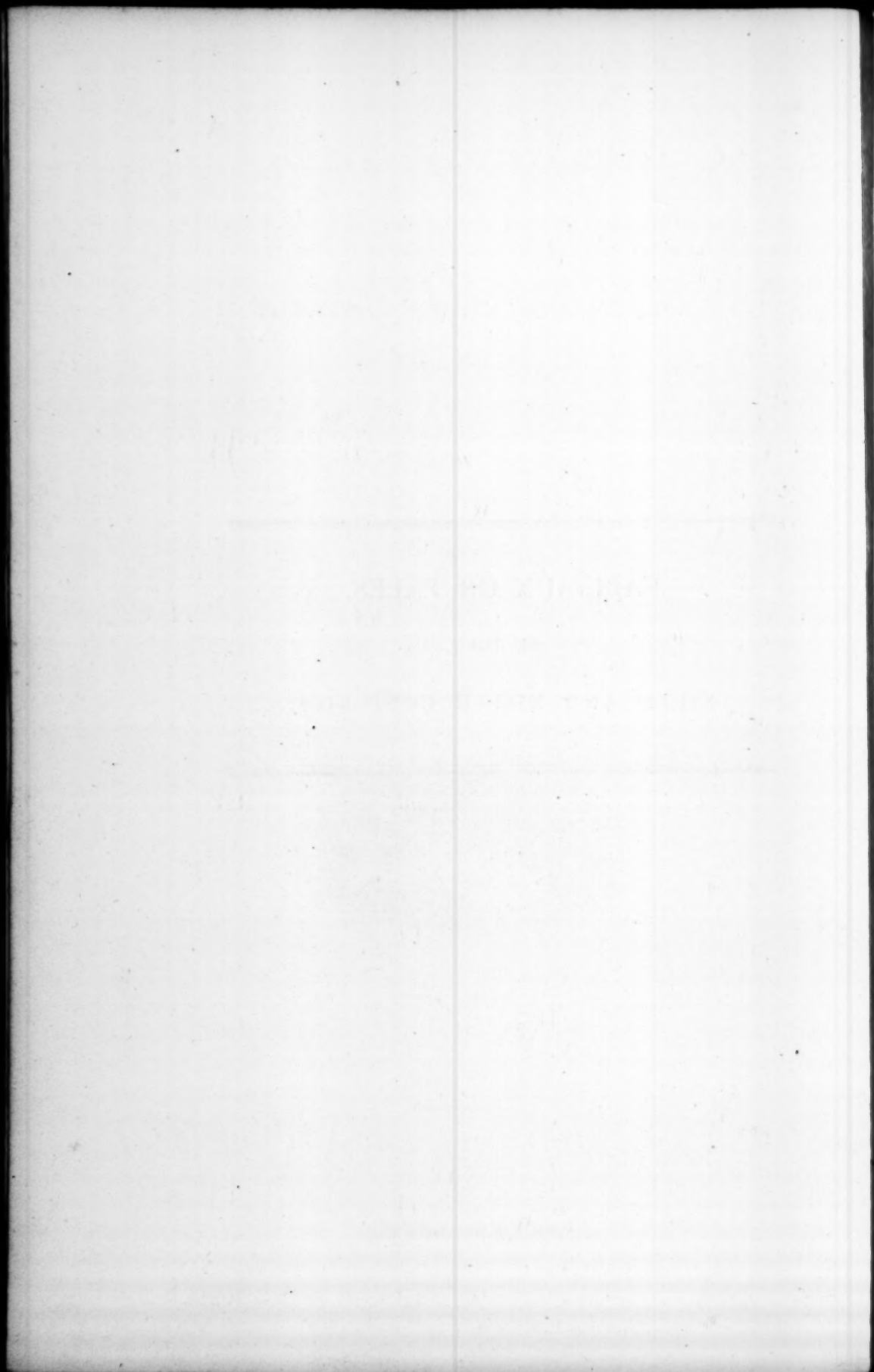


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FABLIAUN OR TALES,  
OF THE  
XII<sup>TH</sup> AND XIII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURIES.

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FABLIAUX OR TALES,  
ABRIDGED FROM FRENCH MANUSCRIPTS  
OF THE  
XIIITH AND XIIIITH CENTURIES,  
BY M. LE GRAND,  
SELECTED AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,  
BY THE LATE  
GREGORY LEWIS WAY, ESQ.  
WITH  
A PREFACE, NOTES, AND APPENDIX,  
BY G. ELLIS, ESQ.  
*IN TWO VOLUMES.*



VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND ROW, ST. JAMES'S;  
AND SOLD BY R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET.

1800.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

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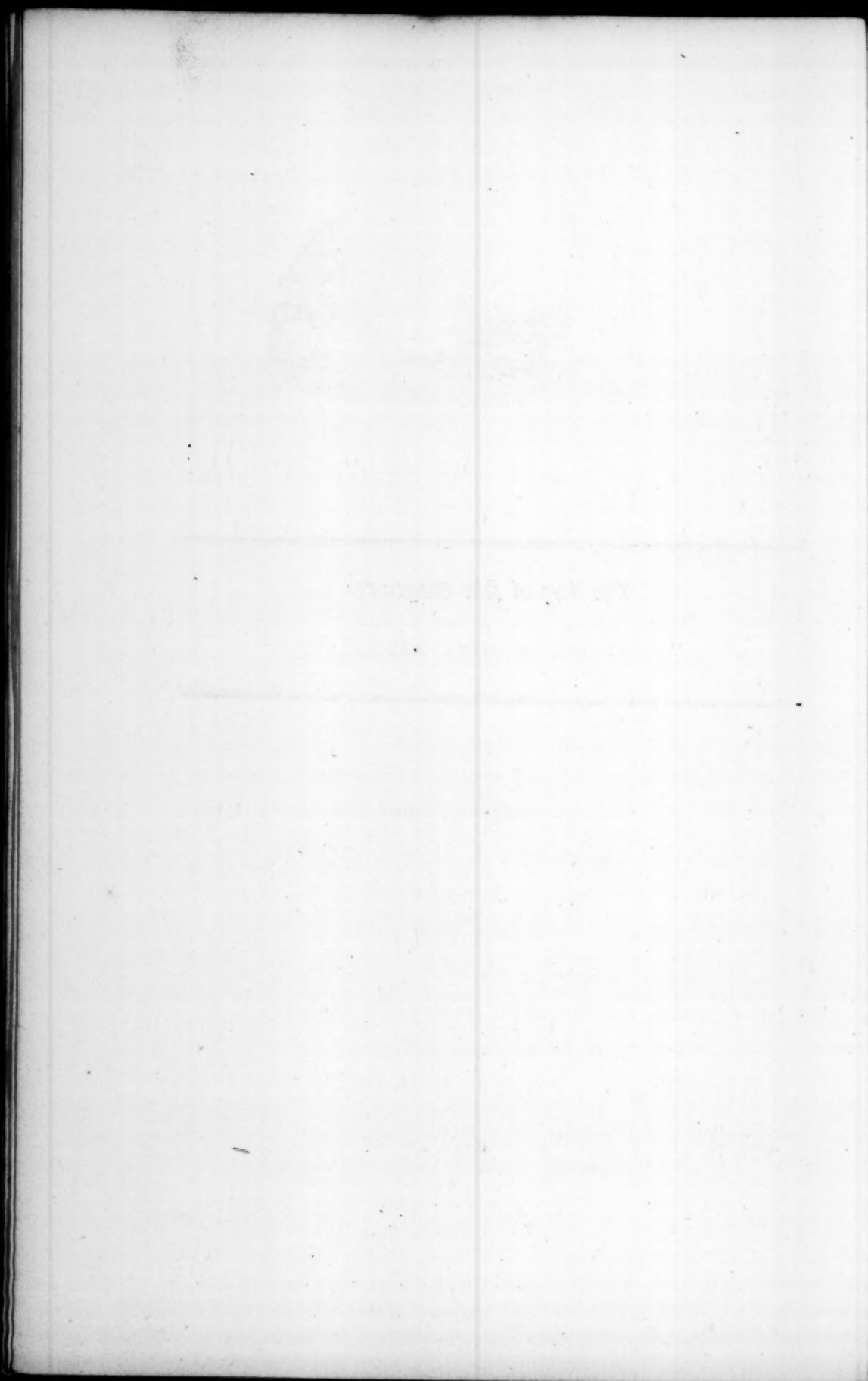
*The Lap of Sir Eugemer.*

BY MADEMOISELLE MARIE.

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VOL. II.

B





### THE LAY OF SIR GUGEMER.

WHILE Arthur reign'd—(so chim'd, in earlier day,  
Loud to the twanging harp the Breton lay,)  
While Arthur reign'd, two kingdoms born to bless,  
Great Britain's king, and suzerain of the less;  
A lord of Leon, one of fair report  
Among the vassal barons of his court,  
Own'd for his son a youth more bravely thew'd  
Than aught both countries yet had seen of good.  
Dame Nature gave the mould; his sire combin'd  
Due culture, exercise of limbs and mind,  
Till the rare stripling, now no longer boy,  
Chang'd his fond parent's fearful hope for joy.

5

10

His name was Gugemer: as strength grew on,  
To Arthur's court the sire consign'd his son.  
There soon in feats of arms the youth excell'd,  
Magnanimous, in sports, or deadly field.

15

Chief of the Table-round, from time to time  
Illustrious Arthur mark'd his opening prime,  
Then dealt him noble mead; the honour high,  
From his own hand of glorious chivalry. 20

Knightly in arms he was; one grievous blot,  
So deem'd full many a courtly dame I wot,  
Cross'd the full growth of his aspiring days,  
And dimm'd the lustre of meridian praise :  
With bootless artifice their lures they troll'd; 25  
Still Gugemer lov'd not, or nothing told.

The court's accustom'd lore and service done,  
To his glad sire returns the welcome son.  
Now with his father dwelt he, and pursued  
Such pastimes as are meet for youth of gentle blood. 30  
The woods of Leon now would shrilly sound  
Oft with his joyous shout and choral hound.  
At length, one morn his disadventurous dart,  
Lanced, as the game was rous'd, at hind or hart,  
Wing'd through the yielding air its weetless way, 35  
And pierc'd unwares a metamorphos'd fay.  
Lo! back recoiling straight by fairy craft,  
Back to its master speeds the reeking shaft;  
Deep in his sinewy thigh inflicts a wound,  
And strikes the astonish'd hunter to the ground, 40

While with a voice that neither bray'd nor spoke,

Thus fearfully the beast her silence broke :

' Pains, agonizing pains must thou endure,

' Till wit of lady's love shall work the cure .

' Wo, then, her fated guerdon she shall find, 45

' The heaviest that may light on womankind !'

Sir Gugemer, who strove, with courage vain,

Up from the earth to rise, distraught with pain,

While hies his varlet home for succour strong,

Crawls slow with trailing limb the sward along : 50

'Twas part precipitate, steep rocky shore ;

Hoarse at its foot was heard old ocean's roar ;

And in a shelter'd cove at anchor rode,

Close in to land, where slept the solemn flood,

A gallant bark that with its silken sails 55

Just bellying, caught the gently rising gales,

And from its ebon sides shot dazzling sheen

Of silvery rays with mingled gold between.

A favouring fairy had beheld the blow

Dealt the young hunter by her mortal foe : 60

Thence grown his patroness, she vows to save,

And cleaves with magick keel the sparkling wave.

Now, by a strange resistless impulse driven,

The knight assays the lot by fortune given :



Lo, now he climbs, with fairy power to aid, 65  
The bark's steep side, on silken cordage stay'd;  
Gains the smooth deck, and wonders to behold  
A couch of cypress spread with cloth of gold,  
While from above, with many a taper bright,  
Two golden globes sent forth their branching light: 70  
And longer had he gaz'd, but sleep profound,  
Wrought by the friendly fairy, wrapt him round;  
Stretch'd on the couch the hunter lies supine,  
And the swift bark shoots lightly o'er the brine.  
Far, where the distant prospect fading dies, 75  
And sea and land seem mingling with the skies,  
A massy tower of polish'd marble rose;  
There dwelt the fair physician of his woes:  
Nogiva was the name the princess bore;  
Her spouse, old, shrew'd, suspicious evermore, 80  
Here mew'd his lovely consort, young and fair,  
And watch'd her with a dotard's bootless care.  
Sure, Love these dotards dooms to jealous pain,  
And the world's laugh, when all their toil proves vain.  
This lord, howe'er, did all that mortal elf 85  
Could do, to keep his treasure to himself:  
Stay'd much at home, and when in luckless hour  
His state affairs would drag him from his tower,



Left with his spouse a niece himself had bred,  
To be the partner of her board and bed ; 90  
And one old priest, a barren lump of clay,  
To chant their mass and serve them day by day.

Her prison room was fair ; from roof to floor  
With golden imageries pictur'd o'er :  
There Venus might be seen, in act to throw 95  
Down to the mimick fire that gleam'd below,  
The ' Remedies of love ' Dan Ovid made ;  
Wrathful the goddess look'd, and ill-appeal'd ;  
And many more than I may well recall,  
Illumining throughout the sumptuous wall. 100

For the old ghostly guide—to do him right,  
He harbour'd in his breast no jailor's spite .  
Compassionate and boon, he bore in mind  
His prisoner's health might languish much confin'd,  
And oft would let her feet and fancy free, 105  
Wander along the margin of the sea.

There then it chanc'd, upon the level sand,  
That aunt and niece were pacing, hand in hand,  
When onward to the marble tower they spied  
With outspread sail the fairy vessel glide. 110  
Both felt a momentary fear at first,  
(As women oft are given to think the worst,)

And turn'd for flight; but ere they far were fled  
Look'd round to view the object of their dread.  
Then, seeing none on board, they backward hied, 115  
Perchance by fairy influence fortified,  
Where the trim bark was seen its course to end;  
And now both dames its ebon deck ascend :  
There on a couch, a silken pall beneath,  
So wrapt in sleep he scarcely seem'd to breathe, 120  
Sir Gugemer they spied, defil'd with gore,  
And with a deadly pale his visage o'er :  
They fear them life were fled; and much his youth,  
And much his hap forlorn did move their ruth :  
With lily hand his heart Nogiva press'd, 125  
' It beats !' she cried, ' beats strong within his breast !'  
So loud her sudden voice express'd delight,  
That from his swoon awoke the wondering knight :  
His name, his country, straight the dames demand,  
And what strange craft had steer'd his bark to land. 130  
He, on his elbow rais'd, with utterance weak,  
Such as his feeble strength avail'd to speak,  
Recounts his piteous chance, his name, his home,  
How up the vessel's side erewhile he clomb,  
And then sunk down in sleep; but who impell'd 135  
Its ebon keel, or tissued canvas swell'd,

He wist not; faint, and lacking vital heat,  
He sought some needful aid from looks so sweet.

115     ‘ So brave a knight!—to yield of succour nought—  
‘ What heart of flint could cherish such a thought?     140  
‘ Yet where to harbour him, and how to hide?—  
‘ The husband not at home, means must be tried:’—  
So thought these dames, I ween, that fateful hour,  
20     While feebly onward to the marble tower,  
Propp’d, right and left, by snowy shoulders twain,     145  
Sir Gugemer repair’d with mickle pain.

There on a bed of down they plac’d their guest,  
Cleans’d the deep wound, with healing balsam dress’d,  
25     Brought, for his plight most fit, choice simple food,  
And watchful how he far’d attendant stood;     150  
Till now returning strength grew swiftly on,  
And his firm voice confess’d his anguish gone.

30     In sooth, the fay, protectress of his worth,  
Had shower’d down balm unknown to wights on earth;  
One night achieves his cure; but other smart     155  
Plays o’er the weetless region of his heart:  
Pains, such as beam from bright Nogiva’s eyes,  
Flit round his bed, and genial slumber flies.

35     Now, as the ruddy rays of morning peer,  
Him seem’d his kind physician’s step drew near:     160

She comes; his cheeks with new-found blushes burn;

Nogiva—she too blushes in her turn :

Love sure had neither spar'd ; yet at the last

Faintly she asks him how the night had pass'd :

O how the trembling patient then confess'd

165

Strange malady at heart, and banish'd rest,

And sued once more for life, restor'd so late,

Now her's alone to grant, the mistress of his fate.

She speaks assurance kind with witching smile,

' No ill from sickness felt so little while !'

170

Yet nought the knight believes ; a kiss I ween

Fell from her dainty lips, and clos'd the scene.

One year or more within some secret bower

So dwelt the knight beneath the marble tower ;

Thoughts of his sire, at last, how he might bear

175

His son's long absence, so awaken'd care,

Needs must he back to Leon : vainly here

Sues fond Nogiva's interdicting tear.

' Sad leave reluctantly I yield !' she cries,

' Yet take this girdle, knit with mystick ties,

180

' Wed never dame till first this secret spell

' Her dexterous hands have loosen'd :—so farewell !'

' Never, I swear my sweet ! so weal betide !'

With heavy heart Sir Gugemer replied,

Then hied him to the gate, when lo! at hand 185

Nogiva's hoary lord is seen to stand,

(Brought by the fairy foe's relentless ire,)

And lustily he calls for knight and squire :

Now with his trusty blade of temper good

The stout knight clears his course to ocean's flood, 190

Sweeps right and left the scatter'd rout away,

And climbs the bark of his protectress fay ;

Light glides the ebon keel the waters o'er,

And his glad footsteps press his native shore.

His father, who had long time, wo-begone, 195

Bewail'd the absence of his darling son ;

Ween'd the best course to hold him now for life

Should be to link him closely to a wife.

Sir Gugemer, urg'd sore ; at length avows

He never will take woman's hand for spouse, 200

Save her's, whose fingers skill'd in ladies' lore,

Shall loose that knot his mystick girdle bore.

Straight all that Bretany contain'd of fair,

Widows, and dainty maids, the adventure dare :

Clerks were they all, I ween ; but knots like these 205

May not be loos'd when earthly beauties please.

Thus while it fares with those, in dungeon deep

See sad Nogiva never cease to weep!



Doom'd by her jealous lord's revengeful mood,  
The well her beverage, bitter bread her food, 210  
Lo there with iron gyves chain'd down she lies,  
And wails unheard her hopeless miseries :  
Scarce brooking longer life, but that the thought  
Of Gugemer some gleams of solace brought :  
Him would she name full oft, and oft implore 215  
Heaven, but to view his winning face once more.  
Long had she sorrow'd thus ; her fairy friend  
Hears at the last, and bids her sufferings end :  
Burst by her magick touch the fetters fall,  
Wide springs the gate, and quakes the obdurate wall ; 220  
Close to the shore the enchanted pinnace glides,  
Feels its fair guest within its arching sides,  
Then ploughs the foaming main with gallant state,  
Till Bretany's far coast receives the freight.  
Meriadus—(that name the monarch bore 225  
Where first Nogiva's footsteps press'd the shore,)  
Meriadus such charms not vainly view'd ;  
He saw, felt love, and like a sovereign woo'd :  
She briefly answers :—' None this heart may move,  
' This bosom none inspire with mutual love, 230  
' Save he whose skill this girdle shall unbind,  
' Fast round my waist with mystick tie confin'd.'

Much strove Meriadus, strove much in vain,  
 Strove every courtly gallant of his train :  
 All foil'd alike, he blazons far and wide  
 A tournament, and there the emprize be tried !  
 There who may loose the band, and win the expectant bride !

Sir Gugemer, when first the tidings came  
 Of the quaint girdle, and the stranger dame,  
 Ween'd well Nogiva's self, his dame alone,  
 Bore this mysterious knot so like his own,  
 On to the tournament elate he hies ;  
 There his liege lady greets his wistful eyes.

What now remain'd ?—' Meriadus ! once more  
 ' I view,' he cries, ' the mistress I adore ;  
 ' Long have our hearts been one ! great king, 'tis thine  
 ' Twain lovers, sadly sunder'd long, to join.  
 ' So will I straight do homage, so remain  
 ' Thy liegeman three full years, sans other gain,  
 ' Thine with a hundred knights, and I their charge maintain !'

Brave was the proffer, but it prosper'd nought ;  
 Love rul'd alone the unyielding monarch's thought.  
 Then Gugemer vows vengeance, then in arms  
 Speaks stern defy, and claims Nogiva's charms :  
 And, for his cause seem'd good, anon behold  
 Many a strange knight, and many a baron bold,



Brought by the tourney's fame, on fiery steeds  
Couch lance to aid ; and mortal strife succeeds.

Long time beleaguer'd gape the castle walls ;  
First in the breach the indignant monarch falls :  
Nogiva's lord next meets an equal fate ;  
And Gugemer straight weds the widow'd mate.

260



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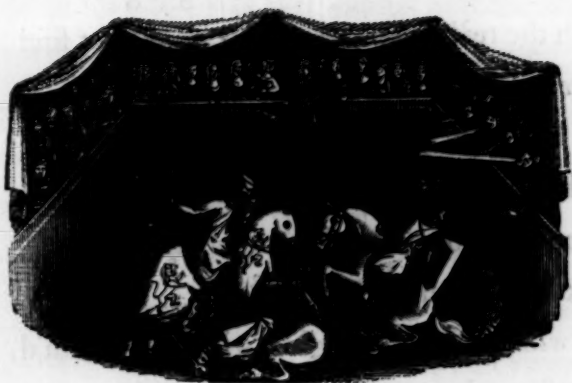
**The Three Knights and the Smock.**

BY JACQUES BASIR.

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The Great Light and the Dark

by J. M. W. Turner



### THE THREE KNIGHTS AND THE SMOCK.

FALSE lovers still, when most they mean deceit,  
Wear true love's mask to speed them in their cheat;  
Still fraught with subtlety, by night and day  
They ply, they fawn, they flatter, to betray:  
And, wo the time! too oft the ingenuous heart      5  
Falls a sad victim in these snares of art.  
Not such was he whose story I record;  
He lov'd in very deed and not in word;  
Yet did his dame nought yield her to his suit  
Till well she prov'd his fealty by its fruit.      10  
Fair dames and free, who risk an equal stake,  
Mark what she did, and thence ensample take!

For sire she boasted not of noble blood,  
No duke nor count, but yet her birth right good;  
And, search the realm throughout, ye might not find 15  
Such charms of face, such courtesy of mind.  
A wealthy bachelor, a foe to strife,  
Possess'd this lovely lady for his wife,  
Of frank good humour, one who never tried  
To mimick hardihood his heart belied, 20  
But own'd whate'er more doughty wights maintain'd,  
He thought fame dear at risk of being brain'd.  
No niggard of his pelf, he kept good state,  
Free for all comers stood his castle's gate,  
And, as his table smok'd with plenteous fare, 25  
All took delight to stop and sojourn there.

One day, so chance decreed, three knights there came,  
Led by a neighbouring tourney's rumour'd fame :  
Our host, as wont, each welcom'd as his guest,  
And pray'd their social presence at his feast. 30  
Of these three warriors, rich and proud were twain,  
And many a menial throng'd their sumptuous train ;  
Poor was the third, and one poor squire possess'd,  
But in high soul was mated with the best :  
First in the lists, where-e'er those lists were found, 35  
He claim'd the prize, nor ever yielded ground ;

Nor, for the biting sword, nor thrilling spear,  
With helm on head, was ever known to fear.

15 Scarce did the gallant three behold the dame,  
But in their hearts they felt love's tingling flame; 40  
(At this, forewarn'd her loveliness was such  
As pass'd all peer, ye will not marvel much;)  
And each in turn, chance favouring his design,  
20 Cried 'List, dear dame!' and 'yield thee, mistress, mine!  
'List, lovely dame! with countless vows I swear, 45  
'So may'st thou deign to grant thy suppliant's prayer,  
'For thy dear love all dangers to despise,  
'And do such deeds of chivalrous emprise,  
25 'That none on earth, how fair soe'er she be,  
'Shall justly vaunt her paramour like me.' 50

So sued they all; the dame, with like disdain,  
Heard all their vows, but nought assuag'd their pain:  
So hope is quench'd; and soon as morning glows  
30 Each bids farewell, and to the tourney goes.

This dame, howbeit, though in her guise severe, 55  
Had heard the gallants with no heedless ear;  
But wisely cast, far-sighted in her views,  
To put them first to proof, and then to choose.

35 Within the castle dwelt a trusty squire,  
A well-train'd knave for all that dames desire: 60



For him she sent, and culling from her chest  
A fair fine smock, she thus her mind express'd :  
' Hie to the place of tourney, seek those three,  
' And to the stateliest bear this boon from me ;  
' Say, should his vows have well pourtray'd his will, 65  
' Come life, come death, to do my service still,  
' Thus, for my sake, I crave : the venturous knight  
' Accoutred in this smock must join the fight :  
' Armour or arms beside he none must wield,  
' Save only hose of mail, and helm, and sword, and shield.  
' His hardy deeds thus well his truth shall prove, 71  
' And win fair claim to prosper in his love.  
    ' But should he wave the gift, and shun the test,  
' With the like terms accost the second guest :  
' Then to the third, who with thyself of late 75  
' Held parting conference at our castle's gate.'

So spake the fair ; the squire without delay  
Sped to the field of tournament away,  
And bore the gift, and told the dame's request  
To him she deem'd the goodliest knight and best. 80  
He, prompt with thankfulness, the boon receiv'd,  
And vow'd strange feats, and hard to be believ'd :  
But when he ponder'd how that garb so thin  
Might shield from harm the luckless corse within,

Erst wont, with temper'd steel environ'd round, 85  
 To bide war's baleful stour without a wound,  
 Fled was his joy; fear made his heart to quail,  
 And blanch'd his visage with a deadly pale.

To chase these recreant falterings vainly strove  
 The united powers of prowess and of love; 90  
 And both cried, Shame! and both pourtray'd the cost  
 Of a fair name for ever stain'd and lost.

Oppos'd stood Cowardice, whose boding breath  
 Spoke dreadful things, and shrilly menac'd death;  
 And call'd life passing sweet, and priz'd it high, 95  
 And lightly deem'd of love and loyalty.

What shall I tell? by cowardice subdued,  
 Awhile the craven paus'd, at length the gift eschew'd!

Straight to the next of those three suitors bold  
 The trusty messenger his mandate told: 100  
 Yet still with him, as with the first, he sped;  
 All joy awhile, anon reluctant dread.

Foil'd with the twain, he bore his dame's desire  
 To the poor knight that own'd the single squire.

He, low with knee to earth for reverence bent, 105  
 Hail'd the dear present his heart's sovereign sent,  
 And humbly kiss'd; and with enraptur'd zeal  
 Prais'd it for proof beyond a suit of steel.

‘ And thou, kind bearer of a gift so good !  
‘ Accept,’ he cried, ‘ some pledge of gratitude ; 110  
‘ Take this fair steed, a tourney’s late-won prize ;  
‘ No gift beside my scanty store supplies.’

So spake the knight : and now day’s orb was gone,  
And the thick shades of evening fast came on :  
Stretch’d on his couch with sleepless eyes he lay, 115  
And kiss’d love’s precious pledge, and mus’d the night away,  
And watch’d for morn, when light the power might yield  
To prove he well deserv’d it in the field.

Yet was he not with amorous passion blind,  
The risk was plain, and present to his mind ; 120  
He, like the twain, forethought the sure mischance  
Of ponderous mace, or cimeter, or lance,  
Defenceless brav’d ; he knew no mortal wight  
Had shewn such desperate proof of loyal might ;  
Saw valour frustrate in the unequal strife, 125  
And shudder’d with instinctive love of life ;  
But his high mind remain’d unshaken still ;  
‘ For why ?’ he cried, ‘ it is my lady’s will :  
‘ Her peerless worth may well require the deed ;  
‘ For her dear sake it fits her knight should bleed.’ 130

E’en while he spoke, Love cheer’d his fainting sense  
With powerful praise, and pictur’d recompense,

Told on his toils what choice delights would wait  
In the free friendship of so fair a mate,  
Sweet smiling looks, sweet interchange of wit, 135  
And, not least sweet, the kiss that follows it :  
' 'Tis fix'd !' he cries ; ' thus loyal love decrees ;  
' Life well is hazarded for joys like these.'

Now dawn'd the day, and with its earliest light  
The well-voic'd heralds loud proclaim'd the fight ; 140  
Through the long streets the shout resounds from far,  
' Lace, lace your helms !' they cry, the custom'd word of war.  
Upsprang the knight, his sinewy limbs he cas'd  
In the fair smock that flutter'd round his waist ;  
Then fix'd his helm, and grasp'd his sword and shield, 145  
And leap'd upon his steed, and sought the field.  
Fierce in the lists he rush'd, and fierce assail'd  
His countless foes invulnerably mail'd ;  
His shield, in shatter'd fragments, strew'd the plain,  
And pity strove to spare, but strove in vain. 150  
In the mid-press and fury of the fray  
Huge blows he dealt around with hideous sway,  
Still smote the mightiest in his ireful mood,  
And gorg'd his ruthless steel with conqueror's blood.  
Red ran his own from thirty well-springs wide, 155  
But love still reign'd, he reck'd not aught beside ;

Strong power of mind o'er-master'd nature's waste,  
And when the conflict ceas'd, he ceas'd the last.

Such was his deed; it met its due reward;  
Him first in arms the general voice declar'd; 160  
'His be the tourney's prize!' the heralds cry,  
And his brave foes return their shout of victory.  
All to the lodge whence late he sallied forth,  
(Such seemly tribute worth still pays to worth,)  
With warlike pomp and slow-succeeding state 165  
Lead on the conqueror knight, and round him wait.  
Forespent with toil, with wounds all haggled o'er,  
Straight to his bed his tottering limbs they bore,  
Then sought that griesly garment to remove,  
All shreds, and stiff with gore, his signature of love; 170  
But nought their prayer might move his stedfast will,  
Come life, come death, he vow'd to wear it still,  
Nought might they win him, nought would he endure  
Of tent or salve's behooveful power to cure,  
Till, at the last, they bent them to obey, 175  
And to the wayward mood of love gave way.

Meanwhile the trusty squire had tidings brought  
To his fair dame, how that day's field was fought;  
Told how her knight, though conqueror in the strife,  
Lay, faint and pale, and scarce assur'd of life. 180



Grief, as she heard, her wonted cheer depress'd,  
 Her heart reproach'd her for the ruthless test,  
 And back with speed she charg'd that squire repair,  
 To grudge no means, no secret cost to spare,  
 Till craft of leech, and med'cine's sovereign might  
 Should to his health restore her own true knight,  
 And therewithal this gracious word she sent :

' Love must be won by whom all love is meant :—

' Take mine for thine! to yield thee token sure,

' In a sweet kiss, I sadly wait thy cure.' 190

Words such as these, surpassing leech's power,  
 Wrought like a balm to heal her paramour;  
 Hope fills his veins, joy sparkles in his eyes,  
 To reap love's precious meed the warrior flies.

Just then, so chanc'd the time, the fair one's lord 195  
 Proclaim'd Court Plenary of bower and board;  
 From all parts gathering knights and gentles went,  
 For feast was there, and gorgeous tournament.

This told, the conqueror knight, or e'er he came,  
 Bethought him in his turn to prove the dame: 200

His squire he sent with love's triumphant vest,  
 And this brief prayer to her his heart lov'd best :

' Liege lady mine, behold thy garb again!

' This, when anon thou lead'st thy damsel train



‘ To thy lord’s feast in wonted service there, 205  
‘ O’er thy rich robes thine outmost garment wear.’

So spake the squire; the loyal lady heard,  
Nor in her count’nance dread or doubt appear’d :

‘ Haste to thy gallant master !’ she replied,  
‘ And tell him I shall wear this garb with pride ; 210  
‘ Say, these dear stains are far more worth with me  
‘ Than gold, than gems, or costliest broidery.’—

Then with warm lips each sanguine spot she press’d,  
And in that griesly mantle sought the feast.

Marvell’d the guests ; but soon, the cause divin’d, 215  
(For the poor knight was full in each man’s mind,)  
To blind astonishment such praise succeeds  
As love heroick claims, the nurse of dauntless deeds.

Mix’d with the rest beneath that festive roof  
Sat the two base ones who had shun’d the proof: 220  
Stung to the heart these brook’d not longer stay,  
Their furious spleen sharp gushing tears bewray ;  
While the good spouse, (not bold, ’twas lately sung,)  
Cast down his honest eyes, and held his tongue.

Speak ! guileless damsels ! Dames in love well read ! 225  
Speak, Sirs ! in chivalry and honour bred !  
Who best deserves ? the lady or the knight ?  
He, death who brav’d ? or she, censorious spite ?

Doom, judges! doom, as loyalty inspires;  
So Love with blessings crown your fair desires!

230





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**The Lay of Parcissus.**

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The Map of the Kingdom of England



### THE LAY OF NARCISSUS.

'Twill move my wonder nought, should harm betide  
The wight who takes not reason for his guide.  
The skilful pilot cautious watch doth keep ;  
Nor braves the uncertain bosom of the deep,  
Nor to the winds commits his fluttering sail, 5  
Till the fair skies portend a prosperous gale :  
So should the youth beware, whose buoyant soul  
Swells with its first-born love ; for gulph, and shoal,  
And tempest-troubled wave, and shifting sand,  
Stretch their long perils o'er that faithless strand : 10  
Soon shall he rue the hour, when swept from shore,  
The weak sail splits, and snaps the splintering oar.



Yet, should ye find some loving heart and true,  
 Be not too cold; give loyalty its due;  
 For love's dread power ne'er suffers unchastis'd 15  
 His rites rejected, and his will despis'd:  
 Of this full many a proof myself have known,  
 Albeit for brevity I cite but one:  
 'Twas young Narcissus; he all love defied;  
 Love punish'd him: in hopeless love he died. 20

In days of yore there dwelt at Thebes a seer  
 Fam'd through the land, consulted far and near;  
 So wise, no oracle's ambiguous doubt  
 Surpass'd his skill to spy its meaning out.  
 To him, by rumour of such sapience won, 25  
 The tender mother of an only son  
 Set forth betimes, solicitous to know  
 Her darling's destiny for weal or wo.

' Long life, long time of sojourn here on earth,'  
 The seer replied, ' was given him at his birth; 30  
 ' Yet shall this fated course of days be marr'd,  
 ' If on himself the youth shall cast regard.'

Reply thus strange, ill answering what she sought,  
 She deem'd the oracle by time grown naught;  
 Ween'd, in good sooth, its inspiration o'er, 35  
 So vow'd to trust in prophecies no more:

15 And thus, long time, by slumbering fate beguil'd,  
 She mock'd the threat impending o'er her child;  
 Till, sure though slow, the direful mischief fell,  
 And prov'd its deadly certainty too well. 40

Meantime their course the circling seasons ran,  
 Till now the stripling's growth betoken'd man :  
 20 His form great Nature's happiest power display'd,  
 And Love with wondering eyes the work survey'd :  
 Pleas'd as he view'd, the god with fostering art 45  
 Shed winning witcheries o'er every part :  
 Each simple charm with amorous softness bloom'd :  
 25 His rose-red lips sweet dimpling smiles assum'd,  
 O'er his blue eyes delicious languors stole,  
 Looks, such as fascinate and melt the soul ; 50  
 No maid so cold her coldness here might boast,  
 Narcissus once beheld, her heart was lost.

30 Such was his form ; but of contrarious mind,  
 Dead to the charms of lovely womankind,  
 His pulse ne'er rose, no passion fir'd his blood, 55  
 Save when in war he met the sovereigns of the wood ;  
 When with his dart he sought the wild-boar's laire,  
 35 Or from his den drove out the lingering bear.

One day it chanc'd, as from the sylvan game  
 Fresh through the woods the beauteous hunter came, 60

His steed, all fire, uprear'd with many a bound ;  
Far o'er the plain his thundering hoofs resound :  
The doubling stroke fair Dana's tower invades,  
Dana, the loveliest of the Theban maids,  
Their sovereign's child : in haste the damsel rose, 65  
Curious, alas ! and weetless of her woes,  
And to her casement ran, and thence beneath  
Spied where the beauteous hunter cross'd the heath.  
Then, rivetted in mute amaze, she stood ;  
Fix'd were her ravish'd eyes, she wist not what she wou'd,  
Yet still she stay'd, and, wondering at her joy, 71  
Gaz'd on the comely presence of the boy ;  
Mark'd with what skill, what gallant grace of mien,  
His furious steed he rul'd with mastering rein ;  
Mark'd how his warmth each youthful charm improv'd ; 75  
Nor guess'd those charms were form'd to be belov'd.  
Ah ! guileless maid ! just then with searching eye  
The god of love look'd downward from the sky ;  
A shaft he sped ; the damsel at the smart  
Sprang back, and smote her hand upon her heart, 80  
As one who felt a wound :—Alas ! too sure !  
Invisible albe', 'twas past a cure.

Thoughtful and sad she turn'd, and straight retir'd,  
For solitude and sighs her state requir'd ;

Unwonted shiverings seiz'd her fainting frame, 85  
 And her breast kindled like a furnace flame ;  
 And her looks chang'd ; so sore the torment spread,  
 A few short hours had reft her cheeks of red.  
 Night came, but nothing night compos'd her care ;  
 The image of Narcissus still was there : 90  
 Yet down she lay ; but restless, discompos'd,  
 In vain her drooping eyes for sleep were clos'd ;  
 She kept no posture long, for all displeas'd,  
 And her pulse quicken'd, and her pains increas'd :  
 ' Ah me ! ' she cried, ' what troubles seize my spright, 95  
 ' And chase the wonted slumbers of the night !  
 ' Why beats my heart ? what fear, what strange desire  
 ' Wastes all within, and makes my breast a fire ?  
 ' What boots his comeliness of form ? his mind  
 ' Unlike perchance, and of a churlish kind : 100  
 ' False heart may lurk beneath an outside fair,  
 ' And loveliness be but a painted snare :  
 ' Yet here too fondly sure dame Nature wrought,  
 ' To scant his nobler comeliness of thought ?  
 ' Ay me ! what say I ?—Dana ! lost to shame ! 105  
 ' Wake thy past worth ! recall thy former fame !  
 ' Scorn'd now and vile where late thy virtues shone,  
 ' And lost in passion for a youth unknown !

' Yet he, of all things on this earthly ball,  
' He wins me most; is most below'd of all! 110  
' Each look, each gesture, new-born charms attend;  
' His only must I be, or life must end.—  
' What?—will my sire then speed my fond design?  
' This peerless youth—can he be ever mine?  
' Ah no!—in evil hour I first drew breath, 115  
' And my vain dreams of hope must end in death.'

So spake the princess, and so moan'd her plight,  
And wept away the livelong hours of night:  
At length, to calm that agony of woes,  
The fresh cool breezes of the morning rose; 120  
Then, spent with toil, awhile she ceas'd to weep,  
And slowly, unawares, sunk down in sleep:  
She slept, but present still Narcissus seems,  
Haunts all her thoughts, and meets her in her dreams:  
Sadly she doz'd, soon wak'd to grief again, 125  
And her short slumbers but enhanc'd her pain.

Now had the vapourous reign of darkness ceas'd,  
And the red sun was blazing in the east:  
Uprose fair Dana with distemper'd mind,  
And at the window of her tower reclin'd, 130  
Fed the fond hope that o'er that self-same space  
Perchance the beauteous youth might seek the chase.



E'en so it fell; that hour his course he bent  
 Across the plain, as to the woods he went :  
 From far the enamour'd Dana kenn'd the boy, 135  
 And shriek'd with an instinctive shout of joy :  
 More nigh he drew; she breath'd not for delight;  
 It seem'd her heart expanded at the sight;  
 Seem'd that her ardent eyes' attractive power  
 Had shap'd his devious progress to the tower; 140  
 (For now distinct beneath its walls was seen  
 Narcissus pacing o'er the champaign green :)  
 So Dana deem'd :—but he, still journeying on,  
 Pass'd, while she gaz'd, away, and soon was gone.  
 Then through her frame a shuddering chillness glides, 145  
 And the blood lingering creeps with feebler tides;  
 Then bow her knees; life's fainting powers decay;  
 As the fleet ghost would leave the breathless clay.

' Ay me ! ' at length with faltering voice she cried,  
 ' Here greatness dwells ! to misery most allied !— 150  
 ' False lips !—to teach of Love's delicious wiles !—  
 ' They feign'd the hideous phantom deck'd with smiles !  
 ' Needs must I now devise this youth be taught  
 ' What mad desires his witching form has wrought :—  
 ' Best, were he present here; I, I alone, 155  
 ' Have power to picture feelings all my own.



‘ But should he scorn the proffer’d heart I bear ?  
‘ Should pride, should cold indifference slight my prayer ?  
‘ So be it :—I go, I go, whate’er betide,  
‘ Prest to the green-wood way, his mistress or his bride : 160  
‘ There shall my sum of suffering fill his ears !  
‘ There, bow’d to dust, I’ll bathe his feet with tears !  
‘ Sight such of woman’s wo a man must feel,  
‘ Or heaven has form’d him with a soul of steel.’

Fix’d on the deed, the morrow’s glimmering ray 165  
Scarce in the eastern sky foretoken’d day,  
When Dana from her couch with trembling haste,  
Stole through a postern to the greenwood waste.  
Such power hath love !—by love possess’d, behold  
This tender maid with desperate blindness bold, 170  
Rank, reason, pudency, all quench’d and dead,  
On to the wild-wood urge her guideless tread :  
Beneath a tree’s broad shelter down she lay,  
And watch’d to cross the hunter in his way ;  
And sued high heaven in pity to inspire 175  
Words form’d to waken love’s congenial fire.

The troop already nigh the forest drew ;  
The distant cry of hounds now louder grew ;  
Anon the attendant menials came in view,

And some small interval from these apart, 180  
Paced the dear object of fair Dana's heart;  
Arm'd with a shaft his hand, and loosely strung  
A well-fraught quiver o'er his shoulder hung.  
Not unamaz'd, within that lonesome laire  
To meet the semblance of a form so fair, 185  
Narcissus, as he view'd the stranger maid,  
Ween'd her some fairy-goddess of the shade,  
And leap'd to earth, and lowly bending stood  
In reverence of the mistress of the wood.  
Fair Dana saw, and with delirious joy 190  
Receiv'd the graceful homage of the boy;  
With joy, that from her memory chac'd away  
All she had thought, and all she wish'd to say;  
But wide abroad her arms she wildly cast,  
And clasp'd him to her heart with blushes fast. 195  
Back stepp'd the frozen youth some little space,  
And 'Who art thou?' he cried, 'and why this forc'd embrace?'  
'I,' quoth the miserable maid, 'am one  
'By the hard rule of reckless love undone;  
'By love thus borne to thee, whose fatal sight 200  
'First made my aching eyes abhor the light.  
'Come, make me live, by making life desir'd;  
'Without this hope ere now I had expir'd:—

‘ Why turn aside with looks that love refuse ?  
‘ ’Tis Dana, daughter of thy king, that sues. 205  
‘ Full many a prince hath told me I have charms,  
‘ And sought in vain to win me to his arms ;—  
‘ These, with a heart to former loves unknown,  
‘ Accept, dear youth, for they are thine alone :  
‘ O, let me love ! receive this heart from me ! 210  
‘ And yield me up thine own for sympathy !  
‘ Good sooth, thou know’st not what delights there dwell  
‘ With two young hearts that love each other well.’

So sued the maid ; but with her piercing moan  
Unmov’d the boy remain’d, and dead as senseless stone. 215  
‘ Doth Love so grieve thee ?’ coldly he replied,  
‘ Chase back the foolish phantom from thy side :  
‘ A power that brings such bootless weight of wo—  
‘ For me I know him not,—nor seek to know.’

E’en while he spoke, he turn’d to wend away, 220  
But prostrate in his path poor Dana lay :  
His knees she clasp’d, with bitter tears bedew’d,  
Then rais’d her suppliant hands, and sadly sued  
For one short interval, one parting breath,  
Ere his lost presence clos’d her eyes in death : 225  
And, as she strove, her falling robe confess’d  
Charms might have made earth’s mightiest monarch bless’d :

But not the charms that grac'd this harmless child,  
Nor the big tears her swelling eyes distill'd,  
Nor the red stains that streak'd her footsteps, torn 230  
With the rough flinty path, and briery thorn,  
Rous'd any touch of kindness in the youth,  
Nor mov'd his cold obdurate heart to ruth.  
The bloodiest tyrant that e'er plagued mankind,  
The beast, by nature to fell deeds inclin'd, 235  
Had here their wonted cruelty forgot,  
And melted into tears: the boy did not.  
With heedless ears he turn'd him from her moan,  
And leap'd upon his steed, and straight was gone.

'No hope! no hope!' the wretched princess cries; 240  
'Ill destiny prevails, and Dana dies.  
'Now, wo is me! what undesign'd offence  
'Hath griev'd my heart's desire, and driven him hence?  
'Yet doth he flee in vain;—while life may last  
'Shall sad remembrance hold his image fast: 245  
'Still, spite of all his deeds, my love remains,  
'And pardons still the author of my pains.  
'Patience, and he, perchance, may yet be kind,  
'And blush to call his cruelties to mind,  
'And press my knees, and crave that slighted boon 250  
'Of a poor heart that beats for him alone.—

‘ No—rather let my prayers prevenient go,  
‘ And win him to compassionate my wo.—  
‘ Ah fool! and hast thou not his hatred felt?  
‘ And ween’st thou still that stubborn heart can melt? 255  
‘ O powers! who rule earth, seas, and heaven above;  
‘ Ye! who have all endur’d the pangs of love;  
‘ Thou, Venus! and thou, chief, her faithless child!  
‘ Fell spoiler of the heart thou hast beguil’d!  
‘ Hear now, and soothe my pains! Avenge my doom 260  
‘ On that cold youth that sinks me to the tomb:  
‘ Let him too taste of love, let him too groan,  
‘ And shed vain bitter tears, as I have done;  
‘ Let that ungrateful boy, with like desire,  
‘ Rave, wail, and waste, and unconsol’d expire.’ 265

So sued the desperate maid, then once again  
Set forth to seek the author of her pain.  
But the just gods his punishment prepare,  
And in her own despite accept her prayer;  
E’en Love himself was mov’d, and vow’d in ire— 270  
‘ Dana shall be aveng’d, ere day expire.’

The youth meanwhile, regardless of her smart,  
Chas’d till the hour of noon the fleeing hart,  
Then tired and faint beneath the beams of day,  
Far from his merry troop he roam’d away, 275



In search where chance some bubbling spring might burst,  
And with its crystal current slake his thirst.

A pure translucent fountain nigh at hand  
Rose through its glittering bed of pebbly sand,  
Fair marble steps begirt its waters round 280

And the thick dark-green herbage cloth'd the ground :  
And thither, parch'd with drought, the boy was come ;  
But in that deadly bason lurk'd his doom ;

For, forward as he bent, his eyes beheld  
In the clear lymph his beauteous self reveal'd : 285

Astound, for so high heaven's avenging might  
That hour beguil'd his fascinated sight,  
Him seem'd the goddess of the flood was there,  
With loveliness surpassing all compare.

O how he burn'd ! how wildly oft assay'd 290  
With vain embrace to clasp the illusive shade !  
Still as he strook the wave, the troubled form  
Distorted seem'd to perish in the storm.

Love wastes his springs of life, till deadly wan  
Outstretch'd he lies, the phantom of a man. 295

Just then, ere lasting darkness clouds his eyes,  
Fair Dana's form the fainting youth espies ;  
(Her to the fount Love's powerful god convey'd,  
To witness thankless scorn with vengeance paid ;)



Full on his mind her well-known features break, 300  
But utterance fails; he strives, yet cannot speak;  
His dying eyes alone he upwards rears,  
And feebly stretches out his hand to her's,  
As a lost wretch who own'd offended heaven,  
Own'd its just doom, and sued to be forgiven. 305  
Mute consternation seiz'd the trembling maid;  
On her soft breast his languid head she laid,  
And nourish'd all she might, and strove to cheer  
With many a burning kiss, and many a tear:  
But time was past, his final hour drew nigh; 310  
She look'd, and in her arms beheld him die.  
Wild with the sight, she fill'd the echoing air  
With a long wailful cry, the presage of despair;  
Then plied each fostering art that love might boast,  
Back to its cell to woo the flitted ghost; 315  
Till, at the last, distract and furious grown,  
For that she saw all sign of hope was gone,  
And deeming life itself a load abhorr'd,  
Unless Narcissus liv'd, her love, her lord,  
Down on his senseless corse, all wan of hue, 320  
With what of strength remain'd herself she threw,  
Close to his clammy lips her lips she press'd,  
Heav'd one convulsive sigh, and sank to rest.

300 From the like destiny heaven shield each one  
Whose loyal heart shall love as her's has done !  
And ye draw wisdom from Narcissus fate,  
Ye, who have won to love some melting mate ;  
305 For should ye leave her thus to die for need,  
Heaven knows right well to recompense your deed.





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**The Lay of Aristotle.**

**BY HENRY D'ANDELI;**

**OR, ACCORDING TO LACOMBE,**

**BY RUTEBEUF.**

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The Day of Christmas

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

OF THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE

BY J. W. F. JONES



### THE LAY OF ARISTOTLE.

THE wight, whose mind some pleasant tale hath stor'd,  
Acts ill to be a niggard of his hoard,  
And hold his peace ; nor fail his hearers less  
If they scant aught in heed or thankfulness :  
For, if to him pertain the means to please, 5  
The good, the power to profit, falls to these.  
The following tale with such a choice delight  
Fill'd, when I learn'd it first, my listening spright,  
To shape it into rhyme methought I'd try,  
So pleasant 'twas, and void of villany. 10



A villain tale, (this maxim fast I hold,)  
Ne'er may a villain tale in courts be told :  
Such ne'er by me were made, nor e'er shall be  
So long as power or life remain with me.  
List, gentles all, while I that power assay;  
For 'tis a pleasant and instructive lay.

15

To you well known, I wot, that sovereign Greek  
That was so royal, of whom all men speak,  
Hight Alexander, fam'd for realms o'erthrown,  
And hosts of princes trembling at his frown.  
Now had the furious warrior's wasteful heat  
Cast suppliant India down beneath his feet :  
On every side his fiery boasts he hurl'd,  
And menac'd to engulf the remnant world :  
When lo! at once the impetuous torrent ceas'd,  
Check'd in its mid career ; and sunk to rest.  
Ask ye the cause? 'twas Love, that masters all ;  
Great Love, that makes the universe his thrall.  
A lovely mate to quell this youth renown'd,  
A lovely and a young, the godhead found ;  
At the first glance all dreams of conquest fade,  
And his whole thought is of his Indian maid.

20

25

30

What wondrous power all other powers above!  
How passing dreadful is this god of love!

That bows to dust these conquerors of mankind, 35  
And blots each ray of glory from their mind.

Yet let us spare to blame : howe'er the best,  
They too are mortal men, of passions like the rest ;  
15 Them too the mighty chief with mastering hand  
Rules like the meanest vassal of their land. 40

Now the young Greek, all other cares foregone,  
Liv'd for the mistress of his heart alone,  
While griev'd, indignant of such base repose,  
20 His host of knights and barons murmuring rose ;  
In close debate the assembled warriors met, 45  
Stern discontent in all, and sour regret ;

Yet was there found no wight so void of fear  
To wake with warning voice their sovereign's ear,  
25 Till Aristotle, guardian of his youth,  
Stood forth the unwelcome messenger of truth : 50

To him long use with just esteem combin'd,  
Had given dominion o'er the hero's mind,  
But swoln with pride, his overweening will  
30 Misdeem'd the imperial youth his pupil still ;  
So forth, with many a saw grown grey from age, 55  
To rouse the slumbering lion far'd the sage.

Harshly he chid ; his course of shame display'd ;  
And loud his murmuring chivalry pourtray'd :

The prince heard all ; no word he interpos'd ;  
But, when at last the painful lecture clos'd, 60  
Sighing, alone he cried, as inly mov'd,  
' Alas ! these men meseems have never lov'd !'

The grave rebuke, howe'er, fell not in vain ;  
It rous'd the manhood of his soul again :  
Sad was his heart the while, yet still he strove, 65  
And turn'd him from the bower that held his love.

She, for she fondly lov'd him, sore distress'd  
At this strange absence of her wonted guest,  
Pass'd her sad hours in solitude and tears,  
And wail'd his faithless heart no longer her's, 70

Till gathering grief became too strong to bear,  
And on to action urg'd the desperate fair :  
To her heart's lord her silent steps she bent,  
Eve's shadowy season favouring her intent,  
And, swoln with tears, ' What strange offence,' she cried,  
' Wakes my lord's ire, and weens him from my side?' — 76

' No fault is thine !' (and, as he spake, his arms,  
Clasp'd with a thousand folds her drooping charms,)  
' No fault is thine !' the gallant prince returns ;  
' Still now, as erst, my constant bosom burns ; 80  
' Sage Aristotle's lore, severe, but just,  
' Bids for a season part, and part we must.'

60 The fair provok'd, yet answer'd with a kiss,  
 But vow'd the pedagogue should smart for this :  
 ' Sweet lord ! ' she cried, ' let morrow's morning hour 85  
 ' But find thee at the window of the tower,  
 ' And aye mistrust me if I fail to show  
 65 ' Thy sage needs lessons full as much as thou.'

Now fled away the silent hours of night,  
 And the morn gleam'd, but with a doubtful light, 90  
 Till presently the gorgeous sun arose ;  
 Then, while the rest were lapt in deep repose,  
 Upsprang the damsel, watchful where she lay,  
 And to the orchard hasten'd on her way,  
 For strong desire of vengeance fill'd her breast, 95  
 And from her eyelids chas'd their wonted rest.

The fair long flaxen tresses that she bore  
 Flow'd negligently down her shoulders o'er ;  
 No wimple did she wear, no vail conceal'd  
 76 Her well-form'd face in all its charms reveal'd ; 100  
 O'er her neat smock one simple vest was plac'd,  
 Shap'd to her shape, but open to the waist,  
 As freelier to inhale the buxom air,  
 And hint the witcheries that harbour'd there :  
 Blithe was her look, voluptuous her attire, 105  
 While nigh the casement of the graybeard sire

Lightly she stray'd, and as she tripp'd along  
Thus with a voice of sweetness tun'd her song.

‘ Now—behold her ! now behold !

‘ Where gently-gurgling waters are ;

110

‘ My love—behold her ! Iris there

‘ Blooms beneath the alder old :

‘ Now, behold ! behold !—the fair

‘ Pretty !—now behold !’

Sweet was the strain, and from his studious page

155

Its melody arous'd the startled sage :

Awhile he listening stood, then, curious grown,

To view the form that breath'd so choice a tone,

With noiseless footstep to the window stole,

And spied the syren that had thrill'd his soul,

120

Himself unseen, his gloating eyes employ'd,

And grudg'd the happiness his prince enjoy'd.

Full well the crafty damsel was aware

What wiles might lure the graybeard to her snare,

And bent to strike him with a dart so sure,

125

So deadly, as to mock all power of cure,

From a tall myrtle tree a branch she rent,

Then playfully each flower of fragrant scent

Mix'd with the green, and deftly bound them there

As for a coronal to deck her hair ;

130



And, as she wrought, her airy footsteps stray'd  
 Till just before that window's view they stay'd;  
 Then low she bent, then gently rising press'd  
 Close with her lily hand her throbbing breast,  
 And as she frolick'd thus the flowers among  
 She gaily warbled out this second song.

‘Silly love doth hold me here

‘With feign'd look demurely cold;

‘Silly love doth hold me here

‘Where now for pain my hand I hold.’

Wo worth the listening sire! forenam'd the wise;  
 Now wise no more, but lost in extasies.

Full on the fair his ardent eyes he cast,

Watch'd every look, and every gesture trac'd;

And greedily he glanc'd, as, ill conceal'd,

Her falling drapery's folds her skin reveal'd,

And strove to spy those countless charms beneath,

With sighs suppress'd, and suffocated breath.

Thus while he stood, with monitory tone

Grave Reason cried—‘Thou doting fool, begone!

‘Back to thy books!—behold that wrinkled brow,

‘That pate besprent with straggling hairs of snow,

‘That famish'd carcase, and that dusky hide:—

‘Hope flies from these, and love is terrified.’



Thus Reason warn'd an hundred times or more, 155  
Then, scorn'd and flouted, gave the conflict o'er.

Meanwhile with many a flower the Indian fair  
Had wreath'd the chaplet to adorn her hair :  
Then on her head the fragrant crown she plac'd,  
And breath'd this strain, the loveliest and the last : 160

‘ All in a garden, on the tender grass,  
‘ The daughter of a king did sadly lie :  
‘ She call'd her love, and then, alas !  
‘ She heav'd a sigh :  
‘ Ah ! County Guy ! 165  
‘ For love of thee my smiles and solace fly !’

And, at the close, as unawares, she went  
So nigh the enamour'd graybeard's ambushment,  
That, ere she pass'd, with eager hand he raught,  
And by her vest the starting damsel caught. 170

‘ Who stays me thus ?’ the turning fair one cried ;  
‘ 'Tis I, dear dame !’ the pedagogue replied ;  
‘ A wight who brooks no more the light of day,  
‘ Thee, hope and solace of his heart, away ;  
‘ Prest here to hazard all things for thy sake, 175  
‘ Though life, limbs, soul, and honour, were the stake.’

So spake the sage philosopher, the dame  
Feign'd such a sweet surprise as fann'd his flame :

155 Then, more severe in semblance, fram'd her moan  
 Of Alexander, cold and reckless grown : 180  
 So 'tis with lovers all! she left to mourn  
 Ingratitude of too much kindness born.

160 With joy the graybeard heard, as weening sure  
 Spite now might plead his suit, and win her to his lure :  
 ' Whate'er my power,' he ardently rejoin'd, 185  
 ' Nor small my influence o'er my pupil's mind,  
 ' For thy dear sake that power I straight employ  
 ' Back to thy feet to bring the faithless boy :  
 165 ' Yet let me first some sign of favour see—  
 ' First, lovely dame, here enter in with me!' 190

Right well the crafty fair her joy conceal'd,  
 And with a comely coyness feign'd to yield ;  
 Yet, ere the silly deed were done, from him  
 170 She claim'd one sacrifice to woman's whim ;  
 A wayward fancy long had seiz'd her spright, 195  
 And pain'd by day, and haunted her by night ;  
 In one brief word, with strange desire she died  
 Upon a wise-man's back to mount and ride.  
 175 Small were the boon from one who sought to prove  
 His life was nothing worth, oppos'd to love. 200

So sued the dame ; and, blinded with desire,  
 Forth on the grass-plot crawl'd the groveling sire ;

On his broad brawny back, uncouthly cas'd,  
 A gorgeous sell the officious fair-one plac'd ;  
 Then round his neck made fast the mastering rein, 205  
 Leap'd up, and urg'd her courser o'er the plain,  
 And with a voice of triumph loudly cried—

‘ So speeds the man that mighty Love doth guide!—

‘ With Love for guide he needs must go!—

‘ Damsel, fair as fleece, I trow 210

‘ Master vizard bears thee merrily!—

‘ With Love for guide he needs must go

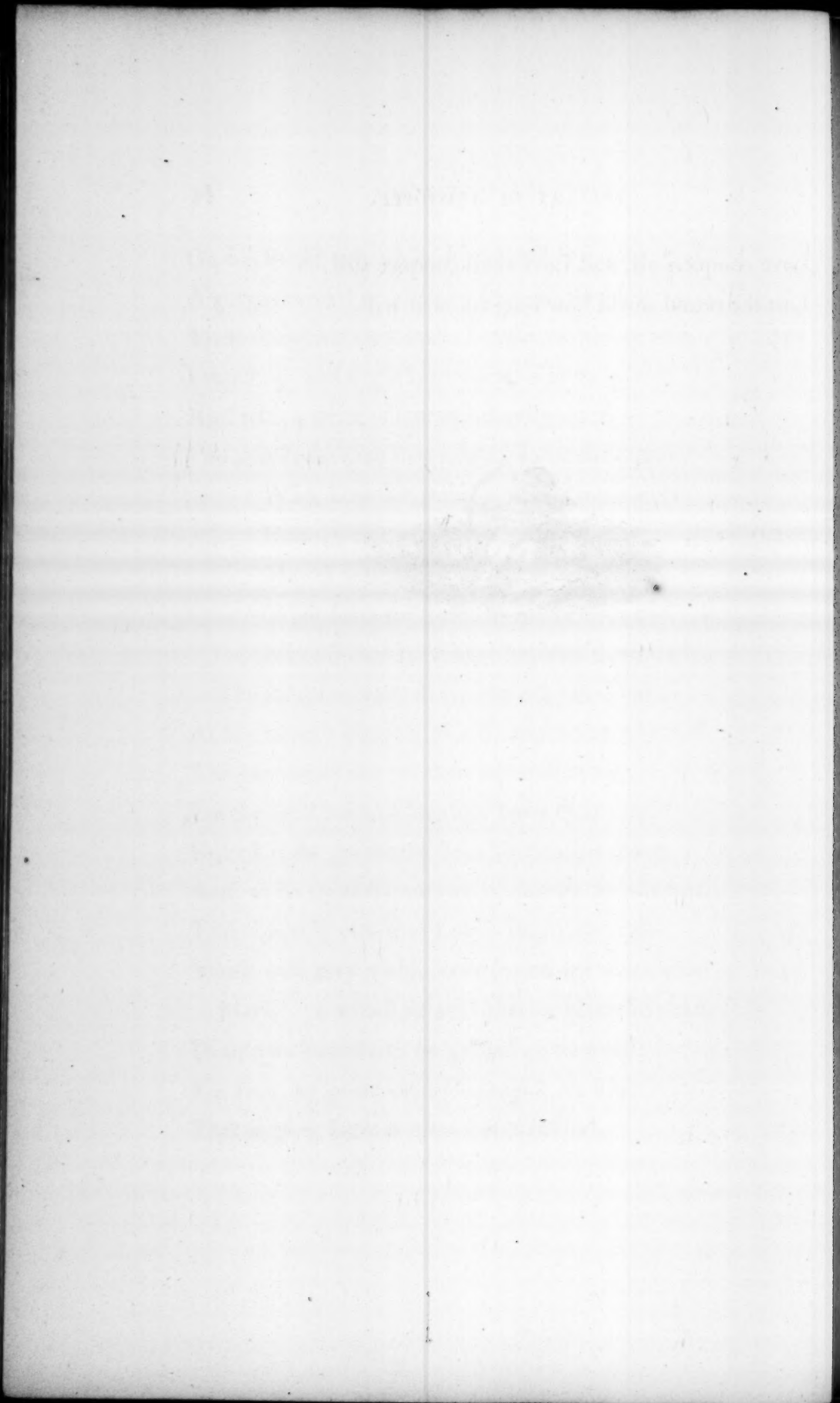
‘ Like all that Love have harbour'd, verily!’

The king forewarn'd, (as late my tale I told,)  
 At his tower's window plac'd, might scarce behold 215  
 The gamesome sire in such uncouth array,  
 Ere the loud peals of laughter burst their way.  
 Uplook'd the graybeard bent beneath his dame,  
 And, as he spied the monarch, shrunk for shame;  
 Then humbly own'd at Love's imperious call 220  
 Youth well may yield, since frozen age must fall.

Mark! ye who hear me! that no blameful shade  
 Be thrown henceforth on gallant or on maid:  
 For here, by grave example taught, we find  
 That mighty Love is master of mankind. 225

Love conquers all, and Love shall conquer still,  
Last the round world how long soe'er it will.





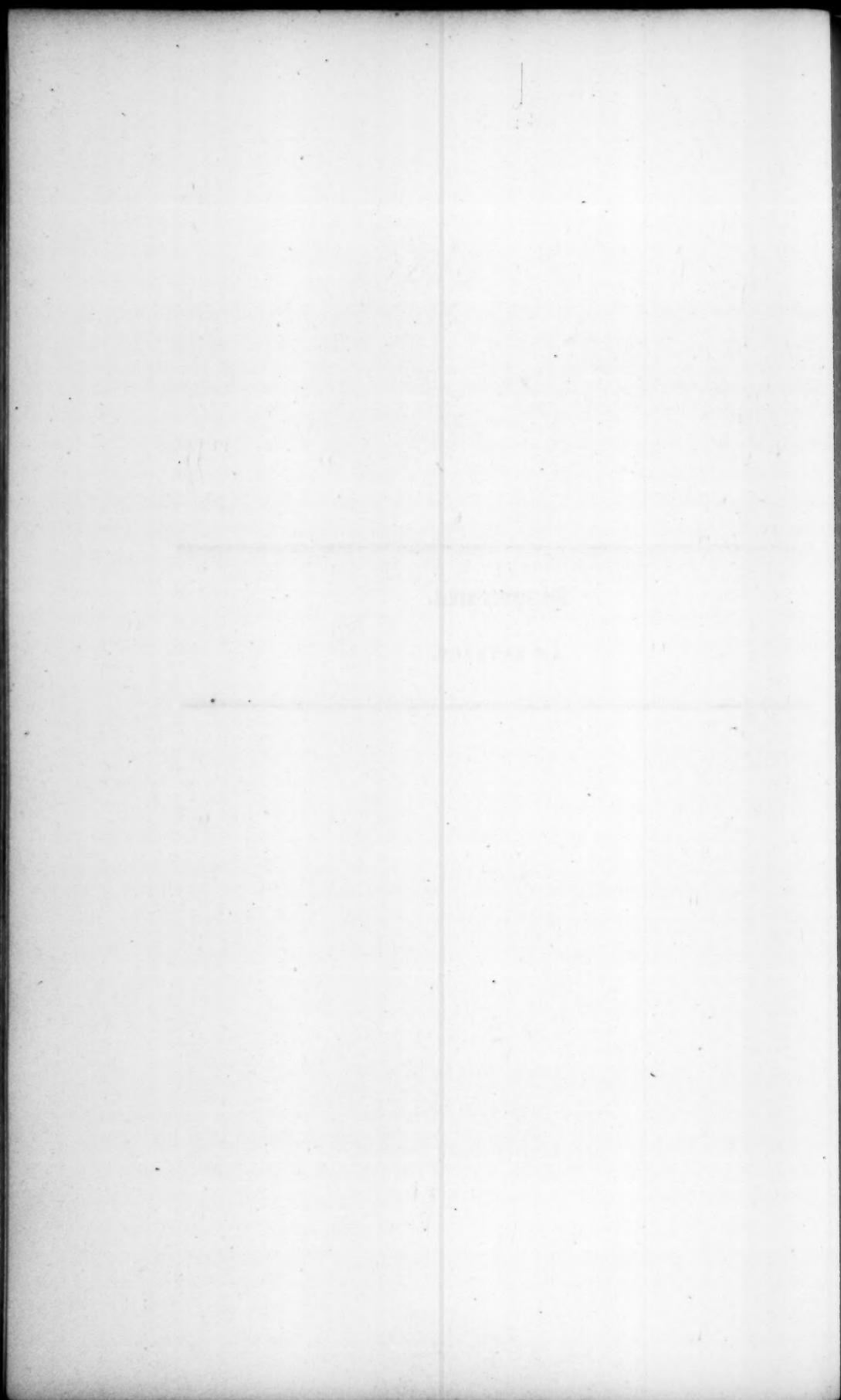
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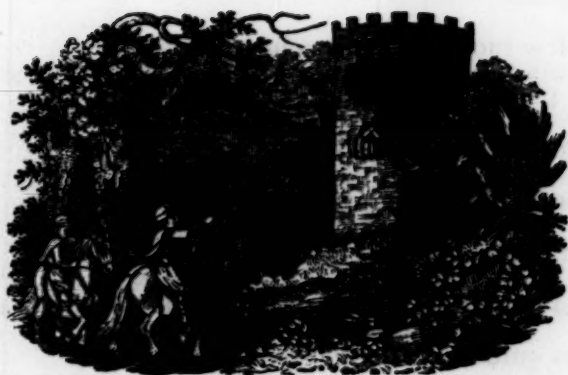
**Hippocrates.**

**AN EXTRACT.**

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### HIPPOCRATES.

AND now some months at Rome the leech profound  
Had sojourn'd on, deservedly renown'd ;  
Grac'd, as beseem'd, by Rome's imperial lord,  
And by the vulgar like a god ador'd :  
When one shrewd female rose, the sage's pest, 5  
And turn'd his homage to a scornful jest.

A Gaul she was, and of illustrious race,  
And just her form, and lovely was her face ;  
Her great Augustus (for it seem'd his aim  
To pay full honours to the stranger dame,) 10  
Had for her won a royal mansion given,  
With a strong tower that rear'd its head to heaven,  
And many a dame and damsel had decreed  
To do such service as the fair should need.

The first few moments left to choice alone 15  
 Were given to view the wonders of the town :  
 On all worth note she cast a heedful eye,  
 Nor past, besure, the twain new statues by.  
 The sculptor's excellence awhile she prais'd,  
 Then, 'What mean these ?' she cried, ' and wherefore rais'd ?'  
 The officious guide, accustom'd to repeat, 21  
 Makes known the inscription that records the feat ;  
 Whereat loud bursts of laughter seize the dame—  
 ' I wist not this !' she cried, ' whate'er her fame ;  
 ' I little ween'd that Rome, supremely bless'd, 25  
 ' This hour within her walls a god possess'd ;  
 ' And since 'tis so, I marvel to behold  
 ' How folk still die as erst, when sick or old.  
 ' Would this divinity, methinks, agree  
 ' To yield himself for one short day to me, 30  
 ' My head be forfeit but his godship grow  
 ' A sillier sot than mortal sots below.'  
 Some busy babblers who the dame o'erheard,  
 (Such still are found to spread each idle word,) 35  
 With headlong zeal retail'd the boastful speech,  
 And wak'd the notice of the curious leech.  
 Self-love was rous'd ; he felt desire to see  
 This wondrous dame at least, whate'er she be.

15   Wo worth the while! soon was he doom'd to rue  
 The luckless sight!—her prophecy came true!   40  
 Her form so beauteous show'd, such sprightly grace  
 Flow'd from her lips and beam'd around her face,  
 That, harness'd as he was with strong mistrust,  
 The fair prevail'd: he loves, for love he must.  
 21   Wide spread the taint, till, all the man possess'd,   45  
 His reason tottering, lost his power of rest,  
 To a sick bed confin'd ere long was found  
 By Rome's great lord Hippocrates renown'd.

25   The emperor first condol'd, then ladies came,  
 And in the rear of these the stranger dame.   50  
 She, for she own'd a keen and searching wit,  
 Right well the secret of the ailment hit,  
 30   And, in an hour when all the rest were gone,  
 With friendly guise and sympathising tone  
 She question'd him, as one who sought to trace   55  
 The state, first cause, and progress of his case.  
 The luckless leech, who thought himself too bless'd  
 To pour his griefs into his lady's breast,  
 35   All bashful turns and windings laid aside,  
 Own'd frankly 'twas for love of her he died.   60

'Twas this she sought:—soft pity, as it seem'd,  
 Inspir'd her soul for wight so well esteem'd;

And thus she spoke : ' Deep blot of blame from all,  
 ' And heavier self-reproach, on me must fall,  
 ' Should I, possessing power, refuse to save, 65  
 ' And quench such matchless merit in the grave:  
 ' Yet, were my love to you like yours to me,  
 (' Ask your own heart, and tell that heart's decree,)  
 ' What mortal means remain such love to show,  
 ' Known as I am, and eyed where-e'er I go? 70  
 ' Let then this word thy kind acceptance meet :  
 ' Rest satisfied awhile with my regret ;  
 ' Rest satisfied thy welfare fills my mind ;  
 ' And should thy luckier genius after find  
 ' Apt means of intercourse, succeed or fall, 75  
 ' I here anticipate and sanction all !'

Ceas'd the fair Gaul, then hasted to depart,  
 All blushing to have thus disclos'd her heart.  
 But, for the sage Hippocrates, her strain  
 Shot hope, health, lustihood, through every vein : 80  
 Soon to the palace, blithe of cheer, he hied,  
 Soon buzz'd about his Gaulish fair-one's side.

' Well !' quoth the dame, the first fit time she found,  
 ' How prosper we ? our budding hopes are crown'd ?' —  
 ' Ah me !' with doleful tone the leech replied, 85  
 ' Or night or day I've known no thought beside,



' Yet, to this hour, it grieves me to confess,  
 ' Device has fail'd, I cannot boast success.'  
 ' Then list to me, and thank me as you hear,'  
 65 Return'd the dame with well pretended cheer ; 90  
 ' I too have pain'd me, and forsworn my rest,  
 ' If not more eager in my search, more bless'd.  
 ' Thou know'st right well my mansion and my tower ;  
 ' Beneath those walls at midnight's loneliest hour  
 70 ' Wait thou besure ; for furtherance of the plan 95  
 ' Bear a large basket, fit to hold a man :  
 ' Then, while my maids are hush'd in sleep profound,  
 ' One lass, my cousin, to my interests bound,  
 ' Shall with my aid a well-wrought cord let down ;  
 75 ' Make thou the pannier fast, and love's our own. 100  
 ' By our joint toil we'll hale thee up on high :  
 ' There joy shall reign in dreadless privacy.'

So counsell'd the fair Gaul, and amorous rage  
 To such a blindness wrought the insensate sage,  
 80 That the coarse snare begat no jot of doubt, 105  
 But seem'd a master-piece of skill throughout.  
 Brief leave he took, with thankfulness o'ercome,  
 Then for a spacious basket ransack'd Rome ;  
 And, swoln with hope, and wild with strange delight,  
 85 Stay'd resilelessly the lingering shades of night. 110



Night came at last ; mankind in sleep lay dead ;  
 Forth with his load in breathless haste he sped,  
 And spied—O judge his joy that blissful hour!  
 The long cord pendent from the lofty tower.  
 To the firm basket, with incessant toil 115  
 Of many a rugged knot and many a coil,  
 Its end he bound ; then in the graybeard went,  
 And gave the appointed signal for ascent.  
 Straight rose the load, updrawn by female might,  
 Till, just as it had reach'd its midway height, 120  
 To a strong hook the dame made fast the cord,  
 And stay'd 'twixt earth and sky her pensile lord ;  
 And ' O sweet slumbers on thy eyelids rest !  
 ' Sweet sleep,' she cried, ' with joyous visions bless'd !  
 ' May Love's light dreams around thy temples play !' 125  
 So spake the laughing dame, and tripp'd away.

Now wot ye all, what learned writers tell,  
 How, when in Rome this strange event befell,  
 A special custom reign'd, that mark'd the times,  
 Ordain'd the punishment for pettier crimes : 130  
 'Twas that the convict, pendent from a tower  
 Aloft in air, from morn till evening hour,  
 Should in a basket expiate his offence ;  
 'Twas nam'd the BASKET OF THE JUDGES hence.

Grim with despair, Hippocrates look'd down, 135  
 Ensnar'd 'twas plain, the jest of all the town;  
 In countless mutterings spat forth spleen and gall,  
 And execrated love and ladies all.

115 But, bootless ire! and wisdom now too late!  
 The remnant hours of night he needs must wait; 140

Needs must he view the hateful blaze of morn,  
 And, helpless all, hang there the general scorn.

In vain, when light his luckless hap reveal'd,  
 120 His twain uplifted hands his face conceal'd;

The penal sign attracts each passer by, 145  
 And none but knew him as they drew more nigh.

There through the livelong day the rabble rout  
 With ceaseless mockery throng'd and boisterous shout.

125 The warders of the tower, who kenn'd his plight,  
 But ween'd the emperor had so doom'd the wight, 150

Bested him nought: and now the westering sun  
 Well nigh the circuit of his course had run,

When some bless'd chance led onward to the place  
 The emperor, that time hasting from the chase;

Upward his eye he cast, and wondering saw 155

A wretch suspended, uncondemn'd by law:

'Who were the wight?—the medicinal sire!—'

Loud menaces of vengeance spoke his ire:

But, when he learnt the wherefore and the why  
 That rais'd this graybeard mocking-stock so high,  
 He laugh'd full loud : the tale became the sport  
 Of him and every baron of his court.



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**The Priest who ate Mulberries.**

BY GUERIN.

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But, when the day came, I found  
 That the day was not what I had  
 Expected. It was a day of  
 Of the day, I found that I had

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The Journal of the

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### THE PRIEST WHO ATE MULBERRIES.

YE lordings all, come lend an ear,

It boots ye nought to chafe or flee,

As overgrown with pride :

Ye needs must hear Dan Guerin tell

What once a certain priest befell,

5

To market bent to ride.

The morn began to shine so bright,

When up this priest did leap full light

And call'd his folk around :

He bade them straight bring out his mare,

10

For he would presently repair

Unto the market-ground.



So bent he was on timely speed,  
So pressing seem'd his worldly need,  
He ween'd 'twere little wrong  
If pater-nosters he delay'd,  
And cast for once they should be said—  
E'en as he rode along.

15

And now with tower and turret near  
Behold the city's walls appear,  
When, as he turn'd aside,  
He chanc'd in evil hour to see  
All hard at hand a mulberry tree  
That spread both far and wide.

20

Its berries shone so glossy black,  
The priest his lips began to smack,  
Full fain to pluck the fruit;  
But, wo the while! the trunk was tall,  
And many a briar and thorn did crawl  
Around that mulberry's root.

25

30

The man, howbe, might not forbear,

But reckless all he prick'd his mare

In thickest of the brake,

Then climb'd his saddle bow amain,

And tiptoe 'gan to stretch and strain

Some nether bough to take.

A nether bough he raught at last;

He with his right hand held it fast,

And with his left him fed :

His sturdy mare abode the shock,

And bore, as stedfast as a rock,

The struggling overhead.

So feasted long the merry priest,

Nor much bethought him of his beast

Till hunger's rage was ended ;

Then, ' Sooth ! ' quoth he, ' whoe'er should cry,

" What ho, fair sir ! " in passing by,

' Would leave me here suspended.'

Alack! for dread of being hang'd,  
With voice so piercing shrill he twang'd 50  
The word of luckless sound,  
His beast sprang forward at the cry,  
And plumb the priest dropp'd down from high  
Into the brake profound.

There, prick'd and pierc'd with many a thorn, 55  
And girt with brier, and all forlorn,  
Nought boots him to complain:  
Well may ye ween how ill bested  
He roll'd him on that restless bed,  
But roll'd and roar'd in vain: 60

For there algates he must abide  
The glowing noon, the eventide,  
The livelong night and all;  
The whiles with saddle swinging round,  
And bridle trailing on the ground, 65  
His mare bespoke his fall.

O then his household shriek'd for dread,  
And ween'd at least he must be dead ;

His lady leman swoon'd :

Eftsoons they hie them all to look 70

If haply in some dell or nook

His body might be found.

Through all the day they sped their quest ;

The night fled on, they took no rest ;

Returns the morning hour : 75

When lo, at peeping of the dawn

It chanc'd a varlet boy was drawn

Nigh to the mulberry bower.

The woful priest the help descried ;

' O save my life ! my life ! ' he cried, 80

' Enthrall'd in den profound !

' O pluck me out, for pity's sake

' From this inextricable brake

' Begirt with brambles round !'

' Alas my lord ! my master dear ! 85

‘What ugly chance hath dropp’d thee here?’

Exclaim'd the varlet youth :

'Twas gluttony,' the priest replied,

‘ With peerless folly by her side :

'But help me straight, for ruth!'

By this were come the remnant rout,

With passing toil they pluck'd him out,

And slowly homeward led:

But, all so tatter'd in his hide,

Long is he fain in bed to bide, 95

**But little less than dead.**



85

90

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*The Land of Cokaigne.*

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95



The World of 1848



## THE LAND OF COKAIGNE.

WELL I wot 'tis often told,  
Wisdom dwells but with the old;  
Yet do I, of greener age,  
Boast and bear the name of sage :  
Briefly, sense was ne'er conferr'd  
By the measure of the beard.

List, for now my tale begins,  
How to rid me of my sins,  
Once I journey'd far from home  
To the gate of holy Rome : 10

There the Pope, for my offence,  
Bade me straight in penance thence,  
Wandering onward, to attain  
The wondrous land that hight Cokaigne.  
Sooth to say, it was a place 15  
Bless'd with Heaven's especial grace;  
For every road and every street  
Smok'd with food for man to eat:  
Pilgrims there might halt at will,  
There might sit and feast their fill, 20  
In goodly bowers that lin'd the way,  
Free for all, and nought to pay.  
Through that blissful realm divine  
Roll'd a sparkling flood of wine:  
Clear the sky, and soft the air, 25  
For eternal spring was there;  
And, all around, the groves among,  
Countless dance, and ceaseless song.  
Strife, and ire, and war, were not;  
For all was held by common lot; 30  
And every lass that sported there  
Still was kind, and still was fair;  
Free to each as each desir'd,  
And quitted when the year expir'd;

For, once the circling seasons past, 35

Surest vows no more might last.

But the chiefest, choicest treasure,

In that land of peerless pleasure,

Was a well, to saine the sooth,

Clep'd the living well of youth. 40

There, had numb and feeble age

Cross'd you in your pilgrimage,

In those wondrous waters pure

Lav'd awhile you found a cure :

Lustihed and youth appears 45

Numbering now but twenty years.

Wo is me! who rue the hour!

Once I own'd both will and power

To have gain'd this precious gift,

But, alas! of little thrift; 50

From a kind o'erflowing heart

To my fellows to impart

Youth, and joy, and all the lot

Of this rare enchanted spot,

Forth I far'd, and now in vain 55

Seek to find the place again.

Sore regret I now endure!

Sore regret beyond a cure!

List, and learn from what is pass'd,  
Having bliss, to hold it fast.



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**The Norman Bachelor.**

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The German Teacher.



### THE NORMAN BACHELOR.

WHEN Acre yielded to the hostile host,  
(’Twas but a year or two ago at most,)  
A pleasant chance in Normandy befell,  
Which, as my memory serves, I mean to tell.

A needy Bachelor had dwelling there, 5  
Of worldly means in sooth so passing bare,  
He once was fain his dinner meal to make  
On the poor pittance of a farthing cake.  
To help this miserable morsel down  
He hied him to a tavern in the town, 10  
And bade the vintner, as he meant to dine,  
To draw him straight a farthing’s-worth of wine.

The vintner, one it seems of churlish kind,  
Who car’d but little how his neighbour din’d,

From the next vessel fill'd his measure up, 15  
And, as he pour'd it thence into a cup,  
Slubber'd with such ill grace the business o'er,  
That half the draught was spilt upon the floor.  
To crown the deed, with supercilious pride,  
' You'll soon grow rich, sir Bachelor !' he cried, 20  
' Wine spilt, they say, (be't true or falsely spoken,)  
' Some sequent good doth evermore betoken.'

The Norman deem'd it were but labour lost  
To chafe or wrangle with his boorish host ;  
His wit to artifice he wisely bent, 25  
And thus devis'd the caitiff's punishment.

In his poor purse remain'd one farthing still ;  
This, with frank guise, as one who thought no ill,  
He tender'd to his host, so would he please  
To furnish him a farthing slice of cheese. 30

Up to the loft where all his cheeses lay  
The vintner hied, but muttering all the way :  
That selfsame instant turn'd the knight about,  
And from the wine-cask pluck'd the spigot out ;  
Forth gush'd the guggling liquor, bright and good, 35  
And the wide floor was delug'd with the flood.  
Back sped the host, and, furious at the sight,  
First pegg'd his cask, and next assail'd the knight :

15 But the strong Norman sternly shook the thrall,  
Hurl'd back, and crush'd his wine-pots with his fall; 40  
And, but that entering neighbours quell'd the fray,  
The vintner then had seen his dying day.

The matter soon was to the king made known;  
20 (Count Henry of Champagne possess'd the throne;)  
And first the plaintive vintner stoutly spoke, 45  
And claim'd redress:—wine lost, and vessels broke.  
The prince doom'd not the knight to recompense,  
But will'd him first to argue his defence:

25 He the plain truth from end to end expos'd,  
Then with these words his frank recital clos'd: 50  
' Great sire!' he said, ' this worthy host of mine  
' Foretold much good would spring from spilling wine;  
' That I, forsooth, whose cup was half thrown down,  
30 ' Should soon become the wealthiest wight in town:  
' My gratitude, I own, o'ercame me here, 55  
' And, weening wealth might ne'er be bought too dear,  
' I strove to make him richer than myself,  
' And shed full half a cask to purchase pelf.'

35 He ceas'd, loud plaudits rang through all the court;  
No tale was ever told so full of sport; 60  
All rang'd them seemly by the Norman's side;  
While good King Henry laugh'd until he cried;

Then thus dismiss'd the parties and their suit,  
'What's spilt, is spilt;—betide or bale or boot.'



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Huélinc and Eglantine,  
OR  
The Judgment of Love,  
OR  
Florance and Blanchefleur.

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Printed and Published by

The Proprietors of the

Press

at No. 1, St. James's Street, Dublin.



### HUÉLINE AND EGLANTINE, &c.

No lack of courtesy in deed or mind  
Stain'd the rare wight that wrought the tale ye hear,  
Yet therewithal this warning word he join'd ;  
‘ Strains such as these befit not baser ear :  
‘ To carles, to faitours, to unfolden clear, 5  
‘ Love’s mystick lore doth much that lore profane ;  
‘ To clerks, to knights, to melting damsels dear,  
‘ Yet more than all who weep for others’ pain,  
‘ Love’s lessons and delights do chiefly appertain.’

In May’s sweet month, when teeming nature spreads 10  
Her verdant tap’stry o’er the varied meads,

Yfere two damsels far'd to take the air,  
 Both nobly born, and both celestial fair;  
 Huéline this, that Eglantine was nam'd;  
 Two sisters ne'er more mutual fondness claim'd. 15  
 Awhile at random rov'd each lovely maid,  
 Then in a cool sequester'd vale they stay'd;  
 A wandering brook did lave its dark-green ground  
 With many a fair and flowering olive crown'd;  
 All seem'd with Nature's charms so choicely bless'd, 20  
 It won them by that crystal stream to rest,  
 And down they sat, and in its waters view'd  
 Their cheeks grown wan with love's inquietude.  
 'How bless'd,' quoth one, 'must be that lover's state,  
 'Who sole and fearless here should meet his mate! 25  
 'Kind kisses, well I ween, embracements dear,  
 'We ill might gainsay, if he were but here:  
 'But looser sport—I trust we should refrain  
 'From deeds that bring dishonourable stain;  
 'For what more dire to maid in honour born 30  
 'Than a good name defil'd, and left to shameful scorn?'  
 'Right,' quoth the partner maid; 'with thee I hold  
 'A spotless honour far more worth than gold.  
 'As a fair tree, by all with joy beheld,  
 'While with its friendly green it shades the field; 35

15 ' Soon as its rivell'd leaf is seen to wane,  
' Stands undesir'd and outcast on the plain :  
' E'en so, in simple modesty array'd,  
' And woo'd by many a swain, the tender maid,  
' Should some sad chance her virgin pureness blot, 40  
' Stands scorn'd of all, deserted and forgot.'

20 So fled the hours in various parley kind ;  
Love, sense, and frolick foolishness, combin'd :  
When a brief question, dropp'd without design  
From the sweet lips of artless Eglantine, 45  
Had power their friendly prattling to destroy,  
To wake contentious ire, and banish joy.

25 ' Sweet friend of mine !' thus, seated on the grass,  
Spake to her beauteous friend the thoughtless lass,  
' Come, tell me true, for whom hast thou design'd 50  
' That heart of thine, so loyal, good, and kind ?'  
Huéline blush'd, then own'd her heart's delight  
Was a well-form'd, and fair, and goodly knight.  
30 Young Eglantine, who by contrarious fate  
Had chose a comely clerk to be her mate, 55  
Straight 'gan with heedless zeal aloud exclaim—  
' O witless choice ! O much deserving blame !  
' Can maid like thee indulge a love so base ?  
35 ' A love where courtesy can ne'er have place ?

' For where, I crave, can courtesy be found, 60  
 ' Save with a reverend clerk, for discipline renown'd ?  
 ' Tush !' quoth the friend, ' for courteous thews I deem  
 ' The wight past all, the peerless in esteem,  
 ' Is he who boasts him of the name of knight :—  
 ' Now list awhile, and mark me set you right. 65  
 ' For proof—what boots it day by day to haunt  
 ' Some church's gloom with melancholy chant,  
 ' Or in some long procession's dismal band  
 ' March slowly on, a psalter in one's hand ?  
 ' What boot, I say, these feats to me or you ?— 70  
 ' Yet this is all your learned love can do.  
 ' While absolutions waste his lifeless hours,  
 ' Mine conquers castles and dismantles towers.  
 ' Is there a tourney, and I present there,  
 ' He flies to win the guerdon for his fair : 75  
 ' Fir'd by that glance whose magick power he knows,  
 ' He clangs his arms, and rushes on his foes ;  
 ' Drives with strong lance some adverse knight to ground,  
 ' And leaves his weltering bandroll in the wound :  
 ' Then prompt he turns, and calls his faithful squire, 80  
 " Go, bear that steed," he cries, " to her my heart's desire ;  
 " 'Tis the fair meed of dreadless courage, say,  
 " Of him she honours with her smiles to day."

- 60 ' Departs the squire : anon, with conquering lance,  
 ' Behold the gallant knight himself advance ! 85  
 ' Glorifying he bends before his lady's charms,  
 ' And finds his victory's guerdon in her arms.  
 ' Sweet Eglantine ! the partner of my heart !  
 65 (' Thou well in all its hopes may'st claim a part ;)  
 ' Lo here the wishes of Huéline rest ! 90  
 ' Such the brave wight whose love inspires my breast :  
 ' And com'st thou now thy paramour to vaunt,  
 ' With his pill'd crown ? one banish'd human haunt,  
 70 ' Save when in convoy of some parted ghost  
 ' He earns a supper at the dead man's cost : 95  
 ' So would he fain we all were done to die,  
 ' Might he but celebrate our obsequy.  
 ' Perchance he brings a present to his dame ?  
 75 ' It speaks, besure, the hand from which it came :  
 ' Some miserable dole, some paltry meed, 100  
 ' That savours of the burial of the dead.  
 ' In fine, hope nought, whene'er in secret bowers  
 ' To his sole intercourse you yield your hours,  
 80 ' Save to endure some long romance's tale,  
 ' Or some sad chant from studious cloisters pale. 105  
 ' Yet hold——in sickness you'll enjoy your friend :  
 ' Then may his prayer your spright to heaven commend ;



- ‘ Then, dead and gone, your passing-bell he’ll toll,  
‘ And pour forth matin requiems for your soul.’  
Huéline ceas’d: her partner’s soul was stung 110  
With the keen taunt of her licentious tongue.  
‘ On to the tourney!’ sharply she replied;  
‘ On to the tilt! your champion by your side!  
‘ When goes he thither?—starve, meseems, or play;—  
‘ When all his scanty means are pawn’d away: 115  
‘ Lack gage, lack loan; no usurer so absurd  
‘ To trust these blustering worthies on their word:  
‘ Just for the time his borrow’d treasures last  
‘ ’Tis all right well; he lacks not a repast:  
‘ Ere long his horse and hauberk; by and by 120  
‘ Helm, sell, and bridle, to the usurer fly;  
‘ Then glorying hastes he to his lady’s charms,  
‘ And finds his victory’s guerdon in her arms.  
‘ In that bless’d hour, if e’er affection stole  
‘ With kindly influence o’er the lass’s soul, 125  
‘ She feels some touch of pity in her breast,  
‘ And casts to succour her bare boastful guest:  
‘ Nor hard the task; bring surcoat, mantle, pall,  
‘ He shines once more, a proper knight, and tall:  
‘ Then, would you e’er again possess your own, 130  
‘ Your gold must pay the quittance of your loan;

- ' A course not troublesome, meseems, nor dear,  
 ' That comes, perchance, some fifty times a year.  
 110 ' For me, not bless'd with such distinguish'd lot,  
 ' Forgetful of the mighty, and forgot, 135  
 ' I, sitting idly in my chair, askance  
 ' Look up, and see my chamber-wench advance :  
 " My dame !" she cries, " behold this present brought  
 115 " From your own lief ! how bravely it is wrought !  
 " A goodly cloke, and jacket of the best ; 140  
 " A hundred livres sterling, at the least." —  
 ' Then should I choose his fondness to repay,  
 ' 'Tis done at liking, day succeeding day :  
 120 ' No cause have I to languish and despair  
 ' My lord's long months of absence, none knows where ; 145  
 ' Nor fear, his foolish wanderings overpass'd,  
 ' To find him come a cripple home at last.  
 ' In fine, which more than all besides doth move  
 125 ' My mind to choose a churchman for my love,  
 ' One mutual interest makes our secret sure, 150  
 ' And my fame lives from baleful whisperings pure.  
 ' Yet, sweet, my friend, since that we both appear  
 ' To be but parties, and not judges here,  
 130 ' Hence let us go, and seek some seemly wight,  
 ' And let his wisdom arbitrate our right.' 155

So counsell'd Eglantine; her partner rose,  
And each consenting damsel onward goes  
Through the green vale; and, issuing thence at last,  
Two bachelors the lovely pilgrims pass'd.  
' Friends!' they exclaim'd, ' pray yield us your advice; 160  
' Love's Court we seek, but wot not where it lies.'  
' Sweet maids!' the lusty bachelors replied,  
' Right gladly will we, with ourselves to guide.'  
So all join'd fellowship, two comely pair,  
Sped for the Court of Love, and soon were there; 165  
And with a strange delight the precinct trod,  
With heavenly fragrance fill'd, the mansion of the god:  
His palace was the midst, which flowers enclose,  
Sweet fence of many a lily twin'd with rose.  
Now (whether thus it fell through maiden shame 170  
If here I show not, hold me void of blame:  
Let learned clerks the lurking cause express,  
Let wary dames, let bashful maidens, guess :)  
Veil'd are their former names with fiction o'er,  
Huéline fair, fair Eglantine, no more, 175  
But Florance, damsel for the knights, is here,  
And the same hour beholds Blanchefleur appear.  
Both at the shady garden's entrance stood,  
And crav'd free passage through the mystic wood,

Where, on a shrub, the goodliest of the grove, 180  
 Sat perch'd the courier of the God of Love,  
 (So call the nightingale, whose warbling chime  
 Tells the sweet month of pleasure and of prime,)  
 Here plac'd the warder of these odorous bowers,  
 To bar false passage through their groves of flowers. 185

Both entrance crav'd, and sued the bird to show  
 How to the palace gates they best might go.  
 The heedful warder scann'd them o'er and o'er,  
 To read if love's mysterious seal they bore,  
 Sole passport here; then turn'd to lead them soon, 190  
 But first requir'd their tributary boon.  
 'Boon?—tribute base?'—exclaim they with surprise:  
 'One dainty kiss alone!' the bird replies:  
 'This fee not yielded, entrance none ye win :—  
 Nought answer'd they, but smil'd and enter'd in. 195

There, on his roseate couch at ease reclin'd,  
 The sovereign godhead lay that rules mankind;  
 Vast was his hall, and garnish'd every part  
 With many a deadly bow, and many a dart.  
 Uprose the monarch, as the maids drew near, 200  
 With salutation fair, and courteous cheer;  
 Then with each hand he caught the admiring twain,  
 Mov'd gently onward to his couch again,

And there sat down the midst : with seemly pride  
The pilgrim pair were plac'd on either side. 205  
Their tale now told, and wherefore bent to rove  
Their wandering steps had sought the Court of Love,  
Straight to his train was given the high command  
To call the assembled barons of his land ;  
A wondrous host ! for birds, and birds alone, 210  
Form'd the proud band, the bulwark of his throne.  
They met ; the eventful question was declar'd ;  
The maids expectant wait the Court's award :  
When, from the press, the sparrow-hawk, the pie,  
The cuckow, bird of baleful augury, 215  
The jay, the falcon, loudly clamouring cried,  
And hardly stood forth on knighthood's side ;  
' There, courtesy !' they shriek'd with various tone,  
' There courtesy dwelt most, or there alone !'  
Press'd on the adverse part, a host of foes, 220  
The royal wren, the amorous pigeon, rose ;  
The lark, that on his beauteous crest presumes ;  
And the freak'd goldfinch with vermilion plumes ;  
These for the clerks maintain'd the conflict dire ;  
The long hall echoed with contentious ire ; 225  
Red ran the blood from many a warrior bold,  
And scarce the present god their strife controll'd,



Peace gain'd at last, in front of all the throng  
The nightingale in wrath pour'd forth his song.  
Slender he was of limb, and small of size, 230  
But his high soul the hardiest foe defies.

Fierce on the ground he hurl'd his gauntlet down,  
And loudly brav'd the mightiest in renown ;  
There, arms in hand, against all comers stood,  
To prove the clerks most courteous with his blood. 235

The god uprose :—' What dauntless bird,' he cried,  
' Stands forth the champion now on knighthood's side ?'

The parrot heard : he dealt his foe the lie ;  
Caught up the gage of war with glistening eye,  
Straight bore it to the king, with furious flight, 240  
And crav'd his royal sanction for the fight.

Love gave consent ; the word each damsel warms ;  
Each dights her champion knight in seemliest arms :  
For helm a rose leaf either chief had on ;  
Bright marygold compos'd their gambeson ; 245  
And in his hand each grasp'd a deadly blade,  
A cimeter of trenchant spear-grass made.

This done, the monarch to the seated crowd  
Enjoin'd straight silence, and proclaim'd aloud—  
' Let none, spectator of the coming fray, 250  
' Dare change his place ; be heedful, and obey :'



Then on the wren the weighty charge conferr'd,  
To keep due discipline of deed and word.

Now in the lists the rival pair were seen :  
Each on his foe advanc'd with threatening mien : 255  
The nightingale first spake :—' From me,' he cried,  
' Take stern defy ; and, if thou dar'st abide  
' What here I swear, a strife so close and sore,  
' That hence, but rest of life, thou go'st no more.'  
E'en as he spoke, with sword uplifted high, 260  
He leap'd upon his tardier enemy :  
Full on his front came down the furious blow,  
And hew'd the sheltering rose-leaf from his brow :  
Down fell the bird to earth ; there fluttering lay,  
Half rising oft, and swooning oft away, 265  
Till now it seem'd his destiny drew nigh ;  
The wretch believes himself about to die :  
Then from his lips some secret impulse draws  
The frank confession of his worthless cause :  
His sword foregone, the clerks he straight proclaims 270  
In courtesy past peer, and love of dames.  
So spake the parrot, and so ceas'd the strife,  
And the king's bounty spar'd his forfeit life.  
But for the luckless Florance, sore regret  
At her base champion and his foul defeat, 275

On her sad spright with wasteful canker preys,  
And grim despair ere long cuts short her days.

Thereat the pitying birds around her come,

And on her corse heap up a flowery tomb;

In front this sculptur'd verse the pilgrim spies;

280

' A KNIGHT'S FAIR MISTRESS HERE SEPULCHRED LIES.'





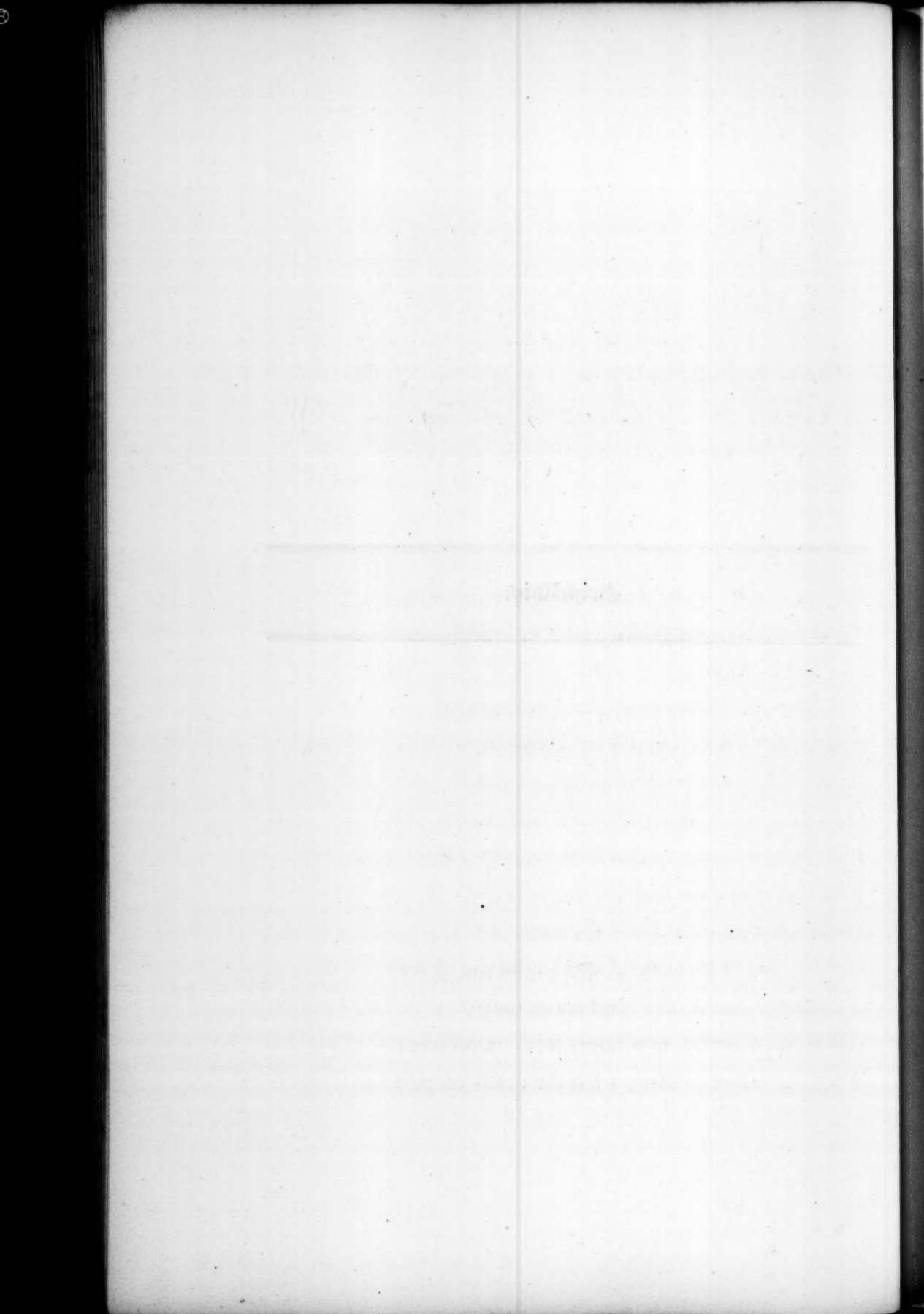
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**Griselidis.**

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### GRISELIDIS.

IN Lombardy, where Piedmont's Alpine bound  
Sees fair Saluces' region stretch'd around,  
With long hereditary honours great  
The Marquis Gautier rul'd his peaceful state.  
Rich was his realm, and he its prime delight ; 5  
First of his noble stock in princely might ;  
Of well proportion'd limbs, of comely face ;  
Endow'd by nature's boon with every grace,  
Save that, enamour'd of free single life,  
He brook'd no mention of the name of wife. 10

Sore grief of heart their lord's reluctance gave  
To many a vassal tried, and baron brave.  
All met at length : new hopes from union rose ;  
And, the crowd praising what the chiefs propose,



Forth to the palace far'd a chosen band, 15  
And thus they spoke the wishes of the land:

‘ Great Marquis, and our liege! in love we seek  
( ‘Tis very love emboldens us to speak,)

‘ Thy presence and kind ear; we own us bless'd,  
‘ And thee the noblest of thy rank, and best : 20

‘ Yet, dear dread sire! to thee time's course is known;  
‘ Wing'd seasons pass, and are for ever gone!

‘ Thee, now in comeliness past all thy peers,  
‘ And in thy lusty prime, and flower of years,  
‘ Old age treads fast behind, with ceaseless pace, 25

‘ And death, that all things living must deface.

‘ Then grant thy vassals, (to sustain thy throne  
‘ Aye bound and bent to make thy will their own,)

‘ Seek out some high-born dame, young, virtuous, fair,  
‘ Saluces' sovereignty and bed to share : 30

‘ So, should a foul and disadventurous fate  
‘ Reach our lov'd lord, and snatch him from the state,

‘ Some comfort would be found, some stay remain,  
‘ While o'er the weeping realm thy child should reign.'

The barons paus'd : affection unrepres'd 35  
Rose, as they sued, in noble Gautier's breast :

‘ Friends!’ he replied, ‘ it joys me, I confess,  
‘ To pass good days in blissful singleness;

15 ' Such has been aye my bent, from wedlock free  
 ' To live, sans care, a life of liberty. 40  
 ' In wedlock waning freedom shrinks to nought,  
 ' If those claim trust, by sore experience taught :—  
 ' Then, for our issue ;—when we, anxious sires,  
 20 ' Gain these prime objects of our best desires,  
 ' How know we they be ours ? or be not bred, 45  
 ' Base offspring ! in a violated bed ?—  
 ' Howbeit, my friends, your loyal suit has thriven ;  
 ' I'll wed me ; and I trust all-bounteous heaven  
 25 ' Shall guide me in the choice of this my wife,  
 ' And strew with comfort what remains of life : 50  
 ' Yet ye, in turn, must make one promise sure,  
 ' Be she a rich man's daughter, or a poor,  
 ' Of high or lowly lineage, as your dame  
 30 ' Her to respect and honour aye the same :  
 ' No blame may be endur'd, no slanderous voice 55  
 ' Shall, murmuring, dare impeach your sovereign's choice.'  
 So spake the Marquis, and with grateful cry  
 All loud proclaim their vow'd fidelity.  
 35 ' Thanks for the boon !' well pleas'd he hears them say,  
 Then joins in council for the nuptial day : 60  
 On, through Saluces' region, cliff or vale,  
 Flows universal joy, as spreads the tale.

Not far away the castle's brow look'd o'er  
The scatter'd dwellings of some village poor;  
Nigh to a forest, and, on days of chase, 65  
The Marquis oft was passing through the place:  
There, with his pheeres, Janicola abode,  
An old poor man, so bow'd beneath the load  
Of crippling years, that he was fain to lie  
Aye on his bed, for mere infirmity. 70  
Yet oft within the mean unsightly cot  
Heaven's blessing dwells, and soothes its owner's lot:  
His wife, to kindred earth long since resign'd,  
Had left one darling duteous child behind;  
For mind most rare, though rare in earthly frame, 75  
Griselidis the lovely maiden's name.  
Each morn, when first the sun was seen to peep,  
To pasture forth she led her father's sheep;  
And, when the evening vapours clogg'd the air,  
Hous'd-in the scanty flock with mickle care: 80  
Then rais'd her helpless sire with fostering arm,  
Smooth'd his hard bed, and made his pottage warm.  
All service and all care a child can owe  
To a fond parent, still this maid would show;  
With filial sweetness wayward pains assuage, 85  
And solace the decrepitude of age.

Long had the Marquis heard what rumour said  
 Of the meet conduct of this village maid ;  
 And oft, in hunting, halted where she stood,  
 And gaz'd her beauties o'er in museful mood : 90  
 ' Should aught' (thus still his inmost thoughts would rise,)  
 ' Cause me my freedom change for marriage ties,  
 ' That excellent young maid I yonder see,  
 ' Griselidis, the old man's child, is she.'

Meanwhile the days and weeks were past and gone ; 95  
 The hour, in counsel fix'd to wed, came on :  
 The palace, throng'd to grace the nuptial rites  
 With high-descended dames, and gallant knights,  
 With burghers, and with folk of all degree,  
 Seem'd one grand mart of choice festivity. 100  
 But where the future spouse, how nam'd or known  
 This chosen consort of Saluces' throne,  
 Much ask'd, unanswer'd still, by knight or dame,  
 Slept undivulg'd ; when forth the bridegroom came.  
 On from his palace, gorgeous in array, 105  
 As to receive the bride, he led the way ;  
 In long-drawn files his issuing pomp succeeds,  
 Dames, knights, and blazon'd arms, and prancing steeds.

Thus, sideways winding from the public road,  
 He reach'd good old Janicola's abode. 110

'Janicola!' quoth he, 'my thoughts record  
 'Thee aye a faithful liegeman to thy lord.  
 'Now am I come to put thy love to test,  
 'And ask one proof surpassing all the rest:  
 'Tis a dear boon, nor may I be denied;— 115  
 'Thy duteous child must be thy sovereign's bride.'

Scarce might the wondering man his silence break,  
 To so strange proffer meet reply to make:  
 Then humbly thus:—'Liege lord! be all fulfill'd!  
 'My duty bids me will what thou hast will'd.' 120

Griselidis the while, with glowing face,  
 And eyes to earth that never chang'd their place,  
 Stood all abash'd at such unwonted guest;  
 And Gautier thus the downcast maid address'd.

'Griselidis!' quoth he, 'to be my mate, 125  
 'And share in wedlock's bands Saluces' state,  
 'Thee would I win; Janicola content,  
 'From his dear child I hope a like consent.  
 'Yet must I first require—canst thou abide,  
 'Nought from thy vow'd obedience turn'd aside, 130  
 'Strange stern commandments, wayward, steep'd in gall,  
 'And meekly execute or suffer all?  
 'This must my consort do; and this demand,  
 'Tis fit thou answer ere I take thy hand.'



‘ My liege !’ Griselidis replied, ‘ thy will 135

‘ Thy handmaid waits, obedient to fulfil ;

‘ Behold me mute, to death itself resign’d,

‘ If such doom rise within my sovereign’s mind.’

Thus while she spoke, the Marquis leads the maid  
Where rang’d without his wondering barons stay’d : 140

‘ Lo, friends !’ he cries, ‘ the dame my thoughts prefer !

‘ Me if ye love and honour, honour her !’

E’en as he ceas’d, the long extended train

Wheel’d round for proud Saluces’ towers again :

There seemly matrons, with officious speed, 145

Doff, blushing as she stands, her lowly weed ;

With nuptial robes her trembling limbs invest,

And straight Saluces’ bride appears confess’d,

Half wondering at herself :—All ye who hear,

If, having seen the village maid whilere, 150

Ye now beheld her proud Saluces’ spouse,

With the rich circle glittering on her brows,

Ye sure with strange emotion must have gaz’d,

And, as the garb, the princely wearer prais’d.

The self-same day behold the wedding rites, 155

With all that land might boast of choice delights :

Loud through the hall symphonious warblings sound,

And shouts that fill the echoing welkin round ;



Their sovereign's joy his faithful subjects share,  
And greet, in crowds, the newly wedded pair. 160  
Still as the weeks sped on, and more they knew,  
Love for their princely mistress strengthen'd too :  
So affable she seem'd, to all so kind,  
With such a spotless majesty of mind,  
That those who erst remember'd her, or not, 165  
Hail'd, with united voice, her alter'd lot.

A year was scarcely past;—and now she press'd  
Her first-born infant to a mother's breast :  
A little lovely maid, whose looks declare  
A new Griselidis in promise fair, 170  
To glad a father's heart, though not a prince's heir.  
So, nourish'd with her mother's milk awhile,  
Throve the sweet babe, and all things seem'd to smile ;  
But, wean'd at length, the restless Gautier's mood,  
Though still each hour his growing fondness view'd, 175  
Cast thus his consort's excellence to wound,  
And urge meek duty to its utmost bound.  
Her chamber entering, with dejected tone,  
And looks that spoke a bosom wo-begone,  
' Griselidis!' he said, ' I trust the pride 180  
' And pageantry of court has never tried  
' So far thy mind, as that thy former lot  
' Of rustic poverty should be forgot.'—

' For me, my spouse, as thou perchance may'st guess  
 ' By many a proof of constant tenderness, 185  
 ' All memory of the days thou once hadst known,  
 ' Was well nigh vanish'd quite away and gone.  
 ' But 'tis not so without:—my barons mourn;  
 ' And chiefly since our female child was born,  
 ' Loud murmurs rise; and ill 'tis brook'd, they say, 190  
 ' The granddaughter of poor Janicola,  
 ' Should claim their vassal-vows, though at a distant day.  
 ' Me mainly it behoves, come weal come wo,  
 ' To cause their loyalty and friendship grow:  
 ' Though to my heart the sacrifice come nigh, 195  
 ' Still yield I must to strong necessity.  
 ' Yet could I not proceed in my design,  
 ' 'Till I had thus forwarn'd thee, consort mine!  
 ' And sought consent:—now then to proof arouse  
 ' The patience pledg'd ere thou becam'st my spouse!' 200  
 ' Dear sire!' (her look no sign of sadness spoke  
 While thus Griselidis meek silence broke;)  
 ' Thou art my wedded lord!—my child and I  
 ' Are thine too by the right of sovereignty.  
 ' Whatever thou ordain, my loyal will 205  
 ' Shall prove its vow'd obedience stedfast still.  
 She ceas'd to speak: to admiration mov'd  
 At the sweet answer of the wife he lov'd,

The Marquis Gautier straightway left the place  
With well-pretended sorrow in his face ; 210  
Straight at his call a trusty wight appears,  
Gray with the services of thirty years :  
To him he shews the secret of his heart,  
With warnings, fitliest how to shape his part ;  
And to the Marchioness the menial goes, 215  
And thus begins the messenger of woes.  
' Lady, and sovereign liege ! with pardon bear  
' The grievous mandate I must needs declare :—  
' Briefly—my lord ordains, without delay,  
' These arms should bear your infant child away.' 220  
Swift shot the thought, and seem'd her soul to rend,  
' This man my infant's hapless days must end !'—  
Howbe, her fears she stifled in her breast,  
Her struggling sobs, her rising tears suppress'd :  
Then with a long fond look, that might not weep, 225  
Gaz'd on her cradled darling, fast in sleep,  
And o'er its brows the Christian's symbol made,  
And gave one parting kiss, and Gautier's hest obey'd.  
Back to his lord the trusty menial hies ;  
Glad wonder sparkles in Saluces' eyes : 230  
Then, as the helpless babe to weep began,  
Stretch'd on his arm ; it shook his inmost man :

His wife's meek worth, his wailing infant's wo,  
Nigh made him swerve, and further proof forego.

Yet, resolute of will, the menial old 235

Anon he bids his secret course to hold

To proud Boulogna's tower-defended gate,

Where dwells his sister fair in sovereign state,

Empeche's countess; to whose care consign'd

Such nurture meet her infant niece should find 240

As her own child, yet nothing known or said

E'en to the princely consort of her bed.

So fares the babe; while, with her wedded lord

As wont, the partner of his couch and board,

Griselidis remains; nor might he spy, 245

Stamp'd on a thoughtful brow, or cheerless eye,

One trace betokening grief, or secret blame;

Still meek Griselidis is found the same:

Still the same love, the same obedience shown,

And to her husband's heart conform'd her own. 250

Thus peacefully four rolling years are pass'd;

And now a mother's pangs, increasing fast,

Grace noble Gautier with a goodly boy,

And fill the father and the realm with joy:

Seems the dark season of affliction o'er, 255

While nurtur'd, as its sister heretofore,

The heir to sire alike and mother dear,  
Drew nigh the period of its second year ;  
Then Gautier once again his spouse address'd,  
And put the patience of her soul to test. 260

O ! what a mortal strife of sorrow rose  
In this rare victim of unequall'd woes,  
As, musing on her long-lost daughter's doom,  
Her aching heart foretold her ill to come !  
What mother lives there ? nay, what woman's mind, 265  
Not dead to every feeling of her kind,  
But, when the cruel sentence smote her ears,  
Had wept this sufferer's lot with bitter tears ?  
Hear ! queens or cottagers !—hear ! base and high !  
And profit by the peerless wife's reply ! 270

' Lov'd lord !' she said, ' ere from my home I came,  
' I vow'd a vow—I here confirm the same,—  
' Thy word, wish, thought, obsequious to fulfil,  
' And own no guide but noble Gautier's will.  
' Ere yet my footsteps pass'd thy palace gate, 275  
' And my poor weed was chang'd for robes of state,  
' I stripp'd me of myself ; and were it mine  
' Your inmost thoughts prophetick to divine,  
' My duty should forerun your slow command :—  
' Lo ! if my death may please, lo, here I stand !— 280



‘ Far better brook I death, held now at nought,  
 ‘ Than thy displeasure, lord, though but in thought.’

Such stedfastness may seem, to stranger eye,  
 Mere fault of nature in her tenderest tie ;  
 But Gautier, who had notic’d at her breast 285  
 How either babe was borne, and how caress’d,  
 Well knew that love alone such force inspir’d,  
 And more and more his matchless spouse admir’d.

This second dreadful trial overcome,  
 This darling’s fate hung round with deadly gloom, 290  
 Meseems that Gautier should have spar’d to prove  
 With further sorrow such unshaken love.

Some hearts, howbe, there are, of canker’d mould,  
 Whom shrewd suspicion governs uncontroll’d ;  
 Who, when they once begin, can never cease : 295  
 Whose solace springs from marring others’ peace.

Such then might Gautier’s be ; for though he found  
 His wife’s meek fondness more and more abound,  
 His jealous spirit still new torments stor’d,  
 And anguish for the woman he ador’d. 300

Twelve years had now a circling race fulfill’d  
 Since to Boulogna went the female child ;  
 The son was eight ; and Gautier ween’d their age  
 Less suited now to foreign pupillage :



To prove their mother then, he spreads report 305  
 Of a strange lady journeying to his court,  
 High-born, and young withal, and debonair,  
 In wedlock's bands Saluces' throne to share.  
 Then, summoning his spouse, the wayward man,  
 Girt with his chosen barons, thus began : 310  
     ' Griselidis, twelve years I have enjoy'd  
     ' Thy wedded excellence, unchang'd, uncloy'd :  
     ' I pleas'd my soul with such transcendant worth,  
     ' And, finding virtue, disregarded birth.  
     ' Now have my vassals' claim :—with loud demand, 315  
     ' Childless,' they cry, ' the sceptre of the land,  
     ' Needs then must Gautier wed, nor rightful suit withstand.'  
     ' Rome's holy pontiff yields to the request,  
     ' And grants their Marquis choose where likes him best.  
     ' Ere many days be pass'd, the noble bride 320  
     ' Comes, and our vows will then be ratified.  
     ' Thou, therefore, soon retire! take back thy dower!  
     ' And arm thee to endure the advancing hour !'  
     ' My lord!' Griselidis began to say,  
     ' Well wist I, sprung from poor Janicola, 325  
     ' Low, cottage-born, to humble labour bred,  
     ' I never could beseem Saluces' bed.  
     ' Heaven knows, since first within these walls I came,  
     ' By thee to honour rais'd, thy wedded dame,

‘ Though grateful evermore, how could I less?— 330

‘ Still have I felt my own unworthiness!

‘ Now, dear my lord, since thou hast will’d it so,

‘ Hence, unlamenting what is left, I go!

‘ From these fair scenes awayward turn my sight,

‘ Scenes, where I long have sojourn’d with delight, 335

‘ And humbly, as befits me, forth I hie,

‘ In the same cottage I was born, to die:

‘ And, ere this fall, to him who gave me birth,

‘ Smoothing his dreary passage to the earth,

‘ Once more a daughter’s duty to fulfil, 340

‘ Left to a stranger long, against my will!

‘ For what thou sayst of dower, thou know’st, my lord,

‘ When erst thou led’st me to thy couch and board

‘ My all was a chaste heart, true love for thee,

‘ And reverence, clad in honest poverty. 345

‘ These robes that cover me to thee pertain:

‘ Take them! and yield me my coarse weeds again:

‘ This ring—here—here! no longer my concern!—

‘ Poor from my father came I, poor return;

‘ Nought coveting hence with me but the name 350

‘ Of Gautier’s widow’d consort, void of blame!’

Much was Saluces mov’d: it shook him so,

He turn’d, to let his tears in secret flow.

Meanwhile Griselidis her purpose sped ;  
Stripp'd off the sparkling gems that grac'd her head, 360  
Her sumptuous robes, her garniture of state ;  
And sought in russet weed the palace gate.  
Her, dames and knights and barons, passing forth,  
Attend, in weeping witness of her worth :  
She only, wept not ; mute, with look profound, 365  
Slow pacing home, and gazing on the ground.

Janicola, whom years, not pass'd in vain,  
Had shown that nought below might firm remain,  
Nor rage, nor grief, nor wonder in his face,  
Clasp'd his dear offspring with a sire's embrace, 370  
Then thank'd the nobles all with plain good-will,  
And warn'd them to their prince be loyal still.

' Such strange disparagement can prosper nought ;'  
Thus wisely from the first the old man thought ;  
' My daughter's charms must minish and decay, 375  
' And Gautier send her home some future day :'  
Yet one thing to the father's heart went near ;  
' The loss of delicacies by use grown dear  
' Must needs press hard ; and ill the pamper'd mind  
' Brook years to pinching poverty consign'd.' 380

And now, with brave array, and gorgeous train,  
Empeche's count and countess haste amain,

Scarce one day's journey from Saluces' land,  
 And bring two lovely children in their hand.  
 Then to complete her sum of trials sore, 385  
 Gautier assay'd his peerless spouse once more :  
 ' Child of Janicola !' he briefly cried,  
 ' To-morrow brings my long expected bride :  
 ' Thyself, meseems, past other women skill'd  
 ' To see my princely wishes well fulfill'd : 390  
 ' With her my sister and her count draw nigh,  
 ' And a proud train of matchless chivalry :  
 ' Thou, then, for all provide ; hall, bower, and feast ;  
 ' Yet chiefliest for thy sovereign's bridal guest.'  
 Griselidis, in weed of homely gray, 395  
 Meet orders issuing, hastes her to obey ;  
 Decks with assiduous hand her rival's throne,  
 And spreads the nuptial couch so late her own :  
 Then, with a modest, mute, unvarying grace,  
 That thread-bare poverty could not debase, 400  
 Respectfully she waits the bride to greet,  
 And to the spousal bower, conducts her feet.  
 She wist not how it were, but still she turn'd,  
 And inly, by a wondrous instinct, yearn'd ;  
 Gaz'd on the dainty maid, the ingenuous boy, 405  
 And felt inspir'd, as with a mother's joy.

Now were the countless guests assembled all ;  
Steam'd the choice banquet in the vaulted hall ;  
Chief of the feast sat Gautier, by his side  
Prime beauty, costliest art, declare the bride. 410

' How think'st thou then ? ' he cries with jocund voice,  
' Dost thou, Griselidis, approve my choice ? '—  
' Yes, truly, lord !—a worthier or more fair  
' Might not, ' quoth she, ' be chosen any where :  
' Heaven grant ye happiness ! my prayer shall rise 415  
' Each day for this, in humble sacrifice.

' Yet, sire ! for pity's sake forbear to burst  
' This heart with piercing anguish like the first !  
' Her tender years, her nurture, daintier high,  
' Might not abide the proof !—the maid would die ! ' 420

Thus while she spake, tears, nothing could restrain,  
Flow'd down Saluces' moisten'd cheeks amain :  
' Dear, dear Griselidis ! ' aloud he cried,  
' There lives not man on earth, myself beside,  
' Of power to think how strangely I have prov'd, 425  
' Thee, thee, most loyal wife, and ever lov'd ! '—

Then, as his words found way his spouse he cheers,  
Press'd to his bosom fast, with many tears ;  
And ' Thou alone ; ' he adds, ' for ever join'd !  
' Peerless ! the paragon of womankind ! 430



'Thou! other none on earth so worthy me,  
 'Aye wast my wife, and still my wife shall be!  
 'Thou, (so my subjects ween'd,) didst ween my doom,  
 'Had sent thy babes to an untimely tomb;  
 'Lo here! long nurtur'd by my sister's hand, 435  
 'Thine eldest, and her princely brother stand!  
 'Kneel, children twain! and reverence, humbly bent,  
 'A mother, such as heaven hath rarely sent!'

Such strange excess of overwhelming bliss,  
 Too much at once for meek Griselidis, 440  
 Bow'd to a speechless swoon her yielding frame,  
 And voice, and thought, and life, a while o'ercame:  
 Waking anon, with arms encircling wild,  
 She shower'd a mother's joy on either child:  
 Through the long train the infectious feeling flies, 445  
 And glad tears glisten in a thousand eyes:  
 The blithe hall rings with welcomes aye increas'd,  
 And smiles with double joy the nuptial feast.

Eftsoons good old Janicola is there,  
 And in the general bliss is seen to share. 450  
 His daughter's trials o'er; his troubles cease,  
 And his days end in honourable peace.

Full twenty years to wedded rights restor'd,  
 Dwells the meek lady, with her loving lord;



In calm unvarying concord glide their hours ; 455  
Their children's babes adorn the grandsire's bowers :  
And, when their glass has shed its latest sand,  
The heir with wisdom rules the willing land. 458



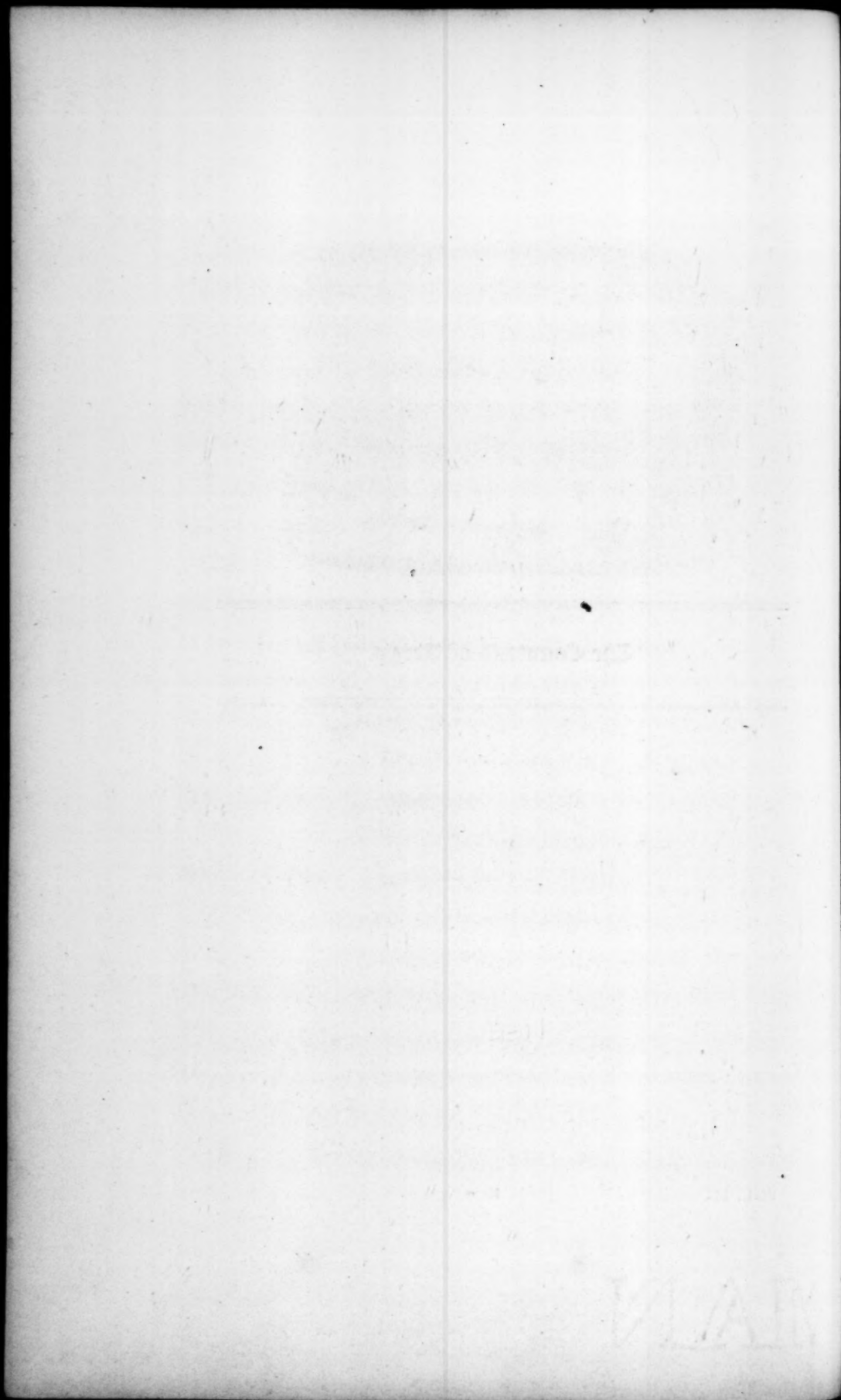
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*The Countess of Hergg.*

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### THE COUNTESS OF VERGY.

HENCE, guileful caitiffs all!—ill hap attend  
That worst of traitors, a perfidious friend!  
Loyal in guise, his serpent coil he winds  
Round the frank singleness of noble minds;  
Sucks forth the hoarded secret of the breast, 5  
Then casts it to the rabble's scornful jest.  
Note well, (what grievous failures sadly prove;)   
Best suit discreet mysterious ways with love!  
Who heeds not, sure shall gather baleful fruit;  
In mid career broke short his frustrate suit; 10  
Well sped, so all end here; nor heavier woes  
Fall, such as now these warning rhymes disclose.

Fair beyond praise, of worth and lineage high,  
Niece to the Duke of fruitful Burgundy,  
In honour liv'd of Vergy's rich domain 15  
And lofty towers the Lady Castellain.

As yet her years were few, her heart unmov'd;  
The beauteous Countess never yet had lov'd.

Sir Agolane, the brave, the mild, the gay,  
In silent passion long had pin'd away : 20  
On the bright dame, whene'er the hour allow'd,  
Unseen, unnotic'd, by the circling crowd,  
Still would he gaze, still sigh with secret prayer;  
Nor, hopeless though he seem'd, would yet despair.  
Such faith deserv'd its meed : the princely dame 25  
Felt pity kindling to a brighter flame :  
Nor what she felt her guileless heart denied;  
She would, but for her state, have been his bride :  
Here, here alas! imperious rank withstood,  
And barr'd disparagement with humbler blood. 30

His suit, howe'er, with fostering smiles she bless'd,  
And the young knight became her secret guest;  
Bound by a vow, the sanction of his fate,  
(Else tenderness should change to deadliest hate,)  
Ne'er from that hour, let weal or woe ensue, 35  
To wray requited love, or vaunt the bliss he knew.

In her wide castle's bound a chamber stood  
That open'd on a plenteous orchard's wood :  
Of as his sovereign dame such grace decreed,  
To these low shades the lover wont to speed, 40  
Tiptoe, alone, at night's obscurest hour,  
There still would lurk the loyal paramour ;  
There still would roam, conceal'd within the grove,  
And wait the joyous messenger of love.  
Whene'er the dame the conscious chamber sought, 45  
In her fair hand a spaniel leash'd she brought,  
Then spied if all were sure, and slipp'd the noose  
Straightways, and let the bounding courier loose :  
He forth with merry babblings, springs amain,  
And, fondling, hails his well-known Agolane. 50  
On to the genial chamber glides the boy,  
And bathes in full beatitude of joy ;  
Till from the east, forbidding longer stay,  
Peer the first glories of the mounting day.  
Thus liv'd the lovers twain ; the loyal youth 55  
And his heart's liege, in uncorrupted truth :  
Their bliss was at its height ; could aught improve  
Such rare felicity of cordial love,  
'Twas, sure, that (conscious to themselves alone,)  
The excluded world was nought, their joys were all their own.



Oft, ye may ween, the warrior would resort 61  
To the brave pastimes of his sovereign's court :  
Bold Burgundy his liegeman oft beheld  
First in the glories of the justing field :  
His gallant bearing goodliest guerdon won, 65  
For the Duke grew to love him as his son :  
Alas ! worse passion fir'd his consort's breast,  
Unlawful flame, ill wishes, unrepres'd !  
She might nor coldly view such wondrous grace,  
Such comeliness of limb, such form of face, 70  
Nor vail her fires ; the knight had sure been mov'd,  
But that his heart lack'd room, he could not more have lov'd.

One day, for that she saw all tokens vain  
To picture out her hopes, or sooth her pain,  
Drawn to a lonely bower, the wanton's art 75  
Spoke strange surprise that none had mov'd his heart :  
Gay was his sovereign's court, with beauty fraught,  
Yet he seem'd free, nor love nor leman sought.  
' Fear,' he replied, ' his feebler wishes chain'd,  
' Of vows, of vain presumptuous suit, disdain'd : ' 80  
' Base diffidence,' she cried, ' unmeet alarms,  
' Unworthy of his great renown in arms :  
' High as his merits rose should rise his claims,  
' To suit, to conquest, of the loftiest dames ;

' Such dames were known, such dames she well could guess,  
 ' Might own so brave a suppliant claim'd success.' 86

So lur'd the ducal dame; the warrior wise,  
 With modest seeming wav'd her bold advice:

' Ill might he mate (he told,) ignoble birth  
 ' With bliss for kings and rulers of the earth : 90

' Such hope he held not; should he proudly trust,  
 ' Soon would his towering pride be borne to dust.'

' How (quoth the dame,) might modesty reply,  
 ' Should we think meet to crown his chivalry?

' Should Agolane, my knight, new favours prove, 95  
 ' And find long friendship softening into love?'

' Liege lady! (thus, his speech submiss combin'd  
 Well with an air of frankness, he rejoin'd;)

' I wist not of such grace! that such is given  
 ' Great thanks to you belong, and guiding heaven! 100

' Still may its sovereign aid my course direct,  
 ' Loyal, and firm, in honour unsuspect,

' Such be my service ever! void of blame

' Towards my liege lord, and thee his ducal dame!'

' Who wills thee? who?' the kindling dame replies, 105

' False to thy lord?—who talks of perjuries?'—

She spoke, and turn'd; ungovernable ire,

And bitter shame of unrestrain'd desire,

Had chang'd her thoughts to vengeance, and to brood  
On deadliest deeds in baleful solitude. 110

Now shone the stars in heaven; with throbbing breast,  
Sad lay the Duchess down, disdaining rest :  
Her lord soon mark'd her struggling sorrows rise,  
Groans half conceal'd, and interrupted sighs ;  
And ' Love ! what ails thee ? ' tenderly he cried ; 115  
' For thee, sweet lord, I weep ! ' the dame replied ;  
' O'er thee I mourn, of faith, of trust, bereav'd !—  
' Sad lot of greatness, still to be deceiv'd !  
' To find least fruit where most we seek to bless,  
' And wrongs, grown monstrous through unthankfulness. 120  
' Sir Agolane—(it needs not here be said  
' How thou hast shower'd down bounties on his head,)  
' He, he, but yesterday, with guilty vows  
' Pour'd forth dishonour's suit before thy spouse !  
' Now may the marvel cease : our dames, I wot, 125  
' Felt, with myself, that Agolane lov'd not ;  
' No meaner charms, forsooth, then might control  
' Such prime hypocrisy, and pride of soul.'

So foul return from him he lov'd the best,  
Sunk deep into the Duke's o'erburthen'd breast : 130  
With sleepless eyes, that sadly sought for light,  
On pass'd the lingering moments of the night ;

Day came, and up he rose ; nor brook'd delay,  
 But gave his bitter flood of passion way :  
 Charg'd on his liegeman home his plot abhorr'd, 135  
 Disloyal, recreant, to his bounteous lord ;  
 And vow'd, unless, ere next day's sun rode high,  
 He breath'd strange air, self-borne from Burgundy,  
 That land the guerdon of such crimes should see,  
 And a vile death be his, on gallow-tree. 140

Such undeserv'd reproach, so stern a lot,  
 Fix'd Agolane in silence to the spot :  
 Chief, like a shaft of ice, his life-blood through,  
 Shot the dread thought—' My love no more I view !'  
 At length, o'erpass'd the numbing shock of pain, 145  
 And innocence resuming strength again,  
 ' Liege lord !' he cried, ' for truth's sake call to mind  
 ' How long in spotless honour I have shin'd !  
 ' Many a good year hath seen me, loyal, just ;  
 ' Who now maintains I have betray'd my trust? 150  
 ' Some secret foe that scatters canker'd guile,  
 ' And seeks to render virtuous knighthood vile.'  
 ' No foe !' the Duke returns ; ' my princely spouse  
 ' Herself the accuser stands, and tells thy traitor vows !'  
 ' Sire !' Agolane replied, ' it needs must be, 155  
 ' Since thus my royal mistress speaks of me,

- ' Some things have fallen amiss ; to fate I bow !  
 ' Best, sure, befits your knight be speechless now :  
 ' Vain were the hope, sith so these charges press,  
 ' That innocence like mine should find redress.' 160  
 Esteem yet warm, but more the impressive mein,  
 And calm sad tone of injur'd Agolane,  
 Weigh'd heavy on the Duke's distracted mind ;  
 Yet still one doubt remain'd, unsolv'd, behind :  
 ' Sure,' thus his reasonings ran, ' the stripling cold 165  
 ' Seems void of love, as well my spouse hath told :  
 ' No lady of the court his suit inspires :—  
 ' Love yet he must ; but 'tis with lawless fires.'  
 ' —Sir Agolane!—my soul is mov'd with ruth!—  
 ' Now, on thy knighthood's honour, speak the truth! 170  
 ' Tell what I straight shall ask thee!—dost consent?—  
 ' Yea!' quoth the knight, (unweeting what were meant ;  
 Who hop'd, perchance, his faith might so be prov'd,  
 And he scape exile from his best-belov'd,)  
 ' Speak on, my lord!—' Sir knight!' the Duke returns, 175  
 ' With love, 'tis seen, young Agolane ne'er burns ;  
 ' So seems it to the court ;—yet love thou dost!  
 ' Tell who the dame, and to thyself be just.  
 ' Let thy liege sovereign's earnest prayer prevail!  
 ' To thy tried friend entrust the mystick tale! 180



‘ So grow our hearts together !—else, depart !

‘ Exile and matchless traitor as thou art !’

Now Agolane sigh’d sore, and on his brow  
Thick gathering gloom pourtray’d the rashness of his vow.  
‘ What ?’ should he teach the Duke how he had thriven, 185  
‘ And violate the oath to Vergy given ?  
‘ Yet banishment waits silence !—nought remains  
‘ Each way, but loss of all that life sustains.  
‘ Might he in exile view her, though by stealth ?  
‘ Then banishment were bliss, his heart’s best health !— 190  
‘ Alas ! his wanderings she can never share,  
‘ And life becomes a load too great to bear !’

So toss’d by desperate thoughts, that either way  
For mastery strove with huge tempestuous sway,  
Sir Agolane’s firm manhood yields at last ; 195  
Tears trickle down his fading cheeks full fast.  
Bold Burgundy was mov’d : he vow’d a vow  
By all that suzerains to their liegemen owe,  
Never ! no, never !—would his friend confide  
The dear dread secret—aye should it abide 200  
Fast rooted in his heart !—this crave he must,  
But as a precious proof of mutual trust.  
‘ O Agolane !’ he cried, ‘ what fears control ?  
‘ Why secret, with the partner of thy soul ?



‘ Is this unchang’d affection’s meet reward.’— 205

‘ ’Tis past then, and thou seek’st the hatred of thy lord !’

Affection’s dear reproach, and precious pain,

Smote home upon the breast of Agolane :

He dares his love’s mysterious course reveal,

The secret of his life, and pledge of wo or weal ! 210

The Duke scarce yields belief: from human eye

The spot so seem’d of choicest privacy,

There must his beauteous niece have dwelt secure,

To mortal men unknown, and love’s fallacious lure.

For proof he spoke but truth, the knight agrees 215

(Nor might he else bold Burgundy appease,)

That at a destin’d spot, when twilight dun

Told the last glimpses of the sinking sun,

The twain should meet; thence seek the orchard’s shade ;

So sight should prove what speech in vain assay’d. 220

Now, as the knight’s accusom’d step drew nigh,

Forth sprang the spaniel with exultant cry :

Then feign’d contentment clear’d the suzerain’s brow ;

‘ ’Tis true !’ quoth he, ‘ I do believe thee now !—

‘ Farewell, Sir Agolane !’—he spoke, and turn’d ; 225

On hied the knight, his heaving bosom burn’d.

Back straight, with printless tread, the Duke behind

Close on his steps attends, resolv’d to find

This strange adventurous secret's course unknown,  
Learn what the end, and credit sight alone. 230

Straight through the chink the half-clos'd doorway gave,  
He spies how onward press'd the adventurer brave :  
Sees, wild with joy, fair Vergy's heightening charms,  
Her knight close press'd within her lily arms ;  
Hears broken words, that scarce their meaning told, 235  
'Mid intermingling kisses thousandfold :—

' Sweet friend ! sole joy ! and all I hold most dear !  
' O what a length of time since thou wast here !  
' And, thee far hence, how slow the loitering sun !  
' Scarce seems the languid stream of life to run. 240  
' But now, gone sadness ! unremembered pain !—  
' Now bliss returns, for thou art found again !'

And, as she paus'd, against her rising breast,  
Blithe to meet his, her loyal mate she press'd ;  
(Speechless, for time was yielded none, to tell 245  
How dearly he esteem'd her, lov'd how well :)  
Then led him to her bower :—my verse, I wis,  
To shadow out such love's transcendant bliss,  
Too weak and vile !—the hasty night fled fast,  
And the first hour seem'd mingled with the last : 250  
Love's favourites may alone such raptures know,  
Love's favourites ! for not all he favours so.

The Duke, meanwhile, within the orchard's gloom  
Stay'd through the night, in watch for scenes to come ;  
And, at the tinkling of the matin bell, 255  
Saw the fond faithful lovers' last farewell.  
Convinc'd long past, still justice bade him stay  
To clear the ranklings of distrust away.  
' O Agolane !' he cried, ' now, now I own  
' The injury, the wrong that I have done, 260  
' Yet, yet, forgive ! and let my future years atone !'  
Surpriz'd stood Agolane, to see so nigh,  
Ween'd long since gone, illustrious Burgundy :  
Then yet again conjures, by all that binds,  
With tie most sacred, honourable minds, 265  
Down in his heart's recesss to bury deep  
The strange dread secret in eternal sleep.  
' If, in the vasty universe, one breast,  
' One eye, should hold or witness what thou seest,  
' One other brow suspicion's glance betray, 270  
' Grief sweeps my wretched rest of life away !'  
' Nay, never name it more !' the Duke rejoin'd,  
' I from this hour erase it from my mind.'  
Then, while to feats remote his speech he bends,  
Back haste unseen the re-united friends. 275  
The noontide meats were serv'd ; there, most caress'd,  
Sat Agolane, the foremost of the feast ;

On him new courtesies, profusely pour'd,  
Mark'd the full friendship of his contrite lord.  
It wrung the indignant dutchess to the soul ; 280  
The banquet scorn'd, and life-diffusing bowl,  
Up from the feastful board behold her gone,  
Stretch'd on her couch in agony alone.  
Her duke the unlook'd-for deed with wonder views,  
Then, weetless of the cause, her steps pursues. 285  
' And canst thou ask me then? and ought not I,  
' So scorn'd,' exclaim'd she, ' of disdain to die?  
' When he, first object of our common hate,  
' Sits by thy side, the greatest 'mid the great?  
' When, held for nought my tale of traitor wo, 290  
' Thou mock'st me, present, honouring thus my foe?'  
' Cease, cease, my spouse!' cried Burgundy, ' abstain  
' To vent base tales on spotless Agolane.  
' I know right well what fits me to believe ;  
' His heart, how wrought, on proof that never can deceive :  
' Ask nought beyond :—on this alone depend, 296  
' Nor thou, nor living wight, can wrest me from my friend.'  
Ireful he spoke, of answer brooking nought,  
And left the astonish'd dutchess nigh distraught.  
Who may her pangs describe?—a favour'd fair, 300  
Barr'd knowledge and revenge!—'tis full despair!

Still hopeful jealousy in whispers told,  
 ' Fast on thy consort's heart thy charms have hold ;  
 ' Choose night's unheedful hour ; with frozen pride,  
 ' When thy fond lord would place him by thy side, 305  
 ' Rise to retire, — 'Tis done :—She shuns her lord,  
 As she for aye renounc'd his couch abhorr'd.  
 He stays her ;—' O thou false one !' sighs the dame,  
 ' Still are thy sweet dissembling wiles the same !  
 ' Long has thy glozing tongue (belief so dear, 310  
 ' That if my thoughts told guile, I could not hear !)  
 ' Won me to think myself thy bosom friend :—  
 ' Now, cruelly arouz'd, my day-dreams end !  
 ' False Agolane, in lies too well refin'd,  
 ' Hath practis'd on thy plain ingenuous mind ; 315  
 ' Thy secret I ask not ; yet I, my lord,  
 ' Joy'd to unbosom aught that I had stor'd,  
 ' Most bless'd, when thou knew'st all, the master of my hoard !'  
 Here bursting sobs, as now restrain'd too long,  
 Chok'd up the bitter sequel of her wrong : 320  
 ' Sweet love ! sole partner mine ! estrang'd from thee,  
 (Then interpos'd afflicted Burgundy,)  
 ' I seek no longer life ! yet, yet, my spouse,  
 ' Bethink thee ! ought thy lord to break his vows ?—  
 ' —Nay, break them not !' the dame returns again, 330  
 ' Yet gild more speciously thy pretext vain !



' Oft secrets most momentous, thou, too kind,  
 ' To me, thy wedded partner, hast consign'd,  
 ' When have I ever swerv'd, or shown a woman's mind?  
 ' No! no! thou fearst not this!—'tis o'er! 'tis o'er! 330  
 ' Thy heart is alienate, thou lov'st no more!'

Therewith again big singults marr'd her breath,  
 Tears streaming down her visage, pale as death.

' Ay me! I cannot view thee thus!—now see  
 (Cries her sad lord,) ' what love I bear to thee: 335

' Then give thou heed to thine!—should'st thou betray

' The secret I reveal this dreadful day,

' My vengeance will be mortal!—thou wilt die!

' 'Tis a dread covenant—dar'st thou aby?'

' Ungrateful!—yes I dare!—that worse I brook— 340

(Sharp cries the Dutchess with distemper'd look,)

' That worse for death than grieving thee I quail,

' Since thou canst think, I yield!—now tell thy tale.'

Straight Burgundy speaks all; by love made blind,  
 Lost for one hour the honour of his mind, 345

Each sight, each circumstance, his lips pourtray'd,

Twilight's thick gloom, the orchard's conscious shade,

The spaniel, harbinger of love's behest,

The knight, to Vergy's beauteous bosom press'd.

Each word the Dutchess heard her lord reveal, 350  
 Shot thrilling through her heart like pointed steel;



Yet firm dissimulation deftly hung  
With many a blandishment, her faithless tongue;  
Her soul the while breathes vengeance, and, imbrued  
Already in her rival's vital blood, 355  
O'er one tremendous thought broods day and night,  
Till hours seem years, seem ages, in its sight.

Thus hours, and days, and lingering weeks are gone,  
Till the high feast of Pentecost comes on:  
Then Burgundy his plenar pomp displays, 360  
Magnificent, as wont, for many days:  
Throng thither, bidden through his dukedom's bound,  
High feudatory lords and dames renown'd;  
And, with the rest, obedient to the call,  
Comes Vergy, to adorn her uncle's hall. 365

Pale turn'd the guileful Dutchess at the sight  
With a strange shivering of malign delight;  
Then with such love as malice well can feign,  
Greets, once and oft, the Lady-Castellain.  
But when, the banquet o'er, the dames withdrew, 370  
To prank them for the dance with bravery new,  
'Dames!' she begins, 'let each one's heart be gay!  
'Leap, like our twinkling feet, this festive day!  
'For you, fair niece! I fear me not; in this  
'Trust we your gentle friend is not remiss.' 375

' Lady, mine aunt!' sweet Vergy meek replies,  
 ' I trow not, soothly, whom your words devise :  
 ' Friends have I none but what may well be known,  
 ' Meet for mine uncle's honour and mine own.'  
 ' So ween I,' quoth the Dutchess, ' dainty niece! 380  
 ' Those who are practis'd in affairs like these,  
 ' Who train their spaniels with such wondrous skill,  
 ' Need never publish aught beyond their will.'

The speech, for none its secret meaning guess'd,  
 Dropp'd from her lips, unheeded by the rest : 385  
 On to the hall with buoyant mirth they ran,  
 And the blithe frolick of the dance began.

But, far far otherwise, in Vergy's soul  
 Shame, sorrow, ill-restrain'd, tempestuous roll.  
 At hand a sumptuous wardrobe's mute recess, 390  
 Where seem'd no eye to witness her distress,  
 She spied, and in she turn'd; nor did she mark,  
 For the lone taper scarce dispell'd the dark,  
 One damsel of the household seated there;  
 But burst into a flood of full despair : 395  
 Loose on a couch her reckless limbs were thrown,  
 And thus broke forth her loud-lamenting moan.

' O!—Agolane is false!—and I betray'd!  
 ' My secret in perfidious purchase paid,

- ( ' Dear dreadful secret dreadfully reveal'd ! ) 400  
' Won the proud dame of Burgundy to yield.  
' To me, then, feign'd fallacious love was given ;  
' Yet I, how true my love—thou know'st it, heaven !  
' How? sweet my friend! O how offending? aught  
' Now, or before she lov'd, has Vergy wrought 405  
' To merit so stern doom? our mystic vows  
' Bewray'd, and I abandon'd by my spouse!  
' I, had the power who fram'd me, to mine eyes  
' Spread forth the boon of opening paradise,  
' O how would I have shunn'd the heavenly gain, 410  
' If to be bought with loss of Agolane !  
' Thy presence was my happiness, my worth,  
' My prime sole joyance on this globe of earth ;  
' And when I might not see thee, fancy wrought,  
' Dear visionary scenes of blissful thought. 415  
    ' O, mightiest love !—when, seated by my side,  
' He clasp'd me in his arms, and call'd me bride,  
' Call'd me, in tones time never shall erase,  
' Dame of his soul, and mistress of his days,  
' So fascinating sweet, my fainting spright 420  
' Seem'd as it would have fled for mere delight ;  
' Could I have then believ'd me thus forlorn?  
' Shunn'd, hated, object of his wrath and scorn?

‘ I ween’d through life his love unchang’d to see,  
‘ For such full sure I felt my own would be ! 425  
‘ And when his last sad hour at length were come,  
‘ I too had gladly died, and join’d him in the tomb !  
‘ Then let us now life’s brittle gift resign,  
‘ Since Agolane now lives not longer, mine !  
‘ My spotless loyalty high heaven will heed, 430  
‘ And pity wretch forlorn, untimely deed.  
‘ O may my spright endure none other pain  
‘ But sight of blessings shower’d on Agolane !  
‘ Ungrateful !—I forgive !—death sweetly sent !  
‘ In thought how I have lov’d, I die content !’ 435

Here fades upon her cheek the leaf of rose,  
And Vergy’s brilliant eyes for ever close.  
Once only she assays (as ’twere to speak  
Her last last love, ere yet her heart should break,) 15  
Once only, calling up life’s minish’d power, 440  
With outspread arms to clasp her absent paramour :  
Then on the couch sinks down ; her heaving breast  
Breathes its last sigh, and all her pains are ceas’d.

Poor Agolane, the while, the dames among 420  
Leads the gay mazes of the dance along : 445  
Yet seems him that the minutes slowly move,  
And still with wandering eyes he seeks his love :

At length alarm succeeds to first surprize,  
And to the Duke with troubled cheer he hies :  
Bold Burgundy spake nought, but led the way 450  
Where, as in sleep, extended Vergy lay :  
O! what a spectacle for love to scan!  
(As to the spot with trembling speed he ran,)  
Pale loosen'd members, nostrils void of breath,  
And lips now freezing at the touch of death. 455  
—' How! how!' he cries;—but, ere he ceas'd, arose  
The unnotic'd witness of his lady's woes;  
Simply the maid unfolds whate'er had pass'd;  
How Vergy wail'd, and how she breath'd her last.  
Now all is seen too plain :—' O, best!' he cries, 460  
' O, first in loyal love's eternal ties !  
' So thou affection's excellence hast shown !  
' So I repaid!—so thou endur'd alone !  
' Yet am I not quite vile ; one honest deed,  
' Of just though late avengement, shall succeed.' 465  
He spoke, and, reaching from the wall, assay'd  
And from its costly scabbard pluck'd a blade,  
Leap'd on its thrilling point with dauntless breast,  
And at his lady's feet sunk down to rest.  
With terror in her speed, and haggard eyes, 470  
Straight to the hall the menial damsel flies,



Seeks out bold Burgundy with panting breath,  
And to his ear unfolds, the double death.

Awhile, when first the fearful sight he view'd,  
A motionless, mute, senseless pause ensued ; 475  
Then fury found its issue ; grimly gor'd,  
Forth from his liegeman's breast he snatch'd the sword,  
Shook the keen steel, with steaming life-blood red,  
On to his consort hied, and briefly said :  
' Dame ! late with thee I dreadful compact made ! 480  
' Death, were uxorious Burgundy betray'd :  
' Now mark how steadfastly I keep my word !'—  
He spoke, and to her heart he struck the sword.

She at his feet sank down ; fears seize on all,  
And shrieks re-echoing fill the vaulted hall. 485  
The dance broke off, the guests assembled round,  
Sad Burgundy recounts, with sobs profound,  
With tears, that, as they streak'd his visage pale,  
Wrung precious drops from all who heard the tale ;  
The secret love ; the lamentable bane ; 490  
And Vergy's broken heart ; and self-slain Agolane :  
And, while he spake, on one funereal bier  
Mute pages bore, with sorrow-stricken cheer,  
Up the long pavement, side by side, supine  
The pair, whom death itself might not disjoin. 495



Next sun beheld them to one common grave  
 Pass, with such pomp as sovereigns wont to have :  
 And soon, by craftsmen skill'd in choice device,  
 Was rear'd a monument of mickle price,  
 Beneath whose sculptur'd stone their corscs lie : 500  
 Thus well ordain'd dejected Burgundy.

This duty satisfied, in contrite thought  
 Bent to atone the evils he had wrought,  
 Straightway he takes the cross, seeks ocean's strand,  
 Sets forth in pilgrimage to Holy-Land, 505  
 And there, bow'd down beneath repentant shame,  
 Among the Templar-knights enrolls his name.

Still, with a chiding voice that never paus'd,  
 Clung round his mind the misery he had caus'd ;  
 His port told grief too mighty to beguile ; 510  
 Nor, thenceforth, was he ever seen to smile.



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**The Battle of Carnival and Lent.**

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THE STATE OF NEW YORK  
IN SENATE  
JANUARY 18, 1892.  
REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION  
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## THE BATTLE OF CARNIVAL AND LENT.

My worthy Sirs, no longer may I rest  
To hold as hidden treasure in my breast,  
A strange adventure, in its time I trow  
Known far and wide, howe'er forgotten now.  
My toilsome zeal the dormant record brings, 5  
A legend suited to the feasts of kings;  
And true—but this I trust I need not say;  
Known am I to all here this many a day;  
And twenty marks of silver may not buy  
Your faithful minstrel to devise a lie. 10

In Paris, erst, for strength and splendour fam'd,  
The royal Louis plenar court proclaim'd:  
From all parts met the congregating host,  
(For 'twas the solemn feast of Pentecost,)

Some to contribute gladness, some to share ; 15  
Join feastful revelry, or sportive war.

Far o'er the rest in might, of rival fame,  
Two princes with their numerous menials came :  
The one hight Carnival, whose wide command  
Proud dukes and monarchs own'd through every land : 20  
Lov'd was he much by all, in friends much bless'd,  
And sure to win renown among the best.

To him all opposite, of fishy scent,  
The poor man's foe, advanc'd the felon Lent :  
Ruler of pools, and streams, and lakes, and seas ; 25  
And idoliz'd by monks of all degrees :  
Still, at their noontide meal, or evening board,  
O'er these in spacious abbeys sovereign lord.

This last, though little priz'd, though few are known,  
Like those of Beauvaisis or of Olonne, 30  
So humoursome in diet as to wish  
To change a fatted bullock for a fish ;  
Yet, since to court he came with brave display  
Of salmon in his train, and thorny ray,  
Found honourable welcome ; plac'd on high 35  
With the prime guests at this festivity.  
Disastrous preference!—how hence ensued  
Prodigious conflict, and far-sounding feud,

Shall soon be told : how Carnival's quick sense  
Ill brook'd his rival's strange pre-eminence ; 40  
Incens'd, his ireful soul's ungovern'd heat  
Blaz'd forth amain in contumelious threat ;  
It reach'd his proud antagonist ; and pale  
With deadliest wrath at such injurious tale,  
He, to his foe advancing, bade prepare 45  
For war, for terrible and bloody war,  
Meet for such argument, no end to know  
But in the full perdition of the foe.

From Paris, straight, inspir'd with like intent,  
Each to his realm the hostile chieftains went ! 50  
No toil they spare, impatient of delay  
In preparation vast of arm'd array.  
Swift as a shaft the silvery herring glides  
To rouse the vassal myriads of the tides ;  
And, as the travers'd deep was heard to ring, 55  
With the foul insult to their suzerain king,  
All, from the matchless whale's unwieldy form  
To the brisk fry that in the shallows swarm,  
Fir'd at the summons, join, a vengeful host,  
And quit the unpeopled waters for the coast, 60  
Not less the world terrene, wood, hill, and plain,  
Where Carnival extends his ample reign,



Sounds with the merlin's cry ; and straight from far  
The feudatories screaming throng to war.  
Pale watchet herons in solemn flight arise, 65  
Bitterns, and cranes, and mantling sweep the skies :  
Each inlet to the sea, each creek, is barr'd  
By clamorous ducks with sleepless watch and ward ;  
By stately swans, with necks erect and tall,  
A long-extended line of snowy wall, 70  
A boom athwart the wave : in serried ranks  
Sheep, swine, and hares, and rabbits, line the banks.  
Above, all birds of heath and champaign bare  
With hurtling pinions flap the loaded air ;  
Plovers of various kind, and russet dyes, 75  
By ponderous bustards led of giant size.  
The rear-guard tame villatick fowl compose,  
Fat geese, fat capons, in well-ordered rows ;  
The peacock, of his sparkling plumage proud,  
And dove, with warlike virtues least endow'd. 80  
Of craven courage, yet in numbers bold,  
Their course, with shouts discordant, on they hold ;  
Rend the light air, with loud incessant cry,  
And chant presaging lays of victory.  
Arm'd cap-a-pie, on signal vengeance bent, 85  
On a stout mullet rides imperious Lent :

His shield a cheese, a trenchant sole his blade,  
 His prick-spurs of well temper'd fishbone made :  
 A ray's stiff hide his cuirass'd corse adorns,  
 With tubercles all rough, and horrent thorns : 90  
 And, hard at hand, beneath the general's eye,  
 Pil'd stores are seen, and strange artillery ;  
 Dried fruits, milk, butter, cheeses many a row ;  
 With peas and chesnuts to annoy the foe.

Oppos'd, upon a stag of branching beams, 95  
 Stout Carnival's high crest incessant gleams ;  
 A wild-boar's head with grinning tusks, enchas'd  
 In a firm crust of well compacted paste,  
 Serves for the warrior's helm ; a peacock proud,  
 Perch'd on its summit, towers above the crowd : 100  
 With ruling curb he seems his beast to hold ;  
 His heel a bird's beak arms for spurs of gold.

Now meet the monarchs twain : now on they go,  
 Each with resistless swoop upon his foe :  
 But thronging bands soon start from either side, 105  
 Close the mid space, the bickering chiefs divide ;  
 These struggling, both are borne asunder far,  
 And the main battles join in deadly war.

First, in the dubious coil, the capons boast  
 Their floundering foes driv'n backward from the coast. 110

Ill could the whittings pale, of feeble might,  
Endure such horny beaks in equal fight :  
Roll'd o'er and o'er, their shatter'd squadrons flee,  
And hide their dastard doings in the sea.

To stay such rout, or e'er it spread more wide, 115  
Lo, proudly buoyant, through the surging tide  
The many-colour'd mackerel cleaves his way,  
And, arm'd with jagged spines, the puissant ray.  
Then straight, at signal heard, a hideous hail  
Showers on the foe, and makes the stoutest quail ; 120  
Their twanging bows the finny archers bend,  
Dried figs, nuts, apples, through mid-air descend ;  
On rush broad turbot, breams with scales of gold,  
And keen-tooth'd congers in huge volumes roll'd ;  
On wind the sinuous eels, a wily band, 125  
And foil at will the chieftains of the land ;  
Their bony legs in living fetters bound,  
Down fall the doughtiest warriors to the ground.

Each deed to sing, to note each worthy's praise,  
Would ask the toil of seven successive days ; 130  
Yet shall my strain record, how, prime in arms,  
Vast thirst of fame a youthful salmon warms ;  
He, in his valour peerless and alone,  
Dire feats achieves, and prodigies unknown ;

Around him pours destruction like a flood, 135  
And deluges the dusky earth with blood.

And now, victorious, the aquatick host  
Drove back their foes, and well-nigh won the coast;  
When, quacking loud for aid, the mallards' cry  
Two gray herons heard, and up they soar'd on high: 140  
Four merlins join'd them as in air they wheel'd,  
And down all pounce like lightning on the field.

Bold bitterns in their rear, with many a crane,  
Spread carnage wide, and glut their maws with slain:  
While, by the uncouth peril rous'd at length, 145  
The sluggish ox puts forth his giant strength;  
Unwieldy on he comes, his trampling tread  
Bears down whole files, and crushes all the dead:  
Unwonted tremblings seize the aquatick line,  
And the faint host recoils beneath the brine. 150

Their wary king, who read that day's defeat  
Irrevocable, timely sounds retreat:  
And now heaven's beam was gone: indignant Lent  
Toils through the night, on death or conquest bent;  
Joins threats with praises, promises with prayer, 155  
And wins his wavering squadrons back to war.  
Not less stout Carnival his bands survey'd,  
And told sure conquest o'er a foe dismay'd;

When, fraught with strange event, day burst the gloom,  
And stamp'd the rival kings' perpetual doom. 160

Lo! where, with many a brave one, boon and gay  
Great Christmas lordly guides his proud array!  
Loud shouts, symphonious song, his course attend;  
To Carnival he hies, a welcome friend.

Through Lent's pale host the thrilling clamour rolls, 165  
And aggravated dread appals their souls:

But when returning spies at length reveal'd  
The new confederate in the unequal field,  
Unnerv'd, froze up with terror, reckless all  
Of their liege sovereign, straight their weapons fall; 170  
'Peace!'—rings around, the doubling peals increase,  
And the vast world of waters echoes 'Peace!'

Urg'd by his people's cry, reluctant Lent  
Straight to the foe a suppliant envoy sent:  
On to their chiefs the guards his legate bring, 175  
To take stern sentence from their haughty king;  
'Eternal banishment! thence never more  
'With aspect lean to sully Christian shore.'

Such doom severe the barons grieve to see;  
Then, with their monarch, change that first decree, 180  
And grant these terms of peace:—'By full consent  
'All Christendom this homage cedes to Lent:—



‘ Full forty days, when spring-times reappear,  
‘ And two in seven throughout the changeful year :  
‘ Yet this not absolute ; those times of fast  
‘ All Christian folk shall grace their plain repast,  
‘ (As through the general year,) piscivorous still,  
‘ With milk, with crudled cheese ; and feed their fill.’

185

Such was the wondrous strife, and such the fruit ;  
And Lent to Carnival did vassal suit.

190







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**The Road to Paradise.**

BY RUTEBEUF.

AN EXTRACT.

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The Road to Freedom

BY A. J. B. J.

NEW YORK: 1917



## THE ROAD TO PARADISE.

### I.

As late in slumber lapt my limbs were laid,  
While fantasy held empire o'er my mind,  
It seem'd, in pilgrim's russet weed array'd,  
Forth from my home I far'd ; my steps inclin'd  
Those blissful realms of Paradise to find  
Whose path is strait, and rude with briar and stone :  
Lusty I felt, and young, and left behind  
Of feebler wights returning, many a one,  
Whose hearts for toil did fail ; so I remain'd alone.

## II.

Oft to the left, with flowerets gaily dight, 10  
A grassy footway turn'd, and smooth to tread;  
And thither, cozen'd by such tempting sight,  
My fellow-pilgrims all were wandered;  
Albe the end was full of dole and dread,  
A bottomless abyss, the dire abode 15  
Of damned ghosts, and mansion of the dead.  
There them I saw on turf with daisies strow'd;  
But I right onward hied the narrow toilsome road.

## III.

Thus I arriv'd where stood a city fair,  
Yet simple sad it seem'd, and desolate : 20  
Celestial Piety resided there ;  
And forth she came to meet me at the gate :  
Kindly she offer'd to become my mate,  
And be my sure conductress on the way,  
For yet (she told,) my toil might nought abate; 25  
And many deadly foes around there lay  
My weary feet to snare, and heedless eyes betray.

## IV.

So on I pass'd the rugged road along,  
Accompanied by her, my heavenly guide,  
Till suddenly my gaze, with wonder strong, 30  
Was fix'd upon the gorgeous house of Pride :  
On a high mound, extending far and wide  
Its glittering front magnificently wrought  
Rose eminent, as though it heaven defied ;  
But all behind, surpassing human thought, 35  
In wasteful ruin lay, and crumbling into nought.

## V.

Himself, the owner of this lordly pile,  
Would sundry garbs assume, as lik'd him best ;  
In guise a bishop now, anotherwhile  
A sleek archdeacon, or some meaner priest ; 40  
Provost anon, or bailiff little bless'd :  
And all mankind he did alike disdain,  
Nor, humbled oft, he e'er the more surceas'd ;  
While, all around, the courtiers of his train  
Stood, deck'd with costly crowns, and silk of scarlet grain.



## VI.

Not far beyond I saw where Choler stood, 46  
With sparkling eyes, and visage fiery red,  
Gnashing his teeth amain, as he were wood,  
And wreaking on himself his purpose dread :  
Whether, as seem'd, his fated prey were fled, 50  
Or that for ever thus himself he bore ;  
But still he stamp'd, and rag'd, and smote his head,  
And from his scalp his matted locks he tore,  
Till all his talons foul were stain'd with spirting gore.

## VII.

Far in the winding of a sickly vale, 55  
I spied where, in the centre of her hall,  
Sat Avarice, with visage marr'd and pale,  
Upon a coffer, crouching like a thrall :  
With double-bolting lock was fasten'd all  
Her dank abode, nor entrance might you see 60  
Save one small postern in the flinty wall ;  
And in her clutch she grip'd its massy key.  
Her house was roof'd throughout with wondrous masonry—

## VIII.

For all of magnet, or of like rare stone,  
Yet steel attracting nought, but only gold, 65  
Its beams were wrought, and girders everichone;  
And there her captive vassals she controll'd  
In prisons vast of ever-during cold:  
On piled ingots sat the meagre crew;  
The heap still crumbling from beneath them roll'd; 70  
These grasp, and strive, and mickle toil renew,  
Yet evermore the winged metal upward flew.

## IX.

In the deep bottom of the furthest dell,  
Envy abode, encompass'd all with brakes;  
And, as mine author Ovid limneth well, 75  
Suck'd up the venom of her deadly snakes;  
Nor ever she her privy den forsakes,  
Save to espy how all her neighbours speed:  
Weep they and groan? for very joy she quakes;  
But laugh they, sing they, hands and hearts agreed? 80  
Home hies she, wobegone; her spright is sad indeed.

## X.

From her not far apart his sojourn made,  
Stretch'd on his bed of down, unsightly Sloth,  
All in a canon's vestments misarray'd;  
And at the warning chime of matins wroth, 85  
Loudly he rail'd at bell and bellman both;  
Ne nathemore would rise, ne deign to look  
Up from his couch; for he was passing loath  
Thence to be rous'd; but if for call of cook  
He to the banquet hied, and off his slumber shook. 90

## XI.

And hard beside lay brutish Gluttony,  
That wallowing toss'd and sought for ease amain;  
He look'd as one that was about to die,  
All swoln and bloated with exceeding pain  
Of yesternight's debauch, now rued in vain; 95  
Yet still his thoughts were on his tavern feast,  
Thither the wretched thrall would wend again,  
And cram his maw like to a senseless beast;  
Begirt he was with many a monk and many a priest.

## XII.

Now, right against my view, some way before, 100  
A lordly manor-house, as seem'd, arose ;  
A churlish porter stood to guard the door ;  
And empty-handed guests he rudely throws  
Back from the wicket, still admitting those  
Who bring the wonted tribute for his queen : 105  
So in they fare, yet much their gesture shows  
Shame, as the gallants fain would not be seen ;  
Full soon to vanish quite in dusky shades obscene !

## XIII.

Them greets the dame with goodly-seeming guise,  
But 'tis to spoil them of their bravery gay : 110  
Come they as knights ? she makes their coursers prize :  
Back the dismounted caitiffs slink away,  
Sore shent, and chaf'd to be that harlot's prey :  
Full seldom won a second course to try :  
Or, if by sugar'd base desires astray 115  
Once drawn again, they know repentance nigh !  
Such, Wantonness her court doth keep continually.

## XIV.

Thus, pass'd the purlieus of intemperance,  
The storehouses and sties of vice and shame,  
On, where the Virtues dwell, I straight advance, 120  
Through heavenly guidance sav'd from blot of blame.  
O! what I look'd on, thither as I came!—  
The house of Candour, desert grown, and bare;  
Faint Liberality's dissolving frame!—  
Till, for my shrift as I at last prepare, 125  
Lo; plain in ken the road to Paradise is there!



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NOTES.

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• **Small Business** – Small business owners and managers who are looking for ways to improve their business performance and profitability.

## NOTES TO THE LAY OF SIR GUGEMER.

WE have here another *Lay*, which, the writer informs us, originated among the inhabitants of Bretany, or Armorica.

Chaucer tells us, in the 'Frankleyn's Tale,—

- ' These olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes
- ' Of diverse aventures maden *layes*,
- ' Rimeyed in hir firste Breton tongue :
- ' Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
- ' Or elles redded hem for hir plesance,
- ' And on of hem have I in remembrance
- ' Which I shall sayn with good wille as I can.'

On the subject of this passage Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks, that the word *Lay*, though it was supposed to have been originally a very general term, and nearly synonymous with our word Song, was afterwards particularly, and almost exclusively, applied to French translations from poems in the Armorican language.

- ' The chief (perhaps the only) collection of these lays
- ' which is now extant, was translated into French octo-
- ' syllable verse by a poetess who calls herself Marie ; the
- ' same (without doubt) who made the translation of *Esope*,
- ' quoted by Pasquier and Fauchet, and placed by them in the
- ' reign of St. Louis, about the middle of the 13th century.
- ' Both her works have been preserved together in MSS. Harl.

‘ 978, in a fair hand, which I see no reason to judge more recent than the latter end of that century.

‘ The titles of the poems in this collection, to the number of twelve, are recited in the Harleian Catalogue. They are, in general, the names of the principal persons in the several stories, and are, most of them, evidently Armorican ; and I think no one can read the stories themselves without being persuaded that they were either really translated from the Armorican language, or at least composed by one who was well acquainted with that language and country.’

Verse 4: ‘ *Great Britain’s king, and suzerain of the less.*’— A *suzerain* was a feudal lord, possessing a fief under which other fiefs were held ; and the use of such a term as applied to Arthur, cannot be strictly justified, because it carries the antiquity of fiefal tenures a few centuries beyond the period of their real establishment. But the supremacy of the British kings of this island over those of Armorica, is warranted by tradition.

‘ This territory (says Mr. Warton) was, as it were, newly peopled in the 4th century by an army of Welch, who migrated thither under Maximus, a Roman general in Britain, and Conan, Lord of Meiniadoc, or Denbigh-land. The Armorican language now spoken in Bretany is a dialect of the Welch ; and so strong a resemblance still subsists between the two languages, that in our late conquest of Belleisle, such of our soldiers as were natives of Wales were understood by the peasantry.’

Verse 5. ‘ *A lord of Leon,*’ &c.—

A small city of Upper Normandy, seven leagues from Rouen, called Lyons, or Lions, (in Latin Leones), whence the neighbouring forest of Lyons took its name, (vide Joinville, Table

des Matières, p. cxxvii. edit. 1761, folio), was probably the place in the contemplation of Mademoiselle Marie, when she translated the present lay: or, if we prefer restricting her to Bretany, she might mean the city and neighbourhood of St. Paul de Léon.

It is here necessary to caution our geographical readers not to confound this Léon with the famous country of Leonais, the birth-place of Sir Tristram, and the scene of his numerous triumphs over the malice of his enemies, and the chastity of the charming Isoude, because the most patient of our poetical antiquaries cannot tolerate any mistake relating to this favourite hero. Even Mr. Tyrwhitt says, in his Glossary (see the word Isoude), “a late French writer, in what he has been ‘pleased to style *Histoire Litteraire des Troubadours*, having quoted a passage celebrating the love of Tristan and Iseult, says coolly—*c’est une allusion à quelque roman*:—which ‘is just as if a commentator upon Ovid should say of the ‘Epistle from Paris to Helen, that it refers to some Greek ‘story.’ But in the present case a mistake is the more to be apprehended, because the real country of Léonais has ceased to figure in our maps, in consequence of its being at the depth of more than forty fathoms under water. The only antiquary, perhaps, who has fished up a good account of it, is Mr. Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, who tells us as follows:

‘The sea gradually encroaching on the shore, hath ravined  
‘from Cornwall the whole tract of country called *Lionnesse*,  
‘together with divers other parcels of no little circuite; and  
‘that such a country as *Lionnesse* there was, these proofs are  
‘yet remaining. The space between the Land’s End and the  
‘Isles of Scille, being about thirtie miles, to this day

' retaineth that name in Cornish Lethowsow, and carrieth  
 ' continually an equal depth of 40 or 60 fathom, (a thing not  
 ' usual in the sea's proper dominion) save that about the mid-  
 ' way there lieth a rocke, which, at low water, discovereth its  
 ' head. They term it the Gulphe, suiting thereby the other  
 ' name of *Scilla*. Fishermen also, casting their hooks there-  
 ' abouts, have drawn up pieces of doors and windows. More-  
 ' over the ancient name of St. Michael's Mount was *Cara-*  
 ' *cloase in Cowse*, in English, *the hoare rocke in the wood*;  
 ' which now is at every flood encompassed by the sea, and yet  
 ' at some low ebbes, roots of mightie trees are discryed in  
 ' the sands about it. The like overflowing has taken place  
 ' in Plymouth haven, and divers other places.'

Verses 95, &c. ' *Here Venus might be seen, in act to throw,*  
 ' *Down to the mimick fire that gleam'd below,*  
 ' *The remedies of love,*' &c.

Mr. Warton, in his criticism on the exordium of Stephen  
 Hawes's *TEMPLE OF GLASS*, observes, " We must acknow-  
 ' ledge that all the picturesque invention which appears in  
 ' this composition, entirely belongs to Chaucer. In the mean  
 ' time there is reason to believe, that Chaucer himself copied  
 ' these imageries from the Romance of *GUIGEMAR*, one of  
 ' the metrical tales or *LAIS* of Bretagne, translated from the  
 ' Armorican original into French, by Marie, a French poetess,  
 ' about the 13th century ; in which the walls of a chamber  
 ' are painted with Venus and the *Art of Love* (Le Grand says,  
 ' " Remedy of Love"), from Ovid.'—He proceeds to observe,  
 that the imagination of our old poets must have been greatly  
 assisted by the constant contemplation of the paintings with  
 which it was the fashion, during the middle ages, entirely to  
 cover the walls of the more magnificent apartments in

castles and palaces. Hence the author of *P. Plowman's Crede*, describes a chapter house of rich monks as being

‘ With semliche selure ysett on lofte,  
‘ *As a Parlement hous ypeynted aboute.*

An exactly similar description occurs in an old French Romance—

Lors moustiers tiennent ors et sals,  
Et lors cambres, et lors grans sales,  
Font lambroissier, *paintre et pourtraire.*

Thus in Chaucer's *Dreme*, v. 1320.

———— in a chamber *paint*  
Full of *stories old and divers.*

Again, *ibid.* v. 2167.

For there n'as no Lady ne cature,  
Save on the wals *old portraiture*,  
Of horsemen, hawkis, and houndes, &c.

In the year 1277, Otho, duke of Milan, having restored peace to that city by a signal victory, built a noble castle, in which he ordered every particular circumstance of that victory to be painted. Paulus Jovius relates that these paintings remained, in the great vaulted chamber of the castle, fresh and unimpaired, so late as the year 1547. “ Extant que ‘ adhuc in maximo *testudinatoque conclavi*, incorruptæ præ-  
‘ liorum cum *veris ducum* vultibus imagines, *Latinis elegis*  
‘ *singula rerum elogia indicantibus.*’ That the castles and palaces of England were thus ornamented at a very early period, and in the most splendid style, appears from the following notices. Langton, bishop of Litchfield, commanded the coronation, marriages, wars, and funeral of his patron, king Edward the first, to be painted in the great hall of his episcopal palace which he had newly built. This must have been



about the year 1312. The following anecdote, relating to the old royal palace at Westminster, never yet was published. In the year 1322, one Symeon, a friar minor, and a doctor in theology, wrote an Itinerary, in which is this curious passage. He is speaking of Westminster Abbey. ‘Eidem monasterio quasi immediate conjungitur illud famosissimum palatium regium Anglorum, in qua illa VULGATA CAMERA in cujus parietibus sunt omnes HISTORIÆ BELLICÆ TOTIUS BIBLIÆ ineffabiliter depictæ, atque in Gallico completissime et perfectissime constantex conscriptæ in non modica intuentium admiratione, et maxima regali magnificentia.’—‘Near this monastery stands the most famous royal palace of England; in which is that celebrated chamber, on whose walls all the warlike histories of the whole Bible are painted with inexpressible skill, and explained by a regular and complete series of texts, beautifully written in French over each battle, to the no small admiration of the beholder, and the increase of royal magnificence.’ This ornament of a royal palace, while it conveys a curious history of the Arts, admirably exemplifies the chivalry and the devotion of the times united. That part of the Old Testament, indeed, which records the Jewish wars, was almost regarded as a book of chivalry; and their chief heroes, Joshua and David, the latter of whom killed a Giant, are often recited among the champions of romance. In France, the battles of the kings of Israel with the Philistines and Assyrians, were wrought into a grand volume, under the title of ‘Plusieurs Batailles des Roys d’Israel contre les Philistins et Assyriens.’ Vide Warton’s Hist. Eng. Poetry, vol. iii. p. 216, and vol. i. p. 303. This fashion, Mr. Warton says, preceded the employment of tapestry for the same purpose.

Ver. 261, &c. '*Nogiva's lord next meets an equal fate,  
'And Gugemer straight weds the widow'd mate.'*—

The jealous lord here makes his appearance very opportunely for the purpose of being killed, and of thus legitimating Sir Gugemer's union with the fair Nogiva. It is evident that Mademoiselle Marie had very nearly forgotten him, and his arrival at this time could not easily be explained, if we did not know that fairies, whether good or bad, were always enemies to husbands; and that the two great agents in this tale had probably united to promote his destruction.

## NOTES TO

### THE THREE KNIGHTS AND THE SMOCK.

VERSE 28. '*Led by a neighbouring tourney's rumour'd fame.*'—

It seems to be generally admitted that Tourneys, or Tournaments, are of French invention, and that the earliest exhibitions of this kind were those which were celebrated by Preuilli, a little before the time of the first Crusade. We hear indeed of combats between knights, which were exhibited at Strasburg, in honour of the reconciliation which took place there, in the middle of the 9th century, between Charles the Bold and his brother Louis; but these were probably nothing more than a kind of *review*, in imitation of those equestrian exercises which were common among the Arabians, and are still in use among the Turks, and various other Tartar nations. As our ancient cavalry was not formed into squadrons, its strength depended on the address of each individual, which could only be acquired by exercises which probably took place in publick; but this does not amount to a regular publick shew or tournament.

Some time before the intended exhibition of a tournament took place, heralds were dispatched through the country, and into the neighbouring kingdoms, to invite all brave knights and squires to come and contend for prizes, and to merit the affections of their mistresses. If the tournament took place in a town, the mayor and municipal officers were charged with the accommodation of the strangers: if under the walls

of a castle, an encampment was formed for their reception. None could be admitted to tourney but such as were without stain or reproach.

The place of combat was a large space surrounded by ropes covered with tapestry, or by double rows of railing, with an interval of about four feet. Within this interval were placed the minstrels, the heralds and kings-at-arms, to regulate the order of combat, and the attendants on the knights, to assist their masters when unhorsed or disabled. The people stood on the outside. An amphitheatre was erected for the kings, queens, ladies, judges of the tournament, and ancient knights.

In general, the arms of the combatants were lances and swords, whose points and edges were blunted: these were called *courteous arms*. Sometimes indeed sharp weapons were used, but in this case the blows were numbered. In either kind of combat it was forbidden to thrust with the point of the sword, or to strike at the *limbs*, these being seldom perfectly defended.

There were two sorts of tournament. In the one, the combatants were arranged in two opposite lines, as in war, and charged each other with their lances; but a double boarded railing was sometimes extended along the lists from end to end, dividing the whole area into two equal parts. The shock of the horses was by this contrivance prevented, while the riders could nevertheless overthrow each other with their spears, and unhorsed combatants ran much less risque of being trampled to death. The other sort of tournament was perfectly irregular: every combatant attacked his neighbour indiscriminately; and on these occasions it required great attention to the several armorial devices on the shields and surcoats, to judge who had performed the most extraordinary feats, and

merited the prize. In this species of tournament the offensive weapons were the sword, the hatchet, and the mace ; but not the lance. Each day ended by the exploits of some champions who undertook to break a certain number of lances in honour of the ladies.

The general superintendant of the tournament, who was called the *knight of honour*, and was invested with the power of terminating all differences, was chosen by the ladies, who presented to him some article of female dress, which he bore on his lance as the badge of his office. At the approach or touch of this sacred badge the most exasperated combatants dropped their weapons, and the conflict and confusion ceased in an instant.

Notwithstanding these precautions, however, accidents of the most fatal kind were not unfrequent. At a tournament given at Nuits in 1240, sixty knights and squires lost their lives, either from the wounds they had received, or from the trampling of the horses, or from suffocation : hence the many excommunications thundered out against tournaments. But the real use of these exercises as a preparation for actual service ; the opportunities they afforded to the combatants of displaying their valour, their address, and their magnificence ; the increased freedom of intercourse which took place on these occasions between the sexes ; and the enthusiasm produced by the smiles of beauty, the applause of royalty, the praises of the minstrels, and the acclamations of the people, all conspired to drown the censures of religion ; and tournaments maintained their ground till the unfortunate death of Henry the II<sup>d</sup> of France, in 1559, by the lance of Montgomeri.

Verse 33. '*Poor was the third, and one poor squire possess'd.*'—Sovereigns were sometimes knighted in the cradle, but no



other persons could receive the order without having previously passed through the rank of esquire: and thence the poorest knight, having the power of conferring the order, was sure of finding some young person of gentle blood, willing to learn the profession of arms under his tuition. The squire followed him in all his expeditions, carried his lance, helmet, and shield, cleaned his armour, took care of his horse, held his stirrup when he mounted, and, though of equal or perhaps superior birth to his master, performed every menial office about his person; and this was not considered as degrading, because the most important lesson in a military life is that of subordination. Upon the same principle the squire sat on a lower seat behind the knights; whatever was his rank he could not eat at the same table with them; if he gave a blow to a knight he was punished by the loss of his hand.

Verse III. '*Take this fair steed, a tourney's late-won prize.*'—

The poorer knights were frequently enriched by their feats at tournaments. When combatants fought in consequence of a formal challenge, the parties usually subjected themselves to all the laws of war: the horse and arms, and even the person of the vanquished, became the property of his conqueror, and he could only be released by the payment of his ransom. There was even (says M. Le Grand) a species of sword used in tournaments, called *gagne-pain*, from its affording its proprietor his only means of subsistence—

Dont i est gaignepains nommée

Car par li est gagniés li pains.

Pelerinage du monde par Guigneville.

In the fabliau of 'Guillaume au Faucon,' a knight returns from a tournament with fifteen prisoners.

The challenges were drawn up with every legal formality,



and (as we find from Wyntown's Chronicle) were called *taillés indentures*, because (says Mr. Macpherson) they were bonds of which duplicates were made, having indentures *taillés* answering to each other. Wyntown has allotted 104 lines to the description of the justing between 'Schyr David de Lyn-  
' dyssay' and 'the Lord of the Wellis', on London bridge in 1390, in the presence of Richard II. and his court. Sir David Lindsay had a safe-conduct for the purpose, and came to London with a retinue of 28 persons—

Where he and all his company

Was well arrayed, and daintily,

And all purveyed at device.

There was his purpose to win prize :

With the Lord of the Wellis he

Thought til have done there a *journée* ; (day's battle)

For both they were by *certane taillé*

Obliged to do there that deed, *sauf faillie*. (without fail.)

They began by justing with spears, and

The Lindsay there with manful force

Struck quite the Wellis fra his horse

Flatlyngis down upon the green ;

There all his saddle *tume* (empty) was seen.—

This exploit having occasioned a rumour that Sir David was tied to his horse, and the calumny having reached the king's ears, the good knight was of course much scandalized ; and,

Even forth to the king he rode,

And off his horse *deliverly* (readily)

He lap down, that the king clearly

Ken'd well that they falsely lied

That said the Lindsay before was tied.

After this—

Withouten help of any man,  
 But by his own agile force  
 Again he lap upon his horse,  
 All the *lave* (remainder) for to fulfill  
 That 'longed by the taillé there till.

They then fought on foot, and Sir David was again victorious: the life of his prostrate adversary was at his mercy, and he had the king's permission to use his victory as he thought proper.

But the Lindsay nevertheless,  
 That in his deed all courteous was,  
 Said to them that stood him by  
 ' Help, help now for courtesy.'  
 The Wells he took then by the hand  
 That on the green was there lyand ;  
 ' Rise, rise, Sir knight, and stand on feet.'——  
 Sir David the Lindsay in this wise  
 Fulfilled in London his journée  
 With honour and with honesté ;  
 And to the queen then of England  
*He gave this Wells then in presând*  
*Thus quite wonnen all freely.*  
*And she then of that courtesy*  
*Thanked him.——*

Verse 204. ' *This, when anon thou lead'st thy damsel train  
 ' To thy lord's feast in wonted service there'*——

On particular occasions, when a knight gave an entertainment, his wife, together with all the ladies of her suite, used to serve at table. It was their interest to shew every mark of respect to a profession with which their own importance was so nearly connected.

Verse 223. 'While the good spouse,' &c.—

Such an instance of complaisance in a husband may be probably thought excessive ; but perhaps it would not surprise us if we were more familiarized with the opinions of the feudal ages on the subject of gallantry. A late traveller tells us, that even now, in Madrid, a married lady of rank cannot easily dispense with a *cortejo*, a male animal, (frequently an ecclesiastick,) who, while he usurps the privileges of a husband, does also, under the ordination of retributive justice, occasion, both to himself and his patroness, all the pangs of a most jealous one, from which the legitimate husband remains totally exempt. (Townsend's Spain, in 1787 ; vol. 2d.) In Italy, we all know that the same kind of inmate is usually found in all families of fashion, under the title of a *cavalier servente*, (a *knight-servant*,) who, though not always a *knight*, is in every sense the *servant* of the lady he is appended to. In other countries this humble appellation having ceased to be used for expressing an admirer, its concomitant term, *mistress*, is become so equivocal as to be no longer an object of female ambition : but in the age of chivalry it did really express supreme control and dominion. In the heart of a knight, youthful, brave, amorous, and ignorant, the image of his mistress, however strange it may now appear, was most certainly blended with that of the Deity ; and being accustomed to address his devotions to statues, pictures, and visible forms, he might with great simplicity adore his creator in the fairest of his creatures. These objects of idolatry, it is true, were not always exempt from human weakness, but still the passion they inspired was judged by its tendency ; it pledged high-toned valour to protect females from every outrage ; and in the present instance the husband might consider himself as

even honoured by the general respect and admiration of which his wife was the object. Perhaps the circumstance least analogous to common manners or common feeling, is the conduct of the lady ; who, without the least dislike to her husband, or fondness for any one of her three admirers, proposes to them a test by which she pledges herself to bestow her tenderest affections on a person for whom she feels no preference, and whose life she has previously exposed to almost certain destruction.

## NOTE TO

### THE LAY OF NARCISSUS.

THERE is some ground for supposing that this lay was composed about the close of the 12th century. The well-known story in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, evidently furnishes the basis of the tale; but the superstructure is so amplified and enriched, as perhaps to give pre-eminence to the *barbarian* rhymers over one of the most celebrated *trouveurs* of the age of Augustus.

Verse 283. '*But in that deadly bason lurked his doom,*' &c.—  
Thus too in Chaucer—

The water was so wholesome and so vertuous  
Through might of herbes growing it beside;  
Not like to the welle where as Narcissus  
Islain was through the vengeance of Cupide,  
Where *so wonder covertly he did hide*  
*The grain of death upon each fatal brinke,*  
*That death mote followe who that ever drinke.*

## NOTES TO

## THE LAY OF ARISTOTLE.

THIS tale, assigned by M. Le Grand to Henri d'Andeli, is, by Lacombe, in his *Dictionnaire du Vieux Langage*, attributed to Rutebœuf: it is apparently borrowed from the Arabians. In M. de Cardonne's *Melanges de Littérature Orientale*, we have the tale of *Le Vizir Sellé et Bridé*; in which the general idea is evidently the same, though the details, of which we cannot judge from a short extract, may possibly be different from our fabliau. It is to be observed, however, that the original Arabian story, in which the principal characters are a sultan, his minister, and an odalisque, would have excited very little interest in Europe; whereas our Trouveur, by attributing the adventure to Aristotle, whose character was regarded with an almost idolatrous veneration, has exhibited the omnipotence of love in the strongest possible colours. It is to this fabliau, or at least to this anecdote, that Gower refers in his *Confessio Amantis*, where he says,—

I saw there Aristotle also,  
Whom that the queen of Greece also  
Hath bridled, that in thilke time  
She made him such a syllogesime  
That he forgate all his logike.

Montfaucon, in his *Antiquité Expliquée*, (Tom III. part iii.



p. 356.) gives some bas-reliefs which he supposed to be ancient, but which apparently cannot be assigned to a much earlier age than that of the fabliaux; since, of four subjects, one is the representation of Aristotle, with Alexander's mistress on his back, and another of Hippocrates in the basket (see the next fabliau). The classical image of Cupid bestriding a lion, is substantially the same thought.

Verse 94. '*And to the orchard hasten'd on her way.*'—

We have here, and indeed in almost every line of the fabliaux, a proof how exactly the poets of an ignorant age assign to their actors the manners of their own day. Alexander has his knights and his barons, his tower and his orchard; and he listens to his preceptor as the princes of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, overpowered by papal supremacy, listened to an arrogant ecclesiastick.

Verse 99. '*No wimple did she wear, no veil,*' &c.—

A wimple was a covering for the neck. It was distinguished from a veil, which covered the head also. Tyrwhitt's Glossary.

Verse 109. '*Now—behold her!—now—behold!*'—

Mr. Way has here given a version of the original song as it stands in the fabliaux, published by Barbasan in 1756. It is as follows:

Or la voi, la voi, la voi!  
 La fontaine y sort serie,  
 Or la voi, la voi, m'amie,  
 El glaiolai desous l'aunoi,  
 Or la voi, la voi, la belle  
 Blonde, or la voi.

M. Le Grand tells us, that he did not think this worth copying, and therefore substituted another, *with some slight alterations*,

from the MSS. poetry of Eustache Deschamps, a poet of the 14th century :

Enfant j'étois, et jeunette,  
Quant à l'escole on me mit,  
Mais je n'y ai rien appris,  
Fors qu'un seul mot d'amourette ;  
Et, nuit et jour, le repete  
Depuis qu'ai un bel ami.

Of this also Mr. Way has left the following very close translation,—

Young I was, a little one,  
When to school they bade me go :  
Nothing learnt I there, I trow,  
Save this note of love alone :  
Since a paramour I've known  
Night and day I carol so !

Verse 130. '*As for a coronal to deck her hair,*'—

The word in the original is *capiel*, which expresses either a covering, or an ornament for the head. The ornament used by both sexes on occasions of ceremony, was a band of metal, or diadem ; and in times of festivity, a wreath of flowers or chaplet. The diadem used by sovereigns, barons, and knights, was of gold ; frequently studded with jewels : and these diadems being added to an ermine or velvet cap, form the different crowns and coronets of the nobility. There is a curious example of this in Barbour's Bruce, (B. 16. v. 419.) where Douglas kills Sir Thomas of Richmond, whom he does not know, but of whose rank he is assured by the *furred hat* which he wore over his helmet.—

The Richmound borne down there was :

On him arrested the Douglas,

And him reversed, and with a knife;  
 Right in that place reft him the life,  
*An hat upon his helm he bare*  
*And that took with him Douglas there,*  
*In tokening, for it furred was, &c.*

Joinville mentions that at a plenary court held at Saumur, the King of Navarre wore at table a diadem (*chapel*) of pure gold. Those worn by the ladies were usually of silver, and similar ornaments were sometimes bestowed upon the principal minstrels. Chaplets of flowers were worn by brides, and by monks in some religious ceremonies. When Charles VIII. made his entry into Naples, the ladies of that city placed upon his head a chaplet of violets. These wreaths of flowers were so universally used, that several fiefs were held by a quit-rent of roses.

Verse 211. '*Master vizard bears thee merrily.*'—

The whole of this little saucy burst of female exultation is introduced from the edition of 1756. Le Grand gives only the first line. The original is as follows:—

Ainsi va qui amors maine !  
 Pucelle plus blanche que laine,  
 Mestre musars me soustient !  
 Ainsi va qui amors maine  
 Et ainsi qui les maintient.

Verse 226. '*Love conquers all; and love shall conquer still.*'—

There may be a great deal of truth in these concluding lines; but M. Le Grand very shrewdly observes, that they appear at first sight to form a very singular moral to a tale which professes to be no less instructive than pleasant; and which, after having exhibited the most striking example of inordinate passion, might naturally be expected to conclude with some sage

exhortations to caution and vigilance. He therefore reverts, at some length, to his former explanations of the passion of love, as it was understood in the ages of chivalry, for the purpose of excusing his friends the Trouveurs for holding out, as 'a grave example,' what has much the appearance of a very ludicrous incident. But it may be doubted, whether the metaphysical and mystical theories of an ignorant age are worth the trouble of unraveling. If Gower had been censured for writing, at a very advanced period of life, his long, and learned, and elaborate, but whining poem about love, he would probably have answered, that this passion, in his acceptance of it, was the foundation of every virtue: but many young ladies of that time might have assured him, from their own experience, that some of our virtues, those for instance of patience, self-denial, and chastity, are very apt to totter when placed on such a foundation; and it would have required a much longer poem than the *Confessio Amantis* to prove that they were mistaken.

## NOTES TO HIPPOCRATES.

IN the former part of the fabliau here extracted by M. Le Grand, the poet had stated that Hippocrates, before he had attained that high reputation which has since immortalized his memory, visited Rome during the reign of the Emperor Augustus. He found, on his arrival, the whole city in mourning for the Emperor's nephew, who was just dead. On being conducted to the palace, he poured into the mouth of the deceased, the juice of certain plants, and thus restored him to life. Augustus, in grateful acknowledgment, caused two statues to be made; the one representing his nephew, the other the physician, and placed these upon one of the gates of the city, with an inscription, announcing that Hippocrates, by his divine knowledge, had recovered the prince from the dead.

This fabliau of Hippocrates, however absurdly amplified, has some shadow of truth for its foundation. A physician, named Musa, recovered Augustus from a fit of sickness, and a statue was, in consequence, erected to him by the side of the statue of Esculapius.

Verse 12. '*With a strong tower that rear'd its head to heaven.*'  
—As the whole scheme of society in the middle ages was founded on military subordination, and the place of every



individual in this scale was distinguished, as far as possible, by some visible mark, which was kept sacred from the inferior orders, so the architecture of every castle indicated in a certain degree the rank of its possessor; and a royal habitation was pointed out, either by the number, or loftiness of its towers. This was a distinction of which the kings of France were particularly jealous. Philippe Augustus, in 1206, refused his permission to the Countess of Troyes to raise any towers for the defence of her castle, at a time when she was menaced with an immediate siege: and in general the policy, no less than the pride, of a monarch was interested in proscribing these fortifications which tended to render their vassals independent. But such ornaments to the royal palaces were multiplied to a most ridiculous excess. The Louvre had fifteen towers, and the *Palais* (a palace afterwards appropriated to the courts of justice) still retains a considerable number, after having lost at least twelve by fires or other accidents. In these towers were lodged the several great officers of the crown; the central, or great tower, which was accompanied by a smaller one called the *donjon*, contained the royal apartments; and in these, which were very spacious, the king received the homage of his subjects. Nearly all the great fiefs of the crown were held of the great tower of the Louvre, or of that of the Chatelet; and this practice continued even after the Louvre was rebuilt in its present form. As soon as the kings began to relax from the rigour with which they had prohibited these buildings, the fashion of raising towers became quite epidemical, and they were considered as a necessary appendage, not only to every noble mansion, but to every convent. The mode was not less universal in Italy;



and the town of Pisa is said to have contained no less than 10,000. Froissart, in his description of the various machines exhibited at the Palais, at the marriage of Isabeau de Baviere, in 1389, mentions a wooden castle, having a tower at each of its angles, to represent the city of Troy; and a central tower of smaller dimensions, which formed the palace of Priam.

## NOTES TO THE PRIEST WHO ATE MULBERRIES.

VERSE 69. ‘ *His lady leman swoon'd* :’—

These female companions of the priesthood frequently occur in the fabliaux ; and the pen of the historian agrees with that of the poet, in representing the manners of the clergy, during the middle ages, as disorderly and licentious. In the present case, however, it is not impossible that the lady might have been really *wife* to the priest. A council held at Rheims had indeed excommunicated all ecclesiasticks who were married, prohibited the faithful from attending them to hear mass, declared their children bastards, and their benefices vacant ; yet the Abbé de Longuerue remarks, that in the year 1204 many of the bishops of Normandy were married men.

NOTE TO  
THE LAND OF COCAIGNE.

ETYMOLOGISTS seem to be agreed in deriving this word from the Latin, *coquina* ; and the original description of this imaginary country was perhaps nothing more than an improvement of the ancient ideas concerning the golden age, and a substitution of various culinary delicacies for the ' acorns,' which, however grateful to the first sober inhabitants of the earth, did not suit the taste of our Norman ancestors. To this simple sketch were afterwards added various ornaments, apparently borrowed from the Arabians, such as groves of spices, springs of milk and honey, wine, and young women, beautiful and kind as Houris, &c. &c. The tree and fountain of life, the fruit and waters of which have the power of conferring immortality, are also, says M. Le Grand, an Eastern fiction ; but he adds, that the European poets have considerably improved the idea, by adding eternity of youth to the privilege of endless existence.

## NOTES TO THE NORMAN BACHELOR.

VERSE 1. '*When Acre yielded to the hostile host.*'—

Philip Augustus, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion, took Acre in 1191. The Sultan Mélech-séraf, recovered it from the Christians a hundred years afterwards. These are the only two epochs which will accord with the date of the fabliaux; and it will be difficult to find in either of them a Henry Count of Champagne, and King of Normandy.

Verse 8. '*On the poor pittance of a farthing cake.*'—

The translator has made use of the English word *farthing*, in place of *maille* and *denier*, the coins specified in the original; which, from being less familiar terms, would perhaps have borne an air of stiffness in a comick tale.

Verse 40. '*Hurl'd back, and crush'd his wine-pots with his fall.*'—

Our modern bottles were unknown in the 12th and 13th centuries. Wine was either drawn for use directly from the cask, or otherwise was kept in skins, or in pots or jars. It was some of these which the vintner is represented as crushing by falling over them.

## NOTES TO HUE'LINE AND EGLANTINE.

THIS tale has been compiled by M. Le Grand from three distinct fabliaux, in each of which the subject is the same, viz. a difference between two ladies enamoured, the one of a knight, the other of an ecclesiastick, who dispute about the comparative merits of their admirers, and finally repair to the *court of love* for a decision. M. Le Grand has principally followed the first, (Huéline and Eglantine,) as far as his MSS. (which was imperfect) would carry him, and has interwoven such little ornaments as could easily be assimilated from the two other fabliaux.

Verse 5. '*To carles, to faitours, to unfolden clear  
' Loves mystic lore, doth much that lore profane.'*—

The words carle, chorle, or churl, and villain, were among our ancestors the usual appellations for countrymen. Faitour, (*faiteor*, old F. perhaps from the Latin, *fatiscor*) seems to have been synonymous with the modern French word *porte-faix*; but all these terms were commonly used in a bad sense, and to denote a compound of ignorance and idleness. The serfs of those days were the only labourers, and probably not very industrious: and their employers were certainly not very liberal.

Verse 34. '*As a fair tree by all with joy beheld,*' &c.—  
This elegant comparison, differing widely from the general

style and character of the fabliaux, is perhaps taken from the well-known and beautiful simile in Catullus: 'Ut flos in  
'septis, &c. &c. Sic virgo dum intacta manet,' &c.

Verse 61. '*Save with a reverend clerk, for discipline renown'd.*'  
—The word *clerk* is usually employed by our old authors to signify a man of learning; in this place, however, it means an ecclesiastick.

Verse 79. '*And leaves his weltering bandroll in the wound.*'—  
Lances were frequently adorned, near the point, with a little flag or streamer: this was called a bandroll (*banderolle*), or pencil (*penmoncel*).

Verse 94. ——— '*Parted ghost.*'—  
See Shakspeare's Henry VIth—

'Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
'Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless.'

Verse 105. ——— '*Studious cloister's pale.*'—  
See Milton's Il Penseroso, l. 154—

'But let my due feet never fail  
'To walk the studious cloister's pale.'

Verse 141. '*A hundred livres sterling at the least.*'—  
The word *sterling* had three different meanings among the early French writers. As applied to weight, it signified the smallest division of the ounce: as a piece of money, it expressed the old English penny, (of which 160 were coined from a mark of silver,) and was equal in efficacy to about 15 pence of the present day: and lastly, it expressed the standard fineness of the metals used in coinage.

Verse 169. '*Sweet fence of many a lilly twin'd with rose.*'—  
The manuscript of Huéline and Eglantine is here defective, the rest of the tale being torn away. M. Le Grand has supplied the deficiency from the fabliau of Florence and Blanche.



fleur; and the translator, to avoid quenching any interest that his readers may have begun to feel for the heroines of the story, by the introduction of strangers in their room, has represented Huéline and Eglantine as assuming the names of Florence and Blanchefleur, on their arrival at the mansion of love.

Verse 213. ————— 'the court's award.'—

The reader is presented, in this fabliau, with two very curious institutions of the middle ages; the sittings of the *courts of love*, and the practice of judicial combats. The courts of love have already been cursorily noticed in the preface. According to the Aristotelian philosophy, as it was then understood, all particular truths were necessarily contained in, and deducible from, some general axioms; and consequently, the progress of every science was supposed to depend on the subtlety and accuracy with which these axioms were sifted, and their consequences investigated. As such an opinion necessarily led to endless disputes, it became requisite, on important subjects, that where evidence and conviction were unattainable, the controversy should be settled by authority. Therefore, as the passion of love was employed as a principal engine in education, and considered as the great source of heroism, it was thought necessary that courts should be erected for the purpose of taking cognizance of all differences and disagreements between lovers, with full power to summon the culprits and their evidences, and to pass definitive sentence in all cases of gallantry. The decrees of these courts were regularly reported, and these reports had their commentators, who endeavoured to point out their conformity to the principles of the Roman law, or to the decisions of the fathers of the church, and who illustrated them by quotations from the Greek and Latin poets. The famous thesis of the Cardinal de Richelieu on the subject

of love, is a curious monument of the importance which, even in his time, was attached to such discussions. Alphonso King of Arragon, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion, occasionally condescended to preside in these extraordinary tribunals; and the famous Frederic Barbarossa instituted in his dominions, a court of love, in imitation of those in France. It is reported, that when the Counts of Vintimille and Tende paid a visit to Pope Innocent VI. at Avignon, that pontiff invited them to assist at the pleadings in a court of love which was then held with unusual magnificence. But the most famous and solemn tribunal of this kind was erected under the auspices of the beautiful and profligate Isabella of Bavaria, the queen of Charles VI. of France. This establishment had its presidents, counsellors, masters of requests, auditors, &c. and these employments were held by princes of the blood, by the greatest barons in the kingdom, by grave magistrates, and even by the most respectable dignitaries of the church.

Verse 221. '*The royal wren,*' &c.—

The French name for the wren is *roitelet*, or *petty king*.

Verse 232. '*Fierce on the ground he hurl'd his gauntlet down.*'

—In this challenge of the nightingale, and the singular duel which follows, we have an exact representation of a judicial combat. Such combats, perhaps, would not now be considered as the happiest contrivance for the investigation of truth, but they are a natural consequence of the opinions which prevailed in the middle ages. The various *ordeals*, by fire, water, &c. were instituted on the supposition, that God being personally interested in the triumph of innocence and virtue, could not fail of interfering in their favour when they were unjustly aspersed; and hence the nobility, who respected no virtue so much as valour, were naturally led to infer, that

Providence could not fail to bless the arms of the bravest, and consequently most virtuous, champion.

The forms of trial being completed, if it appeared that the resources of human sagacity were unequal to the discovery of the truth, the two combatants, with crucifixes in their hands, were led into the lists by sponsors appointed for the occasion, being dressed in tunics of leather, or linen, and armed according to their condition ; that is to say, if persons of low rank, with a stick and a shield ; and if knights, with all the usual armour and weapons. They then mounted a scaffold, on which were seated the judges and the marshall. There, an ecclesiastick having previously explained to them the dreadful consequences of perjury, they were ordered to kneel, and to swear three several times on the holy Evangelists, the one, that the accused was really guilty of the crime imputed to him ; the other, that his accuser was a '*false and disloyal traitor, and that he lied in his throat.*' They also swore that they were not provided with any amulet or charm which could give them an unfair advantage. They then descended from the scaffold ; the marshall threw down his glove ; the herald cried, '*Do your duty,*' and the combat began.

The unsuccessful champion being considered as criminal, he was instantly delivered over to the executioner, and hanged ; unless the king thought fit to remit this sentence, in which case he was stripped of his armour piece by piece, was led backwards out of the lists, and then outlawed, and declared infamous. A champion who fell in the combat, was stripped naked, and his body either hanged on a gibbet, or treated with every sort of indignity. Every part of his armour was broken in pieces, and even his horse was condemned to a strange sort of degradation, having his tail cut off, and thrown on a dunghill.

During the combat, the spectators were prohibited, under the severest penalties, from making any noise, or using any gesture, that might encourage or dismay either of the combatants. Persons incapable of supporting their own cause by force of arms, as women, minors, infirm persons, or ecclesiasticks, were permitted to have champions, whose zeal in the cause they undertook to defend, was effectually secured, by subjecting them, if unsuccessful, to the same punishments which were incurred by the principals.

It occasionally happened, that disputes which were totally unconnected with the decision of any criminal or civil process, were decided by judicial combats, merely because they appeared so embarrassing, as to be incapable of any other determination. Thus, in the empire, they undertook to decide a great question of jurisprudence ; and, in Spain, the respective merits of the Roman and Mozarabic liturgies, &c. Those who wish for more information on this subject, will find it in Montesquieu's ' Spirit of Laws.'

Verse 245. '*Bright marygold compos'd the gambeson.*'—

The gambeson (which has been mentioned in a former note) was a sort of doublet, or waistcoat, composed of many folds of linen, stuffed with cotton, wool, or hair, quilted, and commonly covered with leather. Although it was chiefly worn under the coat of mail, to protect the body from being bruised by the strokes of the sword or lance, it appears to have been sometimes worn as a surcoat, and richly ornamented. In Grose's Treatise on Armour are quoted some lines from the ' Siege of Karlaverok,' which describe the gambeson in this manner,

Meinte heaume et meinte chapeau burni

Meinte riche gamboison guarni

De soie, &c. &c.

Lydgate seems to have intended to represent the outward armour of Patroclus as composed of a gambeson,

- ' In which there was full many riche stone
- ' Both of rubies and of saphyres ynde ;
- ' For, that dayes, plainly as I finde,
- ' Kinges, lordes, and knightes, (this no naye)
- ' To battayle went *in their best araye.*'



## NOTE TO GRISELIDIS.

‘ THIS tale is so well known (says M. Le Grand) that I almost hesitated to publish it. I only offer it to my French readers as I should offer, to an honourable family, the original records of titles long usurped by others. Duchat, in his notes on Rabelais, had already informed the publick that the story of Griselidis occurs, for the first time, in a MSS. entitled, “ Le Parement des Dames ; ” and on this authority, doubtless, M. Manni, in his *Illustrazione di Boccacio*, has restored to France the honour of its invention.

‘ In the 14th century the prose translations of it were very numerous. I have myself met with above twenty different versions under the several names of, “ *Miroir des Dames ;* ” “ *Enseignement des Dames ;* ” *Exemple des Bonnes et Mauvaises Femmes, &c. &c.* ’

How far this claim of M. Le Grand, in favour of his countrymen, may be well founded, the present translator has no means of ascertaining. The celebrity of the tale, however, during the 14th century, was almost unrivalled. Boccace gave it in his *Decameron* : Petrarch, who professes to have heard it with pleasure many years before Boccace’s publication, translated it into Latin in the year 1373 : and in England, Chaucer, who copies Petrarch, assigns it to his Clerke of Oxenforde, in the *Canterbury Tales*. From that time to the



present day it has frequently appeared in prose, and verse, and in almost every known language, so that it may be presumed that it has never quite lost its original popularity.

Against the decision of public opinion, so frequently confirmed, it is now too late to appeal ; and yet there are, perhaps, few minds in which the concluding triumph of Griselidis will excite so much pleasure as to compensate the pain occasioned by her sufferings. An English reader is naturally led to compare this tale with our beautiful national ballad on the Nut-brown Maid, because both these compositions were intended to describe a perfect female character, exposed to the severest trials ; submitting without a murmur to unmerited cruelty ; disarming her tormentor by gentleness and patience ; and finally, recompenced for her virtues by transports rendered more exquisite by her sufferings.

But though the intention be apparently the same, the conduct of the two pieces is very different. In the Nut-brown Maid, the whole is comprehended in one short scene. The cruel scrutiny of her feelings, which she is made to endure, is suggested by the jealousy of a lover, anxious to explore the whole extent of his empire over her heart. His doubts are, perhaps, natural ; and he is only culpable because he consents to purchase the assurance of his own happiness at the expence of the temporary anguish, and apparent degradation of his mistress. But she is prepared for the exertion of her firmness by slow degrees ; she is strengthened by passion ; by a consciousness of the desperate step she had already taken ; and by the conviction that every sacrifice was tolerable which insured her claim to the gratitude of her lover, and was paid as the price of his happiness : her trial is short, and her recompence permanent. For his doubts and jealousy she perhaps found an

excuse in her own heart ; and in the moment of her exultation and triumph, in the consciousness of her own excellence, and the prospect of unclouded security, she might easily forgive him for having evinced that the idol of his heart was fully deserving of his adoration.

Gautier, on the contrary, is not blinded by love, or tormented by jealousy. He had been long married to a blameless and obedient wife. He becomes a father ; and this new tie of affection, which would have softened the ferocity of a common savage, suggests to him the project of practising, on the innocent partner of his bed, the most ingenious, because the most durable, species of torture, that deliberate cruelty ever prompted. His curiosity is interested in knowing whether conjugal obedience can be carried so far as to suppress, in the breast of a mother, the tenderest affections of nature ; and, lest his experiment should not be sufficiently conclusive, he calmly waits till Griselidis, by suckling her infant daughter, shall have become more sensibly alive to the horror of the separation he meditates. The child is removed : Griselidis believes it to be murdered by command of her husband ; yet her submission is still unimpaired. But he had now acquired a taste for experiment. The victim of his caresses and his cruelty becomes again a mother, only to become doubly wretched. A third repetition of this disgusting scene is necessary to satisfy the inquisitive Gautier that the wretch, whose youth he had deliberately doomed to anguish, and whose beauty had faded in his poisonous embraces, had deserved to find a better husband. The recompence of her unexampled patience is a mere permission to wear a coronet without further molestation from her tormentor.

That the story is interesting is certainly proved by expe-

rience ; but it may be doubted whether the emotions to which it gives rise, are at all different from those which would be excited by the view of an execution on the rack. Perhaps the character of Griselidis may have been suggested by the history of some female martyr ; (although Noguier, in his *Hist. de Thoulouse*, asserts, that this phoenix actually existed about the year 1103), but the merit of resignation depends much on its motive ; and the cause of morality is not much promoted by bestowing, on a passive submission to capricious tyranny, the commendation which is only due to an humble acquiescence in the dispensations of Providence.

## NOTE TO THE COUNTESS OF VERGY.

THIS story is copied in the '*Contes de la Reine Marguerite de Navarre*,' where it forms the 70th novel. It is also inserted in the tragical histories of '*Belleforest*,' (from the Italian of Bandello), and has been since expanded into a novel of the modern form, with the addition of several anecdotes concerning the reign of Philippe Auguste. The last mentioned work (which is attributed to Le Commandeur de Vignacourt) was well received, and passed through two editions; and this success has occasioned its admission into the *Bibliothèque de Campagne*.—(Vid. Vol. XIV.)

It has the appearance of being taken from some real anecdote, though the actors have been transferred from private life to the courts of Burgundy. The incident of the little dog, which is ingenious, will, perhaps, remind the reader of the '*Petite Epingle*,' in the romance of Jean de Saintré: and, in general, the tale exhibits a good picture of that mixture of gallantry and ferocity which distinguished the middle ages. The moral, which the author draws from it, is not very edifying. He is by no means solicitous that the nieces of dukes of Burgundy should preserve their chastity; but merely that those, whom they condescend to make happy, should carefully keep the secret to themselves.

## NOTE TO THE BATTLE OF CARNIVAL AND LENT.

VERSE 79. '*The Peacock of his sparkling plumage proud.*'—  
This tale may be considered as exhibiting the contents of a most copious larder in the 12th and 13th centuries. The turkey, for which the old world has been since indebted to America, of course does not appear; but it is singular that the pheasant should be wanting, because this bird was second in estimation to the peacock alone. The extravagant honours paid to both these birds in the feudal ages, are related at large by M. Le Grand, in his '*Histoire de la Vie Privée des Français*' (Paris, 1782), from which the following particulars are extracted:

'To mention the peacock (says he) in the private life of the French, is to write the panegyrick of that beautiful bird. Many families, and particularly that of Montmorency, bore the figure of a peacock, as a crest on their helmets. In the *courts of love*, held in the southern provinces, a crown composed of peacock's feathers, was placed on the head of the successful poet by one of the lady-judges, as the recompence of his superiority. Among the old romances, the flesh of the peacock is celebrated as the '*Nutrimment of Lovers*,' and the '*Viand of Worthies*;' and indeed few solemn banquets were given by princes or nobles, in which the peacock was not the most distinguished dish.



‘ It was generally served up roasted ; and the way in which  
 ‘ this was done, is, happily for antiquarian epicures, still  
 ‘ upon record. Instead of plucking the bird (says the complete  
 ‘ housekeeper of former times), skin it carefully, so as not to  
 ‘ damage the feathers ; then cut off the feet ; stuff the body  
 ‘ with spices and sweet herbs ; roll a cloth round the head ; and  
 ‘ then spit your bird. Sprinkle the cloth, all the time it is  
 ‘ roasting, to preserve its crest. When it is roasted enough,  
 ‘ tie the feet on again ; remove the cloth ; set up the crest ;  
 ‘ replace the skin ; spread out the tail, and so serve it up.

‘ Some people (adds the reporter) instead of serving up the  
 ‘ bird in the feathers, carry their magnificence so far as to  
 ‘ cover their peacock with leaf-gold : others have a *very plea-*  
 ‘ *sant way* of regaling their guests. Just before they serve up,  
 ‘ they cram the beak of their peacock with wool, rubbed  
 ‘ with camphor : then, when the dish is placed upon the table,  
 ‘ they set fire to the wool, and the bird instantly vomits out  
 ‘ flames like a little volcano.

‘ Even the ceremony of placing this bird upon the table was  
 ‘ not intrusted to the usual attendants, but was the honourable  
 ‘ office of some lady of rank and beauty. Followed by a train  
 ‘ of females, and accompanied by a band of music, this queen  
 ‘ of the feast pompously entered the hall, bearing the bird on  
 ‘ a dish of gold or silver, and placed it before the master of  
 ‘ the mansion, or before some guest most renowned for cour-  
 ‘ tesy and valour. If the banquet succeeded a tournament,  
 ‘ the conquering knight had a rightful preference ; and was to  
 ‘ exert his talents of carving and subdivision, so that all the  
 ‘ company might taste the bird.

‘ This glorious destruction awakened such enthusiasm in  
 ‘ the knightly carver, that it was usual for him to rise from



‘his seat, and, with his hand extended over the bird, vow to undertake some daring enterprize of arms or love. The form of the oath on this occasion was,—‘I vow to God, to the blessed Virgin, to the dames, and to the peacock, to, &c.’ When he ceased, the dish was presented to the other guests in succession; and they vied with each other in the rashness and extravagance of their promises. This ceremony was called, the ‘Vow of the Peacock (Vœu du Paon).

‘Almost all that has been related of the peacock, is also applicable to the pheasant, which was likewise stiled a *noble* bird. This bird was presented at the tables of the great with equal pomp, covered with his plumage: and it was over a pheasant that the Duke of Burgundy, in 1453, made a vow to undertake a crusade.’

## NOTES TO THE ROAD TO PARADISE

VERSE 41. ‘ *Provost anon, or bailiff little bless’d.*’—

Le Grand tells us, that the appointment of a bailiff, or seneschal, to the superintendence of a domain, originated in the ignorance of the great lords; who, being little versed in chicane, and even unable to understand many of the causes which were brought before them, made over to certain officers the *baillie*, or guardianship of their subjects. These bailiffs were originally charged with the administration of the revenues of their lords, as well as with the dispensation of justice; and they were also empowered to assemble, and to lead the tenants in battle. This important charge, which rendered them extremely unpopular, is now obsolete.

Verse 45. ‘ *Stood deck’d with costly robes, and silk of scarlet grain.*’—

Scarlet, or crimson, having been at all times the distinctive colour of princes, is, of course (says M. Le Grand), attributed to the court of pride. The word *rogue* (continues he) derived from *rouge* (red), was formally used in the sense of *proud* or *haughty*.

Verse 64. ‘ *For all of magnet, or of like rare stones, &c.*’—

This expression has given occasion to M. Le Grand to introduce a dissertation, which, though not much to the purpose (for it relates to the invention of the mariner’s compass,

which is nowhere mentioned in the poem), contains a fact that may probably be new to some readers, and is therefore worth transcribing. All the world knows that the invention of this useful instrument is usually attributed to *Flavio Gioia*, a native of Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples, who is said to have published his discovery in 1302: but M. Le Grand insists that the magnetic property of the loadstone was known, and applied to the act of navigation, before the end of the 12th century, because an instrument for this purpose is mentioned in a satirical work, called the *Bible Guyot*, written by *Guyot de Provins*, in the reign of Philippe Auguste.

The lines which he adduces in proof of his assertion are the following:

Un art font qui mentir ne peut,  
 Par la vertu de la *marniere*,  
 Une pierre laide et bruniere  
 Où li fers volontiers se joint  
 Ont: si esgardent le droit point;  
 Puis c'une aguile y ont touchie  
 Et en un festu l'ont couchié,  
 En l'eue la metent sans plus:  
 Et li festu la tient dessus.  
 Puis se tourne la pointe toute  
 Contre l'estoile . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 Quant la mer est obscure et brune,  
 Quant ne voit estoile ne lune,  
 Dont font à l'aguile alumer;  
 Puis n'ont il garde d'esgarer.

That is 'they make a contrivance which, through the virtue  
 'of the *marniere* (i. e. *mariniere*, marine instrument), cannot

‘ deceive them. They have an ugly dark stone to which iron  
‘ willingly attaches itself. They look for its right point (*i. e.*  
‘ one of its poles), and then, when they have touched a needle  
‘ with it, and fastened that needle to a piece of straw, they  
‘ place it, without more preparation, in some water ; and the  
‘ straw supports the needle on the surface. Then the point  
‘ turns itself towards the (north) star. When the sea is  
‘ obscured and dark, and neither moon nor stars are to be  
‘ seen, then they cause a light to be brought to the needle, and  
‘ are then sure of not going astray.’

M. Le Grand, however, is not the first author of this remark ; for Fauchet (*Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue et Poesie Française*, &c. page 91) quotes the four first lines, though somewhat differently. His reading is,

Un art font qui mentir ne puet  
Par vertue de la *marinette*,  
Une pierre *laide et noirette*,  
Où li fers volontiers se joint.

Fauchet's quotation is also noticed by Bishop Huet, as Anderson has remarked in his *History of Commerce*.



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## APPENDIX.

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## APPENDIX

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## APPENDIX.

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ALL the foregoing fabliaux had received Mr. Way's last corrections, and some of them were actually printed off before his death; but it appears that he intended to insert in the present volume at least five more; viz. the Thicket of Thorn (Buisson d'Epines); the Crusaders; the Lay of Beatrice; the Gray Palfrey (le Palefroi Vair); and the Paradise of Love.

In the first of these, the Thicket of Thorn, he seems to have made very little progress; at least I have only been able to discover six stanzas, which, though very well written, would be read with little interest, because they contain only the opening of the tale. Indeed this fabliau, as abridged by M. Le Grand, is little more than a fragment, and was probably recommended to Mr. Way's notice only by the circumstance of its being one of the lays of Britany, and so far connected with the literary history of our ancestors.

The fabliau of the Crusaders, by Rutebeuf, is much more curious. This minstrel, who was at once a poet and musician, is said to have lived till the year 1310, though he flourished (says M. Le Grand) during the reign of St. Louis, to whom many of his pieces are dedicated. It is well known that this monarch, the hero and martyr of the crusades, assumed the cross in the year 1246, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties

of the queen, the remonstrances of his ministers, and even of many of his clergy, and in opposition to the wishes of all his subjects. This year is therefore assigned by M. Le Grand, with great appearance of probability, as the date of the following poem, in which Rutebeuf has comprised, under the form of a dialogue, nearly all the arguments that can be suggested on both sides of the question. The opinion of the poet himself is, indeed, very clearly announced; because, while the champion of the cross employs only those hackneyed arguments which had long since lost their efficacy, his antagonist displays a degree of ingenuity which we are surprised to find in the reasoning of a minstrel of the thirteenth century; ridicules the object and conduct of those absurd expeditions with the keenest irony, and exposes, with much good sense and political sagacity, the ill effects which were produced by such holy enterprises on the morals as well as the happiness of Europe. But St. Louis, it seems, had already determined to take the cross, and Rutebeuf knew the character of that prince too well to form very sanguine hopes of shaking his resolution by the wittiest reflections that could be infused into a fabliau: he therefore did not chuse, by giving unwelcome advice, to risk the probable loss of a patron who, whether wise or foolish, was able to be of use to him. The expedient adopted by the minstrel for the purpose of satisfying the prince, without foregoing the amusement of indulging his own propensity to satire, is very curious. His *Non-crusader*, after over-throwing all the arguments of his antagonist, suddenly becomes a convert, and determines to take the cross, and to abandon all the comforts of this life for the purpose of working out his salvation by those very means of which he had so successfully exposed the absurdity.

M. Le Grand considers this device as extremely ingenious ; though he admits, that such an abrupt violation of character is not very agreeable to the reader, whose taste, after all, ought, in some degree, to be consulted by the poet. Those who subscribe to this last opinion will, perhaps, be satisfied with the following fragment, in which Mr. Way has given the most striking parts of this curious dialogue.

## THE CRUSADERS.

## CRUSADER.

Thou seest, my friend, of good and ill  
 To reason, and their bounds to know,  
 To us is dealt by sovereign will,  
 Alone of creatures here below ;  
 And hence, so we employ our pains  
 To do the works which God ordains,  
 For us his bounty hath prepar'd,  
 Of peerless price, a sure reward.

5

Lo, now the fruitful hour at hand !  
 To thee the precious boon is given ;  
 For Paynims waste the Holy Land,  
 And spoil the heritage of heaven.  
 Shall we such faithless works behold,  
 With craven courage, slack and cold ?  
 How else, but to the giver's praise,  
 May we devote our wealth and days ?

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## NON-CRUSADER.

I read thee right—thou holdest good,  
 To this same land I straight should hie,  
 And win it back with mickle blood,  
 Nor gain one foot of soil thereby. 20  
 While here, dejected and forlorn,  
 My wife and babes are left to mourn;  
 My goodly mansion rudely marr'd,  
 All trusted to my dogs to guard?

But I, fair comrade, well I wot, 25  
 An ancient saw, of pregnant wit,  
 Doth bid us 'keep what we have got';  
 And, troth, I mean to follow it.  
 I cannot learn what part 'tis read,  
 That Christian folk shall so be fed; 30  
 Who soweth thus, I shrewdly guess,  
 Shall gather nought but emptiness.

## CRUSADER.

Forth from thy groaning mother's womb,  
 Thou, naked helpless child, wast brought;  
 Yet see, how soon thou art become 35  
 Stout, lusty, lacking now for nought.  
 Then sure, if wealth for heaven we lose,  
 Heaven, hundred-fold, that wealth renews;  
 But paradise may never bless  
 The wretch who lives in idleness. 40

## NON-CRUSADER.

Howbeit, my friend, of folk that toil,  
 And sweat almost their dear heart's-blood;  
 And all their days keep mighty coil,  
 To keep some store of this world's good:

Of such, I say, full oft from home,  
On penance sent to holy Rome,  
Asturia, or I wot not where,  
Nor what befalls the caitiffs there,

I've seen a band of gallants brave,  
To France returning all forlorn ; 50  
Without or waiting-wench or knave,  
And naked, nigh, as they were born.  
Now sure, it needs not cross the seas,  
And play such losing games as these ;  
And bow one's flesh to servitude, 55  
All for one's soul's immortal good !

I say, good brother, so you hold  
Alone we purchase heavenly bliss :  
For this a man must waste his gold ;  
And pass the boundless seas for this. 60  
Now I maintain 'tis far most sage,  
In peace to hold one's heritage ;  
And there that paradise obtain,  
For which thou needs wilt cross the main.

CRUSADER.

Nay, now thy speech so lewdly sounds, 65  
I scarce may sober answer deign :  
Thou ween'st, forsooth, with hawks and hounds  
To save thy soul, sans fleshly pain :  
How much of martyrs' blood has flow'd  
To win those seats in heavens' abode ? 70  
How many, this world's joys foregone,  
And buried quick, in cloisters moan ?



## NON-CRUSADER.

Sire, by my fay, thou preachest well !  
Thy words are brave ; 'twere best thou go  
To yon sequester'd silent cell, 75  
And teach its lordly abbot so !  
Those fattening deans would gladly hear ;  
Those prelates needs must lend an ear ;  
Such men, be sure, heaven's laws fulfill,  
Devoted to their Maker's will ! 80

On these his plenteous gifts he showers,  
While we are told his wars to wage :  
Their rents flow in, they dwell in bowers,  
Nor, slumbering, note the tempest's rage.  
Good faith, Sir, if the road to heaven 85  
Be made so passing smooth and even,  
The priest who changeth, wit must lack ;  
He ne'er shall find a readier track !

## THE LAY OF BEATRICE.

M. LE GRAND informs us, that the original of this lay is a poem of that species which, in modern French, is termed '*Romance*;' an appellation for which we have no correspondent name in English, though the sort of composition, which he defines to be 'a short poem composed of regular stanzas, and 'containing the recital of some love adventure,' is sufficiently common, being one of the many species which we confound under the very indefinite name of Ballad.

He farther informs us, that these '*Romances*' were anciently distinguished by the particularity of having a *burthen* to each stanza, which was also, not unfrequently, the moral of the piece: and he believes that this mode of writing was invented by *Audefroi le Batard*, a Norman poet of the 13th century. The reader will recollect many examples of this metre in our early poets, who probably borrowed it from the French, but who have not generally applied it to the *recital of some love-adventure*. In nearly all the ballads by Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and Occleve, which are to be found in Urry's edition of Chaucer, the stanzas are terminated by some proverbial, or popular saying; but these ballads are either moral, or satirical, or encomiastick, without any narrative.

M. Le Grand, however, though he has taken some pains to describe the composition of these romances, and has noticed

the burthen of each, has neither thought it necessary to point out the divisions of the stanzas, nor to shew the application of the characteristick line to the several parts of the story. Indeed he has rather abridged than translated these lays; so that being totally deficient in all those details which are essential to the ballad character, they appear to differ from the longer fabliaux only by their want of incident, and poverty of contrivance. These are defects which Mr. Way has been unable to remedy; and, perhaps, had he lived to superintend the printing of this volume, he would have determined to suppress the following sketch of the Lay of Beatrice; instead of attempting to finish it from the very imperfect materials which his original afforded: but his papers having been intrusted to me for the sole purpose of fulfilling his intentions, I have not thought myself at liberty to discard a poem which he had certainly composed with a view to its publication,

#### THE LAY OF BEATRICE.

Sadly to her chamber went,  
There her bursting woes to vent,  
There to yield her to despair,  
Beatrice, the young, the fair.  
For her weetless Sire's command 5  
Late had pledg'd the damsel's hand  
To Duke Henry: suzerain  
O'er his large and fair domain:  
But her heart whilere was won  
By Count Hugh, and other none. 10

He, alas! in heedless hour,  
 Had cropp'd the damsel's virgin flow'r;  
 And the moons, that swiftly roll'd,  
 Nigh the fatal secret told,  
 When the lady, all apart, 15  
 Thus bewray'd her bleeding heart.

## I.

' Ah me! with sorry cheer,  
 ' How, how may I appear—  
 ' I, thus dishonour'd, I Duke Henry's bride!  
 ' Death, death shall set me free! 20  
 ' My true love Hugh shall see  
 ' These loyal arms embrace no lord beside.  
 ' Ah me! the days true lovers do possess,  
 ' Brief are they sure, and full of bitterness!

## II.

' Yet wherefore doth he stay? 25  
 ' Why hastes he not away  
 ' My sire to sue, and win my willing hand.  
 ' My life with shame must end,  
 ' For thee disloyal friend,  
 ' That first didst cause the strait wherein I stand. 30  
 ' Ah me! the days true lovers do possess,  
 ' Brief are they sure, and full of bitterness!'

A squire, it chanc'd, with age grown gray,  
 And trusty service many a day,  
 O'erheard the maid forlorn complain, 35  
 And hied him to beguile her pain.

To him she tells her sum of wo :  
 She wins him to her love to go ;  
 To bid him haste, and names the hour  
 To snatch her from Duke Henry's pow'r. 40

Scarce Count Hugh the plight might hear,  
 Of the maid he loves so dear,  
 When, to bear her succour strong,  
 With his knights he pricks along.

In the orchard's gloom she seats her, 45  
 There her gallant lover meets her :

' Shield me, shield me,' straight she cried,

' From my father's wrath and pride !

' Save in thee, and thee alone,

' Other hope I harbour none.' 50

' Never, Beatrice ! my heart

' May from love of thee depart !

' Never, but with loss of life,

' Shall they rob me of my wife !'

(On his steed he seats her fast) 55

' Hence away ! our griefs are past !'

Soon the flight, with tingling ears,

From his folk, Duke Henry hears ;

And breathless all, and wood with ire,

Onward to seek the damsel's sire 60

Hies he straight, with menace dread,

On his vassal's faithless head.

He disclaiming concert quite,

Nothing privy to the flight ;

First deluded, first beguil'd, 65

By his well-dissembling child,

Much was striving to assuage

His suzerain's unkindled rage,



When the damsel's mother, guessing  
Love should cease from such confessing, 70  
Told how she, of secret *prief*,\*  
Long had ween'd her daughter's lief,  
(Link'd with mutual love-knot true)  
Was none other but Count Hugh.

Scarce Duke Henry heard the tale, 75  
His changeful cheek grew deadly pale ;  
Jealousy chok'd up his breath,  
And pronounc'd his doom of death :  
Lumpish sunk he on the floor,  
Nor word after utter'd more. 80

Leave we here of him to speak,  
For the dainty damsel sleek ;  
And her lover stout and tall,  
Danger now misprising all.  
Pace beneath the gateway bow'd 85  
Of this lover's castle proud ;  
There anon the priest has done  
Spousal rites, and made them one.  
Nothing changing, all their days  
Still they kept unminish'd praise ; 90  
Still were nam'd, all else above,  
Paragons of constant love.

\* Privity.



## THE LAY OF THE GRAY PALFREY.

THIS is, perhaps, one of the most pleasing fabliaux in M. Le Grand's collection. It is a tale of common life, and may very probably have been founded on a real anecdote; at least it seems likely that, in the conduct of an artificial plot, the author would have displayed his ingenuity in extricating his hero and heroine from their difficulties, by one of those subtle contrivances in which the minstrel tales are so fertile, instead of resorting to the unexpected, though not improbable, accident by which, in the present tale, his purpose is effected. The author of this fabliau, Hugues Le Roi, is not known to us by any other performance; but this little piece tends to give us a favourable impression of his talents. His characters are natural, and well contrasted, so as to excite a good deal of interest in favour of the young lovers; the several incidents are directed to a common end; and the frequent transitions from one part of the subject to another, have the effect of prolonging our suspense without producing tediousness or confusion.

There are some minute circumstances in the conduct of the story, which, though unimportant in themselves, are amusing from their connection with the state of society in the country, and at the time of its composition. The petty feudatories of Champagne intrenched in their fortified country-

houses, and so watchfully guarded, that a solitary female cannot gain admission into a castle, till the sentinel has blown his horn, and alarmed the little garrison.—A sincere and ardent lover, at the moment when all his hopes are at issue, running to a tournament, and even after his return, requiring the aid of a minstrel to assist him in his meditations on the object of his passion.—A wedding company marshalled like a little army, and sent out upon its march many hours too soon, because they had no means of ascertaining the time, and were forced to rely on the watchfulness of a drunken porter.—Two artful and avaricious old men, compelled by their own friends to do justice, the one to an injured nephew, the other to an oppressed but disobedient daughter, and this on the ground of submission to the laws, not of their country, but of *love*:—these are small parts in the picture which could only have been traced by the pencil of a contemporary artist; and which will, perhaps, be thought to derive some value from this circumstance.

It is necessary to add, although the reader could not have failed to make the discovery, that not more than half of the following tale was completed by Mr. Way. His manuscript ends at verse 255. As it would have been very awkward to give the continuation in prose, I have attempted a metrical version of it, which, it is hoped, will be found to possess the only merit to which it has any claim, that of scrupulous fidelity.

## THE LAY OF THE GRAY PALFREY.

BY HUGURS LE ROI.

In fair Champagne, in days of yore,  
 Full ill-endow'd with wordly store,  
 But bravely thew'd, of virtue bright,  
 Sir William dwelt, a dreadless knight,  
 With scarce two hundred livres' land— 5  
 His manors were his good right hand ;  
 Staid worth, a courage uncontroll'd,  
 And honour, pure as native gold.  
 In tourneys never seen to pace  
 With loutings quaint, and braggart grace 10  
 The damsels and the dames before ;  
 He prick'd amain with forehead lower,  
 Where hot the press, and stern the deeds,  
 Of rushing knights, and struggling steeds ;  
 Nor turn'd him backward from the fray, 15  
 Till foil'd, on earth, his foeman lay.  
 And thus (it glads me as I paint  
 Such praises, though with colours faint,  
 For rising prowess best is won  
 To feats of arms, by justice done 20  
 To worthies, who have onwards far'd,  
 Their course of virtue unimpair'd),  
 Welcome was he at every feast,  
 Of Cæsars and of kings the guest.  
 A widow'd lord, of visage hoar, 25  
 One good long league, or little more,

Apart from good Sir William's towers,  
With one fair daughter pass'd his hours.  
Their castles both were in a wood  
(Champagne had always forests good) 30  
But the old lord's was on a steep,  
And fenc'd beside with ditches deep,  
And such a hedge of hawthorn stout  
No mortal could get in or out  
But when the drawbridge floor'd his way. 35  
So, there his life's declining day  
Slipp'd on in undisturb'd retreat,  
Beguil'd by Nina's presence sweet,  
And cherish'd, once in every year,  
With good ten thousand livres clear. 40  
So dainty and so boon a maid,  
With such a heritage to aid,  
Ye well may judge was furnish'd still  
With sighing paramours at will.  
But chief in hope beyond the rest 45  
Sir William loyal love profess'd,  
With lofty aspiration fir'd  
To gain the prize by all desir'd.  
So courteous aye in hall was he,  
So prime in feats of chivalry; 50  
So bent in every point to please,  
He won her heart by slow degrees;  
When lo, the sire's suspicious care  
Ween'd the good knight too often there,  
Enjoin'd his child to shun him straight, 55  
And coldly led him to his gate.

So all these lovers' hopes were marr'd,  
 For the shrewd fox kept watch and ward :  
 Too old for riding now become,  
 Was morning, noon, and night at home ; 60  
 And having, in youth's lusty hours,  
 Learn'd all the craft of paramours,  
 Became so absolute a screen,  
 His daughter's face might ne'er be seen.

Sir William, daily prowling round 65  
 The castle's interdicted ground,  
 One small neglected postern spied,  
 A jutting buttress close beside ;  
 And soon, devising means to tell  
 The damsel he had sped so well, 70  
 They both renew'd, in whisper'd breath,  
 Love's loyal vows that last till death.  
 Yet, heavy hap, debarr'd the sight  
 Of all that wakens love's delight,  
 No look to paint their mutual bliss, 75  
 No cordial clasp, no thrilling kiss ;  
 Still trembling, lest suspicion hoar  
 Should snatch them hence for evermore.  
 Such state Sir William could not bear,  
 But onward hies, whatever fare ; 80  
 Fall weal or utter woe betide,  
 To ask sweet Nina for his bride.

' Fair sire' (he thus the lord assays,  
 With manly port and simple phrase),  
 ' Fair sire ! I long have lov'd thy child : 85  
 ' My name, my lineage undefil'd ;



- ' Meseems, such worship doth possess,  
 ' As warrants thought of good success.  
 ' To Nina's hand my hopes aspire ;  
 ' And thus I ask her of her sire. 90  
 ' Enough. Thy answer must decide,  
 ' Or death, or Nina to my bride.'  
 ' Sir knight' (replied the gray-beard lord)  
 ' I marvel nothing, by my word,  
 ' To hear my dainty Nina moves 95  
 ' Bold gallant knights to deadly loves:  
 ' For young is she, and debonaire,  
 ' And wise withal, though passing fair.  
 ' With birth as high, and free from stain,  
 ' As any maid through all Champagne. 100  
 ' Then (if her duty meets my hope),  
 ' Of land she'll sure have lordly scope ;  
 ' My heiress, as thou mayst perceive,  
 ' And I have mickle wealth to leave ;  
 ' A damsel of such promise brave, 105  
 ' If much I wander not, may have  
 ' A prince of France, of royal blood,  
 ' Nor think her spouse one jot too good.  
 ' Of gentles more than one or two,  
 ' As stout, if well I wot, as you, 110  
 ' Have put me to this very proof ;  
 ' I ever answer—' time enough !'  
 ' I seek not yet a son-in-law :  
 ' I wait some wight sans speck or flaw :  
 ' And such perfections rarely dwell 115  
 ' With errant knights, who most excell



' In winning prize at tilters' play,  
 ' And, like their falcons, live on prey !'  
 At so rude answer to his suit  
 Confusion struck Sir William mute ; 120  
 Swift to the forest's gloom he flies,  
 There dwells with bitter tears and sighs  
 Till darksome night came thickly on ;  
 Then steals the lover wo-begone,  
 Up to the privy postern gate, 125  
 And there he finds his loyal mate ;  
 And there, his heart with sorrows rent,  
 ' Farewell ! ' he cries, ' my steps are bent  
 ' Far, far away, to other realms ;  
 ' Here deadly agony o'erwhelms 130  
 ' My sinking sprite for loss of thee !  
 ' Here dwells no joy, no hope for me !  
 ' O execrable thirst of gain ;  
 ' Love's, loyal love's eternal bane.'  
 ' Alas ! ' return'd his weeping mate, 135  
 ' But now I joy'd in my estate ;  
 ' For such an offering, well I guess'd,  
 ' Made marriage ties more surely bless'd.  
 ' Now I (my gift to thee controul'd,)  
 ' Most execrate troth-riving gold ! 140  
 ' Yet let us not, sweet love ! despair,  
 ' Hear what device my thoughts prepare.  
 ' To Medot straight your palfrey bend,  
 ' Where lives my father's oldest friend :  
 ' One well advis'd of all his ways, 145  
 ' The play-mate of his boyish days ;

' Your uncle, you perceive I mean,  
 ' He loves you, William, well I ween ;  
 ' To him, our plighted promise pure,  
 ' How we have lov'd, and what endure, 150  
 ' With undisguised frankness own :  
 ' He'll pity wo himself has known.  
 ' Win him ('tis but a seeming grant,  
 ' For some few days or weeks we want,) 155  
 ' To pass of lands in simple fee,  
 ' Three hundred livres' worth to thee ;  
 ' Then let him to my sire repair,  
 ' And urge thy suit with hopeful prayer.  
 ' Once wedded, thou can'st re-assign,  
 ' Thy kinsman's gift, no longer thine.— 160  
 ' Ah me ! must love like Nina's grow  
 ' By presents won from kinsmen so !'

She spoke—but ere her speech was done,  
 Is William to his uncle gone :  
 His tale all told as most behov'd, 165  
 Save only, how he was belov'd.  
 ' Well chosen, nephew, by my fay,'  
 The old man cries—' this many a day  
 ' I've known your mistress, fair and mild,  
 ' So set your heart at rest, my child : 170  
 ' I'll go, or ere this sun expire,  
 ' Nor fear to win her of her sire.'  
 And on the spot, in very deed,  
 Bidding his folk bring forth his steed,  
 He left Sir William, nigh distraught 175  
 With raptures of extatick thought !

Awhile, with fixed arms he stood,  
 Then leap'd upon his courser good,  
 And sought Galardon's listed field,  
 Where two days tournament was held; 180  
 And musing, onward as he pac'd,  
 On all the bliss he soon should taste,  
 Felt no mistrust, nor once divin'd  
 What guile and treason lurk'd behind.

The uncle now had climb'd the steep, 185  
 The drawbridge past, and gain'd the keep;  
 Then down the two old playmates sat  
 And grac'd their meal with mickle chat;  
 Call'd up their deeds of prowess done  
 With knights and damsels dead and gone; 190  
 And filling wine, and wine again,  
 Drank down each other's healths amain.

At last, when every page and groom,  
 The tables clear'd, had left the room,  
 The Lord of Medot thus began: 195

' Old comrade mine, life's meagre span  
 ' Crawls heavily, with little gree,  
 ' To lonely bachelors like me!  
 ' Thy daughter soon will seek a spouse;  
 ' Thou too wilt have an empty house: 200  
 ' What sayst thou?—might it come to pass  
 ' That I might wed this dainty lass,  
 ' My worldly goods, that self-same hour,  
 ' I'd give her all, to be her dower;  
 ' We'd dwell all three for life together, 205  
 ' Nor heed long nights, nor wintry weather.'

The sire such spousal offer charms ;  
 He hugs the gray-beard in his arms,  
 Brings forth sweet Nina to her mate,  
 And orders wedding garments straight ; 210  
 For father, child, and all must on,  
 The morrow following next but one,  
 To Castle Medot, (so the sire  
 Yields to the bridegroom his desire,)  
 With the first peep of morning light, 215  
 To solemnize the marriage rite.

To fill the pomp with bride-folk meet,  
 All round their spurring lackeys greet  
 Whome'er lean shanks, and wither'd faces,  
 Had kept thus far from death's embraces, 220  
 And bid them—many a tottering guest !  
 To sweet sad Nina's nuptial feast.

Since weddings first were known, I ween  
 So quaint a troop no eye had seen ;  
 Such wrinkled elders, bald and bare, 225  
 They seem'd, as all assembled there,  
 To hear one last, ' Heaven speed ye,' said  
 Ere to their long sad home they sped.

Now, while to deck the future bride,  
 New coverchiefs and robes are tried ; 230  
 And she, with counterfeited cheer,  
 Devours each bitter sigh and tear ;  
 More steeds, 'twas plain, must be purvey'd  
 To mount so large a cavalcade ;  
 So, forth a menial stripling fared 235  
 To borrow all that could be spared,

The lubber, as he went his way,  
 Bethought him sure that palfrey gray  
 (For size and temper, mould and mien,  
 The bravest steed in all Champagne) 240  
 On which Sir William wont to ride,  
 Must needs be welcome to the bride !  
 Forthwith, aside he turns his beast  
 To gain this palfrey for the feast.  
 Leave we awhile the father old, 245  
 How fared the knight must now be told.  
 Sir William, in the tourney's fray  
 Had borne the choicest prize away,  
 And homeward bent, with hope exalted,  
 Though bootless on his road he halted 250  
 Before his uncle's gate awhile ;  
 Yet were his thoughts so free from guile,  
 He weens, be sure, his hopes to bliss  
 With the first tidings of success,  
 His uncle to his hall will come— 255  
 So, joyful hies he to his home ;  
 And there, to cheat a weary hour,  
 He bids a minstrel to his bower,  
 And hears sweet songs of blissful love,  
 And hopes, ere long, that bliss to prove. 260  
 His uncle now, be sure, is near ;  
 And hark ! a bugle strikes his ear.  
 Behold him—no !—a menial slave  
 From Nina's sire some boon to crave.  
 And thus the loon his suit commends, 265  
 ' Fair sir ! my lord kind greeting sends,

' And fain would borrow, if he may,  
 ' For twice twelve hours, your palfrey gray.'  
 ' Most willingly ! and braver steed  
 ' Ne'er bore a knight to valorous deed ; 270  
 ' But who the courser shall bestride ? '—  
 ' Sweet Nina, sir, your uncle's bride.  
 ' To-morrow, ere the dawn of day,  
 ' To Medot's towers she takes her way.'—  
 ' Nina ? '—' Yes sure ; her sire's command 275  
 ' To your good uncle gives her hand.'

Quite wo-begone, with frantick air,  
 Hush'd in the silence of despair,  
 The cruel tale Sir William hears ;  
 And doubts its truth, and blames his fears ; 280  
 And bids repeat each word again,  
 And writhes with renovated pain.  
 Then, staring wild,—' hence ! hence away,  
 ' Quick from my sight the steed convey !  
 ' Let him the perjur'd Nina bear, 285  
 ' And crown her joys with my despair ;  
 ' To Medot bear th' exulting bride  
 ' Array'd in all her nuptial pride !  
 ' Yet sure, in spite of her disdain,  
 ' When she shall seize that palfrey's rein, 290  
 ' Awhile on me her heart shall rue !—  
 ' Ah Nina !—thou !—so wonder true !  
 ' Thou too dost weep ; thou, lost like me,  
 ' Victim of foulest treachery ;  
 ' Thou lov'st me still : thy ruthless sire 295  
 ' Would vainly force thy free desire ;



‘ And, till my being I resign,  
 ‘ This constant heart shall aye be thine !’

Deject, and hopeless, to the hall  
 Now bids the knight his lieges all, 300  
 And thanks them for their service true,  
 And gives them, with his last adieu,  
 Such meed as his poor means afford,  
 And wills them seek some wealthier lord.

‘ With noblest largess, if I might, 305  
 ‘ Your duty would I fain requite,  
 ‘ Good friends, he cries, and ere ye part  
 ‘ (Sole offering of a broken heart),  
 ‘ Take my best thanks. Now speed ye hence :  
 ‘ My lot be death or indigence !’ 310

He said, and to his chamber hied.—  
 The pitying crowd have vainly tried  
 To sooth their master’s troubled sprite ;  
 So, sadly through the live-long night,  
 Resolv’d his honour’d life to guard, 315  
 All, near his bower, keep watch and ward,  
 And raise to heaven a silent prayer  
 To shield his soul from fell despair.

Meanwhile, throughout the spacious Keep,  
 The baron’s guests were fast asleep. 320  
 Prepar’d, ye wot, at early day,  
 To ride three leagues of rugged way,  
 Warn’d that, ere dawn, the porter’s bell  
 Shall rouse each sleeper from his cell ;  
 Well prim’d with wine, the sapient crew 325  
 At early hour to rest withdrew.

Only sweet Nina sleepless lies ;  
Vain schemes in quick succession rise,  
Vain hopes of visionary aid :——  
Alas, the flattering visions fade, 330  
No hope of aid or flight appears,  
Her sole resource, unceasing tears.

Scarce midnight past, the moon gan rise,  
And struck the porter's wondering eyes  
Where he (some evening bumpers quaff'd) 335  
Sat dreaming of the morrow's draught ;  
So, waken'd by the moon-light blaze,  
He ween'd it sure the morning's rays ;  
Sprang to his bell with hasty zeal,  
And rang amain a deafening peal. 340

All quickly rise alert and prest,  
E'en Nina's self at length is dress'd.  
Stunn'd by her woes she nothing heeds  
The gallant guests, the prancing steeds,  
Till the gray palfrey meets her eyes : 345

Then gush her tears, then burst her sighs :  
She may not mount ;—with eager prayer  
She begs this last worst pang to spare ;  
Her prayers, her struggles, all are vain ;  
On must she fare.—The menial train 350

The march begin : next pace along  
The wedding-guests, a gray-beard throng ;  
Then, in the rear, the weeping maid ;  
And last, to close the cavalcade,  
An ancient knight, of valour tried, 355  
The future sponsor of the bride.

Three leagues of road, ye heard me say,  
 The band must pass ; through woods it lay :  
 So streight, so cross'd with briar and bough,  
 Two steeds abreast 'twould scant allow. 360  
 Perforce the troop must march in file.  
 With songs and jests one tedious mile,  
 Joyous and brisk the veterans ride ;  
 At length the songs and jests subside ;  
 The still cold air, the glimmering moon, 365  
 Tell them they left their beds too soon :  
 From eye to eye the influence creeps,  
 Each nods awhile, then soundly sleeps.  
 Gentles ! so courteous and so sage,  
 Ye know the reverence due to age ; 370  
 Ye honour eld ; and yet, pardie,  
 I gage ye would have laugh'd to see  
 These slumbering gray-beards in a row,  
 Their bald skulls nodding to and fro,  
 Now dropping on their coursers' mane, 375  
 Now starting bolt-upright again.

The bride, with love and grief distraught,  
 Wastes not on them a moment's thought ;  
 But, as the wretch to death who wends,  
 Deems that his march too quickly ends, 380  
 Poor Nina blames her courser's speed ;  
 Checks, and still checks her eager steed,  
 Till the grave troop to sleep resign'd,  
 Leave their sweet charge full far behind.  
 Still at her heels the sponsor hies, 385  
 And opes, at times, his languid eyes,

But close the palfrey gray appears ;  
Again he nods, nor danger fears :  
Indeed, so narrow was the way  
He weens they cannot go astray. 390

At length the road in two divides :  
Eager to reach his distant guides,  
Straight on the sponsor's courser fares,  
Straight on his weetless rider bears.  
Not so Sir William's palfrey gray : 395  
Left his own judgment to obey,  
He by the left-hand path proceeds,  
Which to Sir William's stable leads.

But ere they reach the knight's abode,  
A crossing torrent bars the road. 400  
In plung'd the steed. The dashing sound  
Wakes Nina from her trance profound.  
She turns, she screams ; no succour near !  
Sole, helpless, in the forest drear,

Bewilder'd by the dubious light, 405  
She paus'd : then urg'd her desperate flight.  
Oh may she scape that odious chain !

But, if that rising hope be vain,  
Far better here to die she deems,  
Engulf'd within these whelming streams ! 410  
The streams, howbe, nor deep nor wide,  
Well knew the steed, who oft had tried.  
Quick bounds he forth with crest elate,  
Nor stops, but at Sir William's gate.

The porter sounds his bugle clear, 415  
To speak some noble stranger near ;

Then through the wicket eyes the dame,  
And cautious asks her rank and name.  
' Quick ! open quick ! from felon hands  
' Scarce scap'd, a maid your help demands !' 420  
The porter scans with studious eye  
That form ! that robe of scarlet dye !  
That steed ! so like the palfrey gray,—  
'Tis, sure, some charitable fay  
That makes young errant knights her care, 425  
And comes to cure his lord's despair !  
Alas ! her utmost help he needs !  
So, with his news the porter speeds.  
The knight, to speechless grief a prey,  
Had wak'd and wept the hours away, 430  
And pac'd his gloomy chamber o'er,  
While mute and listening near the door  
His faithful lieges inly moan,  
And make their patron's griefs their own.  
Yet were the courteous knight to blame 435  
Should he neglect the stranger dame ;  
So, straight he bids the drawbridge fall,  
His menials marshal'd in the hall,  
Himself, as fits, with honour meet,  
Goes forth the beauteous guest to greet ; 440  
And lowly bows, and sadly rears  
His feverish eyes, still sprent with tears,  
And sees—his Nina's angel face,  
And feels his Nina's warm embrace.  
Close and more close her timid breast, 445  
Against his sheltering bosom press'd.

Yet still, with wild reverted eyes,  
‘Shield me! oh shield me, love!’ she cries,  
‘Close the pursuing fiends appear:  
‘See them!’—‘Nay, sweet! now cease to fear; 450  
(The knight replied) ‘to guard my love,  
‘Think not these arms shall nerveless prove:  
‘No! let our foes their powers combine!  
‘Thou art, and ever shall be mine.’  
Now calls he forth his faithful band.— 455  
The drawbridge rais’d, the turrets mann’d;  
No fear, though numerous foes assail,  
Their utmost power shall soon prevail;  
One task remains, the best and last:  
So to the chapel are they pass’d, 460  
And there, with heaven’s mysterious rites,  
The chaplain sage their hands unites.  
Their anguish past, their long annoy,  
More keenly points the present joy:  
The menials press on every side 465  
Round the good knight, and lovely bride;  
And bless, with shouts that rend the air,  
Sir William bold, and Nina fair!  
Not thus, pardie, in Medot’s hall:  
There, the quaint guests assembled, all 470  
Appear’d in nuptial weeds array’d,  
All, save the sponsor and the maid;  
But, of the sleeping troop, not one  
Could dream which way this pair was gone.  
At length the sponsor knight they see; 475  
Still nodding on his steed was he,



And much surpris'd, in open day,  
 No more to view the palfrey gray.  
 Perchance, where tangled paths have cross'd,  
 The maid is in the forest lost? 480  
 Not so: they search the forest round,  
 Nina was no where to be found.  
 At length they learn, in happy hour,  
 She dwells in good Sir William's bower;  
 (Thus by his squire Sir William sends), 485  
 The knight his love to all commends,  
 And greets each dame and reverend lord,  
 And bids them to his humble board.  
 So went they all. With decent air  
 The knight to each presents the fair; 490  
 The fair belov'd from early life,  
 And now his dear and wedded wife.  
 Scarce can he breathe the fatal sound  
 Ere angry murmurs rise around.  
 But when the knight his tale has told, 495  
 Of Nina to his uncle sold;  
 Of two fond hearts of fraud the prey,  
 Till rescu'd by the palfrey gray,  
 These elders train'd in honour's cause,  
 Grown gray beneath love's powerful laws, 500  
 All in Sir William's cause conspire,  
 All press to gain th' indignant sire;  
 And, should the uncle urge his claim,  
 Condemn the deed to deathless shame.  
 So both, from mutual bonds releas'd, 505  
 Unite to bliss the nuptial feast.

Within the year the uncle died,  
And soon the father of the bride ;  
So rules the knight their joint domain,  
The wealthiest lord in all Champagne.

510

## THE PARADISE OF LOVE.

MR. WARTON has observed, in his History of English Poetry, that the *pageants*, which it was customary to exhibit on festivals and great occasions, in every country in Europe, are likely to have so far familiarized the eyes and the imaginations of the minstrels with allegory and personification, as to produce that excessive fondness for a variety and profusion of ornament which is observable in their descriptive poetry. They became much addicted to dreaming, and their waking meditations were scarcely less visionary.

This appears in the following piece, where the poet having occasion to describe one of his morning walks, very unexpectedly bestows on an European meadow the spicy odours of the East, and then presents us with an enchanted fountain and supernatural tree, without recollecting that these marvels would have been much more properly reserved for his subsequent dream, because the reader cannot so abruptly enter into the feelings of a man who professes to be neither sleeping nor waking. M. Le Grand has expressed his dissatisfaction at this conduct, and has observed, justly enough, that as it is easy to fall asleep under an oak or an elm, the poet is unnecessarily prodigal of his miracles. Perhaps he had originally intended to elicit from this tree some allegory which he

afterwards forgot; or perhaps he thought an enchantment so good a thing as to be worth inserting for its own sake; and, being very sure that his readers were fond of the smell of cinnamon, thought there could be no harm in employing it to perfume a field which he meant to describe as very delightful.

It is remarkable, that a similar tree and fountain are found in the Romance of YVAIN and GAWAIN, of which Mr. Warton has given us an extract in Vol. III. sect. 25: a storm is excited by the same means, and the tree is covered with all the birds of the air. The lines are as follows:

Follow forth this ilk *street*,  
And soon some marvels shall you meet.  
The well is under the fairest tree  
That ever was in this contree;  
By that well *hinges* (hangs) a basin  
That is of gold good and fine;  
With a chain, truly to tell,  
That will reach into the well:—  
By the well stands a stone;  
Take the bason soon anon,  
And cast on water with thy hand,  
And soon you shall see new *tithand*: (tidings)  
A storm shall rise, and a tempest,  
All about, by east and west:  
You shall hear many thunder blast,  
All about thee blowand fast,  
And there shall come sik sleet and rain,  
That *unnese* (scarcely) shall you stand again, &c. &c.

The knight pursued these directions. He says—

I took the bason soon anon,  
 And helt water upon the stone,  
 The weather wex then wonder black,  
 And the thunder fast gan crack ;  
 There came sik storms of hail and rain,  
 Unnethes (scarcely) I might stand there again ;  
 The *store* (stour, strong) winds blew full loud,  
 So keen came never air of cloud.  
 I was driven with snow and sleet,  
 Unnethes I might stand on my feet ;  
 In my face the *levening* (lightning) smate, &c.  
 Then saw I soon a merry sight  
 Of all the fowls that are in flight,  
 Lighted so thick upon that tree  
 That bough ne leaf none might I see.  
 So merrily gon they sing, &c. &c.

Notwithstanding these little defects, (which are in a great measure concealed in the English translation) and though the author has dwelt rather too long on some of his digressions, the *Paradise of Love* is a very pleasing and fanciful specimen of descriptive poetry. We are indebted to M. Le Grand for lopping away the excessive luxuriance of allegory which would have rendered the concluding oration of Cupid insufferably tedious to a modern ear ; and Mr. Way has, with great ingenuity, united the scattered hints of the French translator, and formed them into the three elegant stanzas, which give a very natural and pleasing termination to the poem.

THE PARADISE OF LOVE;  
OR,  
THE COMPLAINT OF LOVE.

Let never wight, who finds his misty skull  
Send forth the stream of pleasing verse with pain,  
Thwart Nature's course, but rest obscurely dull,  
And wait some happier sunshine of his brain.

I now warn others, who can scarce restrain 5  
Mine own intemperance and itch of rhyme  
From bursting on the world before its time.

Why now dost write? methinks ye seem to cry:  
Sirs! I have found a tale has pleas'd me well;  
And, that my friends partake, full fain would I: 10  
So may I but succeed the same to tell!  
Unskill'd am I in makers' magick spell;  
Yet, for the substance of my tale is good,  
I still hope pardon, though its garb be rude.

## I.

In the sweet month of joy-renewing May, 15  
When earth with green, and trees with bloom are dress'd;  
When recreated Nature's lengthening day  
Bids fowl to seek their mates as likes them best,  
And build with merry madrigals their nest,  
Then Love, subduing hearts that proudest be, 20  
Cast in his might to make a thrall of me.



## II.

His gentle fury I had laugh'd to scorn,  
    (Ah silly groom!) whose power I ne'er had known ;  
And many a sorrow sharp by others borne  
    Had ween'd as brain-deluding follies, shown           25  
    By witless youth who cherish food for moan :  
' Your hour will come anon ! ' they still replied,  
' Your hour for teen and trouble, ill-defied ! '

## III.

Too well the suppliants sped ! their vows were heard ;  
    The slighted power my punishment decreed ;           30  
A dame, the loveliest sure on earth, appear'd,  
    And straight, me seem'd, a dart so keen did speed  
    Forth from her eyes, my inmost heart did bleed.  
As when on earth descends the lightning's flame  
Like fire, the thrilling eye-glance inward came.           35

## IV.

Up to my cheeks the crimson torrent rose,  
    Then wax I sickly sad, and wan of hue ;  
Now hot as charcoal when the workman blows,  
    Now, icy chillness through my body flew,  
    As it were freezing bone and marrow through.           40  
Frail man ! in wailful watch my nights were past,  
Me seem'd that every hour would be my last.

## V.

And aye, with bitter blot of senseless blame,  
 'Gainst her, the empress of my life, I cry :  
 Ne never dare bewray my hopeless flame, 45  
 Though plaining still of ruthless *surquedry*,\*  
 I charge her walls and gates with cruelty,  
 And whosoe'er such lets might first invent  
 For me alone, and for my punishment.

## VI.

'What? dost thou ween' (a secret voice would say, 50  
 When as my love I purpos'd to forego),  
 'Those wondrous charms thou doat'st on day by day,  
 'Thy queen, in thriftless lavishment, shall throw  
 'Down at thy feet ere thou declare thy wo?  
 'Nay, rather speak thy pains, unfold thy grief; 55  
 'Thy gentle dame may chance vouchsafe relief.'

## VII.

Straight, seeming strong from such advisement grown,  
 I seek the presence of my heart's delight,  
 And think to make my world of sorrows known,  
 When, lo! one look puts all my thoughts to flight. 60  
 Trembling my knees, my life-blood icy quite,  
 I find myself gone thence, abash'd and mute,  
 No word assay'd that might advance my suit.

\* Arrogance.

## VIII.

So, sad I far'd, my strength declining fast,  
 My griefs no moment of the day forgot : 65  
 All-conquering Love vouchsafed me grace at last.—  
 The live-long night, as was my wonted lot,  
 In tears had pass'd, nor yet day's orb was hot,  
 When forth I walk'd my sorrows to beguile,  
 Where freshly smelling fields with dew-drops smile. 70

## IX.

Already, with his shrilling carol gay,  
 The vaulting sky-lark hail'd the sun from far ;  
 And with so sweet a musick seem'd to play  
 My heart-strings round, as some propitious star  
 Had chaced whate'er might fullest joyance mar : 75  
 Bath'd in delicious dews of calm delight,  
 My voice thus strove to speak my solaced spright.

## X.

Hark ! O hark !  
 Merry lark !  
 Reckless all how I do pine : 80  
 Let but love my vows befriend,  
 To my warm embraces send,  
 The flaxen fair  
 That wakes my care ;  
 And my joys shall match with thine. 85

## XI.

Scarce had I closed my song, when, unawares,  
 I found me placed in a delightful mead,  
 Where precious cinnamon flung balmy airs,  
 And thousand flowers, blue, yellow, white, and red,  
 The dark-green tapestry in profusion spread; 90  
 The violet, the lily of the vale,  
 The purple radiance inter-laced with pale.

## XII.

Up from the bosom of the teeming soil,  
 Than emerald more bright, or ruby sheen,  
 A gurgling fountain burst with pretty coil, 95  
 And over sands of purest gold I ween  
 Flow'd gently down its 'broider'd banks atween.  
 The damask rose, the flower-de-luce was there,  
 Fringing with numbers more this channel rare.

## XIII.

A shapely tree, extending overhead, 100  
 Close intertwined its canopy of boughs:  
 All in a circle quaintly was it spread,  
 Thereon Dan Phœbus ever dimly throws  
 His scorching beam, for never sunshine knows  
 The clear cool fount; nor fails of freshness aught, 105  
 Begirt with steps of marble subtly wrought.

## XIV.

To these was bounden, by a silver chain,  
 A precious goblet of enamell'd gold :  
 Scarce might I then my raging thirst restrain,  
 But for strange warning, which my sprite controul'd, 110  
 In silver letters meynt with azure told :—  
 ' Base, villainous, and lewd, whoe'er thou be,  
 ' Base villain hand, be heedful touch not me !'

## XV.

Reckless of future hap, the cup I raught,  
 And plung'd it in the hollow-sounding wave, 115  
 (Danger unseen fools ever hold for nought)  
 Therewith, the reeling ground dread signal gave :  
 Pours rain, and lightnings blaze, and thunders rave,  
 As earth and heaven in desolating fray,  
 Torn from their fix'd abodes should pass away. 120

## XVI.

Fear seized me ; on the grass my limbs I threw,  
 Beneath the covert of the mantling tree :  
 Thick, here and there, the bolts of thunder flew,  
 And seem'd as each should make an end of me :  
 I wot not how this prodigy might be, 125  
 Yet aye, it seem'd, my bow'r with magick charm  
 Fenced off the storm, and I was safe from harm.

## XVII.

Now sunk the howling blast, and fled the gloom  
 From the blue surface of the smiling sky :  
 While wondrously, from Earth's unfathom'd womb, 130  
 Where rear'd the tree its shapely trunk on high,  
 Seem'd to arise delicious melody :  
 And from its branches, with accordance meet,  
 A thousand birds pour'd forth their carol sweet.

## XVIII.

With lulling pleasure overpower'd, I slept, 135  
 Nor waked till, borne by hand unseen away,  
 I found me in a bath, where roses wept  
 Such fragrant waters o'er me as I lay,  
 As purified all filth of fleshly clay ;  
 And forth I came, than falling snows more fair, 140  
 Astonish'd at my own perfections rare.

## XIX.

Eftsoons in glittering garments was I deck'd,  
 And, lined throughout with whitest ermine ;  
 O'er them was cast a crimson mantle, fleck'd  
 On its wide border, wrought by fingers fine, 145  
 With buds that lurk'd beneath the golden twine :  
 Then, on a flowery path impell'd I move,  
 Toward the proud palace of the God of Love.



## XX.

Howbe, before me a dry champaign lay,  
 With stones unsightly here and there bestrew'd : 150  
 In midst, a mansion crumbling to decay,  
 With its bye-path nigh choked with brambles rude :  
 There were imprison'd caiiffs, foes to good,  
 Who ever pried at folk that past along  
 With pointing finger, and false lolling tongue. 155

## XXI.

Slanderers they all were hight : ill fare the race !  
 And such a multitude, I fear me sore  
 No end may come to their detractions base,  
 Till the dread hour when time shall be no more.  
 I turn'd me from the path I trod before, 160  
 And straight, beyond a broad deep moat, I spied  
 A troop more foul than those I left beside.

## XXII.

Disloyal lovers these, full sure I read,  
 In blandishments unsound their time they spent ;  
 And while they kiss'd, as wights who loved indeed, 165  
 Their wandering eyes were evermore intent  
 On side-long glances for some other meant.  
 Spied they a maid whose artless charms invite,  
 Eftsoons they're cast to win her how they might.

## XXIII.

And baits they spread that make one's heart to rue, 170  
 To work their shameful will, and to beguile  
 Poor artless innocence, and honour true,  
 To the fell snare of their affections vile.  
 Feigning love's sharpest torments all the while,  
 If haply, so some ruth they may infuse, 175  
 All otherwise than loyal lovers use.

## XXIV.

And shall we marvel then, if guileless maid,  
 Mild, and compassionate, and form'd to yield,  
 Turns to the tempter's lures, and is betray'd,  
 Simplicity of heart her only shield? 180  
 For traitors, though their cruel hearts be steel'd  
 Yet can they weep, and groan, and sorely sigh,  
 Bending their knee with feign'd humility.

## XXV.

Ay me! her sprite doth quail to see his wo!  
 With his perfidious tears are mix'd her own! 185  
 The fort of honour falls before the foe;  
 Ah blame not her! by lack of guile alone,  
 By too confiding loyalty o'erthrown!  
 Blame him, the hypocrite! him worthy blame,  
 Who under-foot doth tread her honest name. 190

## XXVI.

Afore-time long, his subtly-warming snares,  
 To work this damsel's bale, he had devised ;  
 And cast how he might catch her unawares ;  
 Lo, now he shuns her ! by herself despised,  
 Prest for new spoil on chastity surprised. 195  
 Oh ! may that felon race, true lovers' bane,  
 In most abhorrence aye of all remain !

## XXVII.

Onward I journey, and at length, behold,  
 Where a long avenue of fragrant trees  
 Lead to a palace over-laid with gold, 200  
 (Such potent duke or monarch well might please,)  
 And on its moats that shone like glassy seas,  
 With well-wrought masonry of marble lined,  
 Floated amphibious fowl of every kind.

## XXVIII.

There swam they, all in pairs, the stately swan, 205  
 With many more than here rehearse I may,  
 Now gently sailing side by side, anon  
 Dashing, in love's disport, the glittering spray :  
 Beneath, the finny race in couples lay :  
 Birds, fishes, beasts, all wedded ; save alone 210  
 One turtle on a wither'd branch made moan.

## XXIX.

The portal of the palace right before,  
Two stately columns rose, of crystal wrought,  
A snow-white marble image either bore,  
With hidden powers of Cupid's magick fraught : 215  
For now one seem'd to kiss, then th' other sought,  
With interchange of sweet caress and smile,  
To pay that back she had received erewhile.

## XXX.

Much was I wondering at so strange a sight,  
When back the double gates recoiling flew ; 220  
And the full glories of Love's mansion bright  
Burst forth at once on my astonish'd view.  
' Lo Paradise ! ' I cried with rapture new,  
No ! were I hundred-tongued, those tongues would fail  
To give full form and utterance to the tale. 225

## XXXI.

All, most by mortals sought, unchanging joy,  
Unrival'd Beauty, ever harbour'd there :  
Soft lays of love, perfumes that never cloy,  
With hum of ceaseless kisses, fill'd the air :  
Enthron'd in flowers, the monarch debonnaire 230  
Look'd round on all, and whom he look'd on, blest ;  
And the whole year was one continual feast.

## XXXII.

As when, in centre of the firmament,  
 The peerless sun stands forth with dazzling sheen,  
 That mortal folk are with the light yblent ; 235  
 Such was the godhead's sovereign beauty seen,  
 Encompass'd with his court : of these I ween  
 Were many a pair of lovers scatter'd round,  
 That from his fostering look protection found.

## XXXIII.

With his fair mate was many a lover there, 240  
 In speechless dalliance lost and mute delight ;  
 And ever as the monarch eyed a pair,  
 It seem'd his look spoke pleasure at the sight :  
 Then would he shoot such thrilling arrows bright  
 Through their faint frame, the subtle fire would rove, 245  
 And waken new necessity to love.

## XXXIV.

All here was bliss. But I, alas the while !  
 Far from the ken of her my heart loved best,  
 Reap'd nor caresses sweet, nor soothing smile,  
 And envious grew for others joy possest ; 250  
 Till, as obedient to Love's high behest,  
 My long, long tale of martyrdom I told,  
 Mingled with tears and singults manifold.

## XXXV.

Thus with prophetic speech my sprite he cheer'd :  
    ' Take courage, liegeman mine ; thy hours anon      255  
' Shall be in pleasure bathed : was never rear'd  
    ' So stable edifice for lover's wonne  
    ' As on the base of troubles past and gone.  
' Then not a groan, or sigh, or tear is lost,  
' Joy grows more precious from the pains it cost.      260

## XXXVI.

' I sped the lark ; I raised the pelting storm,  
    ' The slumber, scatter'd o'er thy lids, was mine ;  
' All, mystic meanings veil : whose wondrous form  
    ' Now gather, shadow'd out by lips divine :  
    ' The shrill lark tells how, at his lady's shrine,      265  
' Each loyal wight, with aspiration strong,  
' Should chant, when day first breaks, his matin song.

## XXXVII.

' The rain, the vollied thunder fraught with flame,  
    ' Show well the tears, the pangs, by lovers known ;  
' The bath speaks honour pure from blot of blame ;      270  
    ' The turtle, moaning on her branch alone,  
    ' Firm constancy ; when, all his hopes o'erthrown,  
' The wretch beholds the idol of his trust  
' Snatch'd from his sight to mingle with the dust.'



## XXXVIII.

All this, and mickle mo, with ravish'd ear                    275  
I gather'd as I might, and well retain :  
' Besure,' he cried, ' thy heart be spotless, clear ;  
' No love where villainy man's heart doth stain.'  
Trust me, I ever heed the godhead's strain ;  
And honestly fulfil, this long time past,                    280  
Looking for royal recompence at last.

THE reader is now in possession of all that Mr. Way had designed for publication in this volume; but as a few small pieces of poetry, which I hope I am not too partial in considering as eminently beautiful, and which were originally intended for a work very nearly analogous to the present, were found among his papers, I have taken this opportunity of laying them before the publick.

They are translations of some small lays and songs contained in the first volume of the '*Corps d'Extraits de Romans de Chevalerie, par M. Le Comte de Tressan.*'—It is perhaps, unnecessary to inform those who are at all acquainted with French literature, that this elegant writer has performed, for the authors of the old romances, the same good office which M. Le Grand has executed in favour of the *Fabliaux*: but that instead of barely analysing the contents of their ponderous volumes, he has carefully selected, from his originals, all those natural and simple passages which are occasionally found even in the productions of the most barbarous ages, and has preserved the few poetical pieces interspersed in them, with some few corrections indeed, but without adding any embellishments inconsistent with their antique and Gothic character. By thus happily contrasting the elegance and perspicuity of modern language with the quaint simplicity of the *Norman Romance*, he has been enabled to give such variety to his style, that the attention of the reader is kept awake through a series of events often disgusting by their improbability, tiresome by

their sameness and by their number, and so unconnected as to bid defiance to all the resources of method and arrangement. Mr. Way was of opinion that the same variety of style might be preserved in an English translation; that the plan might be still farther improved by giving a metrical version of the shortest, and least complicated of these ancient tales; and that an abridgment of romances of chivalry, thus executed, would form a pleasing continuation to his specimens of ancient fabliaux. He had begun his attempt by the romance of '*Tristan de Léonois*;' and I should have been glad to avail myself of his fragment, had it been sufficient to serve as an introduction to the poetry it was intended to contain: but it comprises only some preliminary events of little importance to the story.

For the information of those readers who are not acquainted either with the works of M. de Tressan, or with our English black-letter folio, called *Mort Arthur*, it may be necessary to state, that Tristan, son of Meliadus, King of *Léonois* (the *Lyonnese*, a part of Cornwall which is no longer visible above water), was one of the most renowned knights of the round table. He was called *Tristan* (in old English Sir Tristram) because 'tristfully he came into the world;' having by his birth occasioned the death of his mother. The only circumstance of his life with which we are at present interested, is his constant and successful passion for the beautiful Yseult (whom Gower and our old romancers call Bell Isoud), daughter of the King of Ireland, whom, in consequence of an unfortunate promise, he was compelled to demand in marriage for his uncle Marc, King of Cornwall. A *love-potion*, which the mother had intrusted to a confidant, for the purpose of being divided between the young princess and her husband, having been

inadvertently shared by Yseult and Tristan, during their passage to England, proved fatal to the domestick comforts of poor King Marc ; who, on his part, very frequently deranged the projects of his wife and nephew, and perhaps contributed by his active persecution to keep alive the influence of the *love-potion*. Tristram, however, was too ardent to be proof against jealousy. Having found a letter from his mistress addressed to a rival whom his fears represented as no less fortunate than himself, he suddenly became a prey to despair, rushed into the woods, refused all sustenance, and, according to the accustomed practice of jealous knights, fell into a deep reverie. A damsel, who accidentally met and recognized him, having ventured to interrupt *his thought*, was at first rebuked by him for such a breach of civility ; but being aware of the nature of his complaint, she only left him to fetch her harp, the first notes of which effectually roused him from his lethargy. He then asked her if she had ever heard *the Death-song* (le Lai de Mort), and tuning the instrument, sung the following stanzas :

Je fis jadis chansons et lays,  
 Amour rendoit mes chants parfaits,  
 Mais à present mon art ne mets  
 Qu'à faire ouïr tous mes regrets.

Amour, charmante fantaisie,  
 Toi que j'ai constamment suivie,  
 Toi qui donnes à tous la vie,  
 Ah ! c'est toi qui me l'as ravie !

D'amour ainsi m'est advenu,  
Comme à celui qui a tenu  
En son sein le serpent tout nu,  
Et puis en est à mort venu.

En ma dernière heure te prie,  
Yseult, ô ma douce ennemie,  
Toi qui jadis me fus amie,  
Après ma mort, las ! ne m'oublie.

Lorsqu'en terre serai gissant,  
Sur ma tombe on ira lisant :  
' Oncques personne n'aima tant  
' Comme Tristan ; si meurt pourtant.'

Fleur de noble chevalerie,  
Lancelot, dont la courtoisie  
A tant de valeur est unie,  
Satisfais ma dernière envie.

Je te lègue lance et harnois ;  
Mais en combats comme en tournois,  
Noble ami, dans tous tes exploits,  
D'Yseult fais respecter les lois.

Toi, dieu puissant que je reclame,  
Sauve moi de toute autre flamme  
Que celle dont j'ards pour ma dame ;  
Donne sauvement à mon âme.

## TRANSLATION.

Sweet I sang in former days,  
Kind love perfected my lays ;  
Now my art alone displays  
The woe that on my being preys.

Charming love, delicious power,  
Worshipp'd from my earliest hour ;  
Thou who life on all dost shower,  
Love ! my life thou dost devour.

Thus by love to me doth fall,  
As to him who cherish shall,  
In his breast an aspick small,  
Speeding on his funeral !

In death's hour I beg of thee,  
Yseult, dearest enemy ;  
Thou, who erst could'st kinder be,  
When I'm gone, forget not me.

On my gravestone passers by  
Oft will read, as low I lie,  
' Never wight in love could vie  
' With Tristan ; yet she let him die.'

Flower of noble chivalry,  
Lancelot, whose courtesy  
Prowess meets, and honour high,  
Grant my last wish ere I die.



Take my lance and armour bright ;  
But in tourney or in fight,  
Noble friend, let never knight  
My sovrain Yseult's mandate slight.

And thou, god of mightiest name,  
Guard me from all other flame  
Than what now consumes my frame ;  
And save my soul from blot of blame.

In the meantime Yseult, who was far from meriting his suspicions, passed her life in lamenting his absence. One day, her jealous husband, having entered her chamber unperceived, over-heard her singing the following lay :

Ma voix n'a plus qu' accens piteux,  
Ma harpe que sons langoureux ;  
Dieu d'amour, les chants gracieux,  
Sont faits pour les amants heureux.

Près de toi que j'étois joyeuse !  
Soupirant ma flamme amoureuse,  
Ma voix étoit mélodieuse,  
Ma harpe plus harmonieuse.

Ah ! loin de moi, mon cher Tristan,  
Es-tu tranquille, es-tu content ?  
Pourrois-tu l'être un seul instant,  
Loin de celle qui t'aime tant ?

Gazons fleuris, chambrette obscure,  
Temoins de tant douce aventure,  
Quand de Tristan seul j'avois cure,  
Soyez le des maux que j'endure.

## TRANSLATION.

My voice to piteous wail is bent,  
My harp to notes of languishment,  
Ah love! delightful lays be meant  
For happier wights, with hearts content.

When near to thee, how blest was I!  
Then, breathing love in every sigh,  
My voice right jocund notes would try,  
My harp gave sweetest harmony.

Ah Tristan! far away from me,  
Art thou from restless anguish free?  
Ah! couldst thou so one moment be,  
From her who so much loveth thee?

Ye flowery turfs, ye bowers obscure,  
Who witness'd oft our joys so pure,  
When Tristan every ill could cure,  
Witness the ills I now endure.

Tristan, after a due degree of despair and a proper number of adventures, is restored to his senses, and becomes as blessed as ever in the fondness of Yseult; but King Marc, whom no habit is able to reconcile to his lot, continues to interrupt the happiness of the lovers. During one of their longest

separations, Yseult being in a thick forest with Brangien, her confidante, sings this complaint :

Feuillage épais, verts gazons, doux silence,  
Bien invitez à prendre le repos ;  
Mais tant revient si douce remembrance,  
Que de mes cris j'éveille les échos.

Dans ces scepeuils plantés par la nature,  
Fontaine sourd, et nourrit mille fleurs :  
Las ! mes soupirs augmentent son murmure,  
Ses petits flots sont grossis par mes pleurs.

Que fait Tristan ? ah, plus d'une victoire  
Du los d'honneur lui décerne le prix !  
La table ronde élève aux cieux sa gloire :  
Chétive hélas ! il n'entend pas mes cris.

Ma Brangien, ma tant fidelle amie,  
Rappelles toi Tristan, son doux maintien,  
Quand il disoit, ' Fors la parque ennemie,  
' Ma chère Yseult, ne rompra mon lien.

' Bien asservi dans tant doux vasselage,  
' Vas, ton Tristan ne desire que toi,  
' Si los je quiers, c'est pour t'en faire hommage,  
' Si vivre veux, c'est pour garder ma foi.

' *Boire amoureux*, c'est trompeuse magic ;  
' Desirs brulans, c'est flamme de tes yeux ;  
' Nos vœux secrets, c'est douce sympathie ;  
' Nos doux liens, c'est bien l'œuvre des dieux.'

## TRANSLATION.

Sweet silence, shadowy bower, and verdant laire,  
 Ye court my troubled sprite to take repose ;  
 Whilst I, such dear remembrance rises there,  
 I, waken every echo with my woes.

Within these woods, by nature's hand array'd,  
 A fountain springs, and feeds a thousand flowers ;  
 Ah ! how my groans do all its murmurs aid !  
 How my sad eyes do swell it with their showers !

What doth my knight the while ?—to him is given  
 A double meed ; in love, and arms' emprise :  
 Him the round table elevates to heaven !  
 Tristan !—ah me ! he hears not Yseult's cries.

Brangien, my friend, the truest friend alive ;  
 Recall my Tristan's look, his voice benign,  
 Then when he told me,—‘ Fate alone shall rive,  
 ‘ Yseult, my dear, the chain that binds me thine.

‘ In such mild vassalage right well appay'd,  
 ‘ Thy Tristan seeks for nought but thee alone :  
 ‘ I wish for fame—but at thy feet 'tis laid ;  
 ‘ For life, but 'tis to make my fealty known.

‘ *The amorous draught*, 'tis magical deceit ;  
 ‘ Inflam'd desire, 'tis brightness from thy eyne :  
 ‘ Our secret vows, they're sympathies most sweet ;  
 ‘ Our bonds of love, a workmanship divine.'

The last piece of poetry introduced in this romance forms an excellent contrast to the preceding. It is sung by Tristan, at a moment when, enjoying a temporary respite from the ceaseless persecutions of King Marc, he is conducting the beautiful Yseult to a secure asylum, the castle of 'La Joyeuse Garde,' the seat of his friend Sir Lancelot.

This species of poem is called a *triolet*, and its structure is rather complicated; the first couplet being repeated at the end, and the first line in the middle of each stanza. Like the *rondeau* and the *virelai* (the latter of which required the return of the first entire stanza at stated intervals), it is very ancient: indeed the foolish vanity of poets in all ages, has led them to multiply the difficulties of their art. I do not recollect to have seen a *triolet* in English, though it was always a favourite with the French poets; to one of whom (Jean Mechinot, who died in 1509), is attributed the additional honour of having invented anagrams, acrostics, &c. &c.

Avec Yseult et les amours,  
 Ah que je fais un doux voyage!  
 Heureux qui peut vivre toujours  
 Avec Yseult et les amours!  
 Elle est maitresse de mes jours.  
 Près d'elle ils sont tous sans nuage.  
 Avec Yseult et les amours,  
 Ah! que je fais un doux voyage!

A' chaque instant que je te vois,  
 Dans mon cœur nait trouble agréable;  
 Mon cœur me dit, et je l'en crois,  
 (A' chaque instant que je te vois),

Que c'est pour la première fois,  
 Que tu vas m'être favorable !  
 A' chaque instant que je te vois,  
 Dans mon cœur naît trouble agréable.

L'aube du jour t'a vu partir ;  
 Yseult, n'es-tu pas fatiguée ?  
 Ce gazon invite au plaisir.  
 L'aube du jour t'a vu partir ;  
 Ah ! ne fut ce que pour dormir,  
 Descends, entrons sous la ramée.  
 L'aube du jour t'a vu partir ;  
 Yseult, n'es-tu pas fatiguée ?

## TRANSLATION.

With fair Yseult, and with love,  
 Ah ! how sweet the life I lead !  
 How blest for ever thus to rove  
 With fair Yseult and with love !  
 As she wills, I live and move,  
 And cloudless days to days succeed.  
 With fair Yseult and with love,  
 Ah ! how sweet the life I lead !

Still, as my eyes new charms perceive,  
 Soft tumults in my heart arise ;  
 My heart tells, and I believe,  
 (Still as my eyes new charms perceive,)  
 'Tis now that hour she did receive,  
 With kind ear first, her lover's sighs.  
 Still as my eye new charms perceive,  
 Soft tumults in my heart arise.



Journeying on from break of day,  
 Feel you not fatigued, my fair ?  
 Yon green turf invites to play :  
 Journeying on from break of day,  
 Ah let us to that shade away,  
 Were it but to slumber there !  
 Journeying on from break of day,  
 Feel you not fatigued, my fair ?

The next song is introduced in the romance of Flores and Blanche-Fleur. Flores is a Mahometan prince, and Blanche-Fleur a Christian princess, who had been educated as a slave at the court of the king his father. Being forced to separate himself from her, he receives, at parting, a magical ring, intended to inform him, by its brilliant or clouded appearance, of her good or ill fortune. During his absence, his only amusement is to cultivate a small garden, in which a number of white flowers are so disposed as to form the cyphers of his mistress, intermixed with his own. This garden is the scene of the following song, in which I have taken the liberty of omitting one stanza, as being equally feeble in the original and translation.

Toi, pour qui seule je respire,  
 Objèt du plus fidèle amour,  
 Flores, pour chanter son martyre,  
 Vient ici dévancer le jour.

Le soleil qui va reparoitre,  
 Peut-il m'annoncer un plaisir ?  
 Puis-je en sentir à voir renaitre,  
 Des fleurs que je ne puis t'offrir ?

Ah ! que du moins dans ces retraites  
Tout peigne aujourd'hui mon ardeur ;  
Tracez, peignez blanches fleurettes,  
Le nom charmant de Blanche-Fleur.

Ton anneau calme mes allarmes,  
Il me rassure sur tes jours ;  
Il n'est terni que par mes larmes ;  
Ah ! puisse-t-il briller toujours !

Crois moi, la seule sympathie,  
M'éclaireroit sur ton malheur :  
Pour savoir le sort de m'amie,  
Mon talisman est dans mon cœur.

Dieu de Blanche-Fleur, je t'implore  
Je jure de suivre ta loi,  
Si par toi celle que j'adore,  
Peut un jour me donner sa foi.

## TRANSLATION.

Fair, for whom I breathe, for whom  
I glow with love to last for aye !  
Flores, here to chaunt his doom,  
Hastes, or ever breaks the day.

The sun begins to re-appear ;  
Can this bring aught of joy to me ?  
Of joy to see reviving here  
Those flowers I cannot offer thee ?

At least, within this plat, to day  
 Let all things paint my true love's power :  
 And ye, flowrets fair, portray  
 The charming name of my *Fair-Flower*.

Thy ring composes all my fears ;  
 That thou art safe by this I know :  
 'Tis dimm'd by nothing but my tears :  
 Ah ! may it ever sparkle so !

Yet trust me, sympathy alone,  
 Thy weal or woe would soon impart :  
 To make my true love's hap be known,  
 My talisman is in my heart.

Thou, mighty God of my *Blanche-Fleur*,  
 To thee I'll bow for evermore ;  
 So, by thy aid I may procure  
 The hand of her whom I adore.

The only remaining piece of poetry in the French volume is an attempt to revive the celebrated song of Rolland, which was said to have had the most animating effect on the courage of the Norman soldiery, and to have been the prelude to the decisive victory at Hastings. M. de Tressan is of opinion, that if any vestiges of this ancient war-song still remain, they ought to be found among the peasants of the Pyrenees ; and he adds, that the Marquis du Viviers Lausac, whose estates were situated in those mountains, had collected several fragments, which appear to belong to the poem in question.

These fragments were united by M. de Tressan, and framed into the following sketch :

O Rolland ! honneur de la France,  
 Que par toi mon bras soit vainqueur !  
 Dirige le fer de ma lance  
 A' percer le front ou le cœur  
 Du fier ennemi qui s'avance !  
 Que son sang, coulant à grands flots,  
 De ses flancs, ou de sa visière,  
 Bouillonne encor sur la poussière,  
 En baignant les pieds des chevaux !  
 O Rolland ! &c.

## TRANSLATION.

O Rolland ! the renown of France !  
 Urge my arm with conquering might !  
 Guide the steel-head of my lance,  
 The proud front or heart to smite,  
 Of what foe soe'er advance !  
 May I see life's gushing flood,  
 From shatter'd helm, or mangled side,  
 Mix with dust its bubbling tide,  
 And bathe my courser's hoofs in blood.

---

For the purpose of bringing together all Mr. Way's smaller compositions, I shall take the liberty of adding to these beautiful specimens of translated poetry, a small original poem which has been already printed by his permission, but which it is now time to restore to its proper owner. Mr. Way

sent it to me in 1790, together with some extracts from 'England's Helicon' (a scarce miscellany of the 16th century), for the purpose of being inserted in a compilation then printing, under the title of 'Specimens of the Early English Poets.' Having received no intimation of its being modern, I concluded (as a much better judge might possibly have done) that this was one of those few happy effusions of our old writers, in which an elegant thought had not been overwhelmed by a profusion of ornament; or that its uniform elegance was owing to its having been abridged from a much longer poem. The next post, however, informed me, that Mr. Way had employed me, as Moliere used his old woman, for the purpose of trying his talents on an unpractised ear, before he ventured to submit it to the severity of general criticism.

#### THE IVY.

How yonder Ivy courts the oak,  
And clips it with a false embrace!  
So I abide a wanton's yoke,  
And yield me to a smiling face:  
And both our deaths will prove, I guess,  
The triumph of unthankfulness.

How fain the tree would swell its rind!  
But, vainly trying, it decays,  
So fares it with my shackled mind;  
So wastes the vigour of my days:  
And soon our deaths will prove, I guess,  
The triumph of unthankfulness.

A lass, forlorn for lack of grace,  
 My kindly pity first did move ;  
 And, in a little moment's space,  
 This pity did engender love :  
 And now my death must prove, I guess,  
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

For now she rules me with her look,  
 And round me winds her harlot chain ;  
 Whilst, by a strange enchantment struck,  
 My nobler will recoils in vain.  
 And soon my death will prove, I guess,  
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

But, had the oak denied its shade,  
 The weed had trail'd in dust below ;  
 And she, had I her suit gainsaid,  
 Might still have pined in want and woe :  
 Now, both our deaths will prove, I guess,  
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

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If the foregoing were considered as an insulated specimen, it would probably be thought an unusual instance of successful imitation ; but the reader of the preceding pages will have observed, that this antiquated style was become perfectly familiar to the translator of the fabliaux. The earliest of Mr. Way's compositions, which I have seen, are a description of the *Montem*, written at Eton, and some love-elegies composed at Oxford : the former, a Hudibrastic poem in imitation of Butler ; the latter, constructed on the model of Pope, and



exhibiting his characteristick elegance of diction, and uniformity of cadence. But the style of the *fabliaux* may be considered as original; it is not copied from any individual writer, but is evidently the appropriate manner of the author, formed upon a deliberate and attentive comparison of all the best writers who have distinguished the several periods of our literature. Indeed, the peculiarity of Mr. Way's studies suggested the choice of his subjects: his taste led him to poetry, and his indolence to translation; and he found, in translating the publications of M. Le Grand and M. de Tressan, an employment perfectly suited to his favourite and habitual modes of expression.

Mr. Gray has observed, in one of his letters to Mr. West, that 'the language of poetry is never the language of the day;' and his correspondent, without quite acceding to the universality of this axiom, remarks, in his turn, that 'old words 'revived are of excellent use in tales: they add (says he) a 'certain drollery to the comic, and a romantic gravity to the 'serious, which are both charming in their kind; and this 'way of charming Dryden understood very well.' This is certainly true: besides which, there are many obvious reasons for endeavouring to preserve such old words as are not quite obsolete and unintelligible, because they are generally simple, often very energetic, and seldom exactly synonymous with their modern substitutes: at all events, though they should be unnecessary for the purpose of giving strength or precision, they have the merit of giving variety to the sentence.

But the mere adoption of a few antiquated words is not alone sufficient to constitute an antiquated style. La Fontaine, whom the French consider as a model of elegant simplicity, and whose phraseology is now regarded as almost

essential to every humorous composition, has been more solicitous to imitate the construction and grammatical arrangement of Clement Marot, and other poets of the 16th century, than to engraft on modern language a number of words gleaned from obsolete glossaries. He seems to have been aware, that from the mechanism of the present European languages, in which so much is performed by prepositions and auxiliary verbs, their phraseology must, of necessity, become languid and diffuse, in the same proportion as they advance in precision and exactness of meaning; and that the ruder constructions of sentences in use amongst our ancestors, had a conciseness and rapidity which is scarcely attainable by the more artificial rules of modern composition. At the same time it was evident that these advantages were balanced, in the works of the early writers, by correspondent defects; that one rich and energetic verse was frequently accompanied by a number of confused and frigid lines, and that this inequality of style, which could only be excused during the infancy of criticism, would not be tolerated by modern readers. This seems to have suggested to him the expedient of adopting that strange kind of measure (which, from his example, is become fashionable in France), in which the duration of the line is regulated only by the meaning, and consists of any number of syllables, from one to ten, that may happen to suit the convenience of the writer.

Such a contrivance, however, is only a mode of evading the difficulty which Mr. Way wished to overcome. Though he felt that it was impossible to unite, into a consistent and uniform style, the elaborate diction and musical cadences of Pope, with the artless syntax and irregular numbers of Chaucer; yet he conceived that a language of *perfect simplicity*

is capable of a great deal of variety, and that it may, by proper gradations, be brought to assume almost any character; and to assimilate with the appropriate diction of every period of our literature. 'He that will write well in any tongue' (says old Roger Ascham), must follow the counsel of 'Aristotle: to speak *as the common people do*; to think as 'wise men do:' and a copious model of this popular style is preserved in the common English translation of the sacred writings. From this, Mr. Way principally formed his vocabulary; to which he has endeavoured to give the colouring of a somewhat higher antiquity, by adopting a number of elliptical phrases; by occasionally throwing the rhyme on an unimportant syllable; and by a few similar imitations of the characteristick negligence of our early versifiers.

These remarks, compiled from a few hints contained in Mr. Way's papers, are not inserted with any view of conciliating the favour of the reader towards a work, the failure or success of which can no longer either disappoint or gratify the wishes of its author; but for the purpose of recording those opinions which gave a direction to his efforts. A translation of a few obsolete Norman stories can only please by the graces of language and versification; but, where these are found, the reader often feels a degree of interest in exploring the sources from whence his amusement is derived, and in searching, through the history of the author, for those peculiar opinions and habits which modify the effects of general education, and produce the differences of literary character observable in contemporary writers, in the same manner as the infinitely various combinations of similar features distinguish the physical individuals.

It is a trite observation, that the life of an author is seldom

capable of affording much amusement to the reader ; and that of Mr. Way was particularly barren of incident : for his biographer would have little to relate, except that he was educated at Eton, from whence he went to Oxford, and afterwards to the Temple ; and that having married early in life, he retired almost immediately to a small country seat in Essex, where he died, on the 26th of April, 1799, after a very short illness, in the 43d year of his age. Finding himself possessed of a fortune which seemed to remove the absolute necessity of addicting himself to any profession, though insufficient without strict economy to meet the wants of a growing family, he voluntarily devoted himself to retirement, which was not much interrupted by an annual visit of a month to some near relations in the country, and by a fortnight usually allotted to an old friend in London. Under such circumstances it was scarcely possible that he should fail to contract some peculiarities ; because, being neither solicitous for wealth nor power, and having no habitual occupations or amusements which required the assistance of society, he was not likely to imitate, or even to notice the vicissitudes which fashion is daily producing in the dress, and gestures, and manners, and language, and opinions of what is called the world. He conceived that happiness is the only rational object of pursuit ; and he believed that the means of happiness are to be found in the practice of religion. The history of that religion therefore, the means by which it was established, the evidence on which it rests, the hopes it holds out, the duties it inculcates, and the opinions of its different sectaries, became the object of his constant studies and daily meditation. His principal amusement was literature, and particularly poetry : and from this choice of occupations and amusements,

a choice dictated partly by reflection, and partly, perhaps, by the effects of situation and early habit, he certainly acquired such a constant flow of cheerfulness, as a life of more activity and a greater variety of resource, often fails to produce.

It has been remarked, that he had some peculiarities ; but they were such as it is not easy to describe, because they were not the result of eccentricity, or of any marked deviation from general habits. There was nothing in them on which ridicule could fasten. His manners were easy and unembarrassed, and his address particularly attractive, from being marked with that best sort of politeness which is the expression of benevolence. But that perfect simplicity of demeanour which borrows nothing from imitation, has certainly a singular appearance in the eyes of those who are only conversant with artificial society : perhaps, indeed, few peculiarities are more striking than a total absence of all affectation.

His conversation was very characteristic, and extremely amusing ; particularly on those topics which seemed most remote from his usual pursuits, and in which he was led to take an interest only by that kindness of disposition which prevented him from viewing with indifference any amusement of his friends. There are probably few subjects less propitious to the display of literary acquirements than the discussion of a fox-chace, yet I have seen him voluntarily engage even with this untoward argument : and he applied with such taste and sagacity the learning he had acquired from Master Turberville and the Book of St. Albans ; his language was so picturesque ; and he drew so comical a parallel between the opinions of practitioners in the science in different ages, that the effect was scarcely less striking than if Sir Tristram, or King Arthur, had unexpectedly descended amongst a



company of modern sportsmen. On all occasions the Cervantic turn of his humour was singularly heightened by his researches in antiquarian knowledge.

It is impossible to consider such a simple and amiable character without lamenting that he neglected to become his own biographer; because no species of writing, perhaps, is more capable of uniting amusement with utility than the genuine unvarnished picture of private life; and certainly no species of writing is so uncommon. Many, indeed, have professed to lay the whole contents of their memory before the publick, and to expose all their thoughts and actions to its inspection: but in these reports of their conscience, whether under the humble name of 'confessions,' or the more sincere title of 'appeals to posterity,' we generally find modes of acting and feeling more remote from common nature, than those of an Amadis or a Cassandra; and are unable to draw any practical lesson from such a delineation, unless it be that much real vice and folly may result from a sickly sensibility and an over-delicate organization.

An eminent French writer has observed, that even in novels, and other fictitious descriptions of human nature, where the hero and heroine are rewarded by the completion of all their wishes, their happiness is announced, indeed, but never particularized: and that no writer has yet been found, whose confidence in his imagination and powers of amusement, was so sturdy as to cope with the monotony of domestick felicity. If this sarcastic remark be at all just, it must be because the painter of ideal life is in want of real models from which he may copy his delineations. In every other science we find authentick records of experiments, which have been made with caution, and described with minute and circumstantial



accuracy ; but in the great art of being happy, the experience of every man becomes useless to the rest of the world. Those who are most attached to life, and most desirous of protracting its duration, have probably passed some hours which they would willingly have retrenched from the sum of existence, and have endeavoured, with more or less success, to quicken their passage. It may be presumed, therefore, that the history of a practical moralist, who was forced to construct his scheme of happiness with common materials, and to fight the tediousness of life with weapons which are within every man's reach, would prove neither useless nor unentertaining. Such a moralist was Mr. Way. He was not, like the imaginary Rasselas, a prince, or a traveller ; but he found, in the affection of his wife, in the duty of his children, and the hopes afforded by religion, a compensation for all the disappointments and miseries to which life is subject.

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For the purpose of exhibiting a specimen of the poetical style which prevailed in England, at the time when many of the French fabliaux were composed, Mr. Way had intended to place at the end of this volume, Lydgate's translation of the 'Lay de Oiselet' (Lay of the Little Bird), which was printed by Copland, under the title of 'The Chorle and the Byrde,' and afterwards inserted under the altered appellation of 'Hermes's Bird,' in Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum*. And as that piece would have fully answered Mr. Way's intentions, by convincing the reader that it was impossible to adopt,

in a publication intended for readers of the present day, a phraseology so very obsolete as that of Lydgate, I should have considered it as my duty to follow the wishes of my friend, but that I thought the same purpose might be answered by means of a much more amusing poem, which had not hitherto appeared in print, and which is cited with some praise in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, and in Mr. Warton's *History*. This is the Lay of *Launfal* (*Lanval*), translated from Mlle. Marie's French original, by Thomas Chestre, who flourished, as our poetical antiquaries suppose, in the reign of Henry VI. ; and who seems to have given a faithful, as well as spirited version of this old Breton story.

I have only to add, that the transcript from the original MSS. in the Cotton Library, was made by a gentleman on whose fidelity the reader may safely rely ; and that in the printed copy I have exactly adhered to that transcript : this old mode of spelling will, perhaps, at first appear rather puzzling to some readers ; but I have endeavoured, by means of glossarial notes, to render the story as intelligible as I could, without departing from the obsolete orthography.

## COTTON MS. CALIGULA, A. 11.

## LAUNFAL MILES.

*Be* <sup>(1)</sup> dougty Artour's *dawes*, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 That hold Engelond yn good lawes,  
 Ther fell a wondyr cas,  
 Of a *ley* <sup>(3)</sup> that was ysette,  
 That *hygt* <sup>(4)</sup> Launfal, and *hatte gette* ; 5  
 Now herkeney how hyt was.

Dougty Artour, som whyle,  
 Sojournede yn Kardeuyle,  
 Wyth joye and greet solas :  
 And knyghtes that were profitable, 10  
 With Artour of the round table ;  
 Never noon better ther *nas*. <sup>(5)</sup>

Sere Persevall, and Sere Gawayn,  
 Syr Gyheryes, and Syr Agrafrayn,  
 And Launcelot du Lake ; 15  
 Syr Kay, and Syr Ewayn,  
 That well *coure* <sup>(6)</sup> fygte yn playn,  
 Bateles for to take.

Kyng Ban Boogt, and Kyng Bos,  
 Of *ham* <sup>(7)</sup> this was a greet *los*, <sup>(8)</sup> 20

<sup>1</sup> By.<sup>2</sup> Days.<sup>3</sup> Lay.<sup>4</sup> Hight—i. e. was called Launfal, and yet is.<sup>5</sup> Ne was (was not). <sup>6</sup> Couth, could. <sup>7</sup> Them. <sup>8</sup> Praise.

Men sawe *tho* <sup>(1)</sup> nowher *her make* : <sup>(2)</sup>  
 Syr Galafre, and Syr Launfale,  
 Wherof a noble tale,  
 Among us schall awake.

With Artour there was a bachelor, 25  
 And hadde y-be well many a ger,  
 Launfal for *sor* <sup>(3)</sup> he hygt :  
 He gaf gyftys largelyche,  
 Gold and sylever, and *clodens* <sup>(4)</sup> ryche,  
 To squyer and to knygt. 30

For hys *largesse* <sup>(5)</sup> and hys bounte,  
 The kynges stuard made was he,  
 Ten yer, y you plygt ;  
 Of all the knyghtes of the table rounde,  
 So *large* <sup>(6)</sup> ther was noon y founde, 35  
 Be dayes ne be nyzt.

So hyt befill yn the tenthe gere,  
 Marlyn was Artour's counsalere ;  
 He *radde* <sup>(7)</sup> hym for to wende  
 To Kyng Ryon, of Irlond rygt, 40  
 And fette hym ther a lady brygt,  
*Gwennere* <sup>(8)</sup> hys dougtyr, *bende*. <sup>(9)</sup>

So he dede ; and hom her brougt,  
 But Syr Launfal lykede her nogt,

1 Then. 2 Their mate, their fellow. 3 Sure. 4 Clothings,  
 clothes. 5 Liberality. 6 Liberal. 7 Advised. 8 Guenever.  
 9 Graceful, accomplished, courteous.

Ne other knyghtes that wer hende ; 45  
 For the lady *bar los of swych word*,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 That she hadde *lemmannys* <sup>(2)</sup> *unther* <sup>(3)</sup> her lord,  
 So *fele* <sup>(4)</sup> ther was noon ende.

They wer ywedded, as y you say,  
 Upon a Wytsonday, 50  
 Before princes of moch pryde :  
 No man ne may telle yn tale,  
 What folk ther was at that *bredale*,<sup>(5)</sup>  
 Of countreys fer and wyde.

No nother man was yn halle ysette, 55  
 But he wer prelat, *other* <sup>(6)</sup> baronette ;  
 In herte ys nazt to hyde  
 Yf they satte nogt all ylyke :  
*Har*,<sup>(7)</sup> servyse was good and ryche,  
 Carteyn yn ech a syde. 60

And whan the lordes hadde ete yn the halle,  
 And the clothes wer drawen alle,  
 As ye mowe her and *lythe*,<sup>(8)</sup>  
 The botelers sent yn wynn,  
 To all the lordes that wer theryn, 65  
 With chere bothe glad and blythe.

The quene yaf yftes for the nonce,  
 Gold and silver and precyous stonys,

1 Bare a reputation of such import.    2 Lovers.    3 Besides.  
 4 Many.    5 Bride-ale, marriage feast.    6 Or.    7 Their.  
 8 Listen.

Her curtasye to *kythe*. <sup>(1)</sup>

Everych knygt sche gaf *broche*, <sup>(2)</sup> other ryng ; 70

But Syr Launfal sche yaf no thyng ;

That grevede hym many a *syde*. <sup>(3)</sup>

And when the bredale was at ende,

Launfal tok hys leve to *wende*, <sup>(4)</sup>

At Artour the kyng. 75

And seyde, a lettere was to hym come,

That deth hadde hys fadyr *ynome* ; <sup>(5)</sup>

He most to hys beryyng.

Tho seyde Kyng Artour, that was hende,

' Launfal, yf you wylt fro me wende, 80

' Tak wyth *the* <sup>(6)</sup> greet spendyng ;

' And my suster sones two,

' Bothe they schull with the go,

' At hom the for to bryng.'

Launfal tok leve without fable, 85

With knyghtes of the rounde table,

And wente forth yn his journé ;

Tyl he com to Karlyoun,

To the *meyrys* <sup>(7)</sup> hous of the toune,

Hys servaunt that hadde ybe. 90

The meyr stod, as ye may here,

And saw hym come ryde up *anblere*, <sup>(8)</sup>

1 Make known. 2 Properly *the tongue of a buckle*, but used to signify buckles, clasps, or almost any similar ornaments. 3 (*Sithe*) time.  
4 To go. 5 Taken. 6 Thee. 7 Mayor's, 8 On his ambler?



With two knyghtes, and other *mayné*: <sup>(1)</sup>  
*Agayns* <sup>(2)</sup> hym he hath wey ynome,  
 And seyde, 'Syr, thou art well-come,  
 'How faryth our kyng, tel me?' 95

Launfal answerede and seyde than,  
 'He faryth as well as any man,  
 'And elles greet *ruthe* <sup>(3)</sup> hyt wore;  
 'But, syr meyr, without *lesyng*, <sup>(4)</sup> 100  
 'I am *the partyb* <sup>(5)</sup> from the kyng,  
 'And that rewyth me sore.

'Ne this thar noman, benethe ne above,  
 'For the Kyng Artour's love,  
 'Onowre me never more. 105  
 'But, syr meyr, I pray the, per amour,  
 'May y take with the *séjour*?  
 'Som tyme we knewe us yore!'

The meyr stod and bethogte hym there,  
 What mygt be hys answer, 110  
 And to hym than gan he sayn,—  
 'Syr, vii knyghtes *han ber bar in ynome*, <sup>(6)</sup>  
 ('And ever y wayte whan they wyl come,)  
 'That arn of lytyll Bretayne.'

Launfal turnede hymself and *lowg*, <sup>(7)</sup> 115  
 Therof he hadde scorn inowg,

1 *Maisnie*, Fr. household, attendants. 2 Towards. 3 Pity.  
 4 Lying, deceiving. 5 Departed, i. e. separated. 6 Have here  
 their inn (*lodging*) taken. 7 Laughed.

And seyde to hys knyghtes tweyne,  
 ' Now may ye se swych ys service  
 ' Unther a lord of lytyll pryse!  
 ' How he may therof be fayn.' 120

Launfal awayward gan to ryde;  
 The meyr bad he schuld abyde,  
 And seyde in thys manere;  
 ' Syr, yn a chamber, by my orchard syde,  
 ' Ther may ye dwelle wyth joye and pryde, 125  
 ' gyf hyt your wyll were.'

Launfal *anoon ryghtes*:<sup>(1)</sup>  
 He and hys two knyghtes,  
 Sojournede there *in fere*:<sup>(2)</sup>  
 So *san gelyth*<sup>(3)</sup> hys good he besette, 130  
 That he ware yn greet dette,  
 Rygt yn the ferst yere.

So hyt befell at Pentecost,  
 Swych tyme as the holy gost,  
 Among mankend gan lygt; 135  
 That Syr Huwe, and Syr Jon,  
 Tok hir leve for to gon  
 At Syr Launfal the knygt.

They seyde, ' Sir, our robes beth to-rent,  
 ' And your tresour ys al y spent, 140

<sup>1</sup> Right anon.      <sup>2</sup> Together.  
 telligible word may possibly be a mistake in the MSS.

<sup>3</sup> This unin-

‘ And we goth ewyll y dygt ;’  
 Thanne sayde Syr Launfal to the knyghtes fre,  
 ‘ Tell ye no man of my poverté,  
 ‘ For the love of God Almygt !’

The knyghtes answerede, and seyde tho, 145  
 That they n’olde hym *wreye* (‘) never mo,  
 All this worlde to wyne ;  
 With that word they wente hym fro,  
 To Glastyngbery bothe two,  
 Ther Kyng Artour was inne. 150

The Kyng sawe the knyghtes hende,  
 And agens ham he gan wende,  
 For they wer of hys kinne.  
 Noon other robes they ne hadde,  
 Than they owt with ham ladde ; 155  
 And tho wer to-tore, and thynne.

Than seyde Quene Gwenore, that was fel,  
 ‘ How faryth the prowde knygt Launfal ?  
 ‘ May he hys armes welde ?’  
 ‘ ge, madame (sayde the knyghtes than), 160  
 ‘ He faryth as wel as any man,  
 ‘ And ellys God hyt schelde !’

Moche worchyp and greet honour,  
 To Gonore the Quene, and Kyng Artour,  
 Of Syr Launfal they telde : 165  
 And seyd, ‘ he lovede us so,  
 1 Wray, bewray, betray.

‘ That he wold us ever mo,

‘ At wyll have yhelde :

‘ But upon a rayny day hyt befel,

‘ At an huntynge wente Syr Launfal,

170

‘ To chasy in holtis hore ;

‘ In our old robes we yede that day,

‘ And thus we ben ywent away,

‘ As we before hym *wore*.’<sup>(1)</sup>

Glad was Artour the king,

175

That Launfal was yn good lykyng ;

The queene hyt rewe wel sore ;

For sche wold, with all her mygt,

That he hadde be, bothe day and nygt,

In paynys more and more.

180

Upon a day of the Trinité,

A feste, of greet solempnité,

In Carlyoun was holde ;

Erles and barones of that countré,

Ladyes, and *borieces* <sup>(2)</sup> of that cité,

185

Thyder come both *yough* <sup>(3)</sup> and old.

But Launfal, for hys poverté,

Was not bede to that *semblé*, <sup>(4)</sup>

*Lyte* <sup>(5)</sup> men of hym told :

The meyr to the feste was of sent ;

190

<sup>1</sup> Were—*i. e.* as we were dressed when in his company.

<sup>2</sup> Burgesses.

<sup>3</sup> Young.

<sup>4</sup> Assembly.

<sup>5</sup> Little.

The meyr's doughter to Launfal went,  
And axede yf he wolde,

In halle dyne with her that day;  
The *damesele*,<sup>(1)</sup> he seyde, ' nay !

' To dyne I have no herte. 195

' Thre dayes ther ben agone,

' Mete ne drynke set y noon,

' And all was for povert !

' To day to the cherche y wold have gon,

' But me *fawtede* <sup>(2)</sup> hosyn and shon, 200

' Clenly brech, and scherte,

' And, for defawte of clodynge,

' Ne mygte y yn with the peple *thrynge*; <sup>(3)</sup>

' No wonther *douȝ* <sup>(4)</sup> me smerte ?

' But O ying *damesele*, y pray ye, 205

' Sadel and brydel leve thou me,

' A whyle for to ryde ?

' That y mygte comfortede be,

' By a launde *unther* <sup>(5)</sup> thys cyté,

' All yn thys *undern tyde*.<sup>6</sup> 210

Launfal dygte hys courser,

Withoute *knave*, <sup>(6)</sup> other squyer,

1 Damoisel, bachelor, young man.

2 Faulted—i. e. failed.

3 Throng.

4 Though.

5 The word *under* is used by our author with great latitude ; indeed it seems that as yet very few of the prepositions had a strict and definite application. In the next line *undern tyde* seems to mean afternoon.

6 Boy.

He rood with lytyll pryde ;  
 Hys hors *slod*, <sup>(1)</sup> and fel yn the fen,  
 Wherefore hym scornede many men, 215  
 Abowte hym fer and wyde.

*Pouerly* <sup>(2)</sup> the knygt to hors gan sprynge ;  
 For to *dryve away looking*, <sup>(3)</sup>  
 He rood toward the west :  
 The wether was hot the *undern tyde*, 220  
 He lygte adoun, and gan abyde  
 Under a fayr forest.

And, for hete of the wedere,  
 Hys mantell he *feld* <sup>(4)</sup> togydere,  
 And sette hym down to reste : 225  
 Thus sat the knygt yn symplyté ;  
 In the schadowe, unther a tre,  
 This that hym liked best.

As he sat, yn sorow, and sore, 230  
 He sawe come out of holtes hore,  
 Gentyll maydenes two ;  
 Har kerteles wer of Inde *sandel* ; <sup>(5)</sup>  
 Ilasced smalle, jolyf, and welle ;  
 Ther myght noon gayer go. 235

Har manteles wer of grene felwet,  
 Ybordured with gold, rygt wel ysette,

1 Slid.

2 Powerfully.

3 To avoid the spectators.

4 Folded.

5 A thin silk. Chaucer writes it *sendall*.



*Ipelured* <sup>(1)</sup> with *gris* and *gro*: <sup>(2)</sup>

Har heddys wer dygt well with alle,

Everych hadde oon a jolyf coronall,

240

Wyth sixty gemmys and mo.

Har faces wer whyt as snow, or downe ;

Har *rode* <sup>(3)</sup> was rede, har eyn wer broune,

I saw never non swyche,

That oon bar of gold a basyn,

245

That other a towayle whyt and fyn,

Of selk that was good and ryche.

Har kercheves wer well *schyre* <sup>(4)</sup>

Arayd with ryche gold wyre :

Launfal began to *sych*. <sup>(5)</sup>

250

They come to hym over the heth ;

He was curteys, and agens hem geth ;

And greette *hem* <sup>(6)</sup> myldelyche.

‘ Damesels (he seyde) God you se !’

‘ Syr knygt (they seyde) well the be !’

255

‘ Our lady, dame Tryamour,

‘ Bad thou schuldest com speke with here,

‘ gyf it were thy wylle, Sere,

‘ Withoute more séjour.’

1 Furred.

2 Gris and gro (gray) seem synonymous ; but as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, the word *gris* is used by Chaucer and others, to express generally any valuable fur.

3 Complexion.

4 Sheer, completely.

5 Sigh.

6 Them.

Launfal hem grauntede curteyslyche, 260

And went wyth hem myldelyche ;

They wheryn whyt as flour ;

And when they come in the forest an hyȝ,

A pavilioun *yteld* <sup>(1)</sup> he syȝ,

With merthe and *mochell* <sup>(2)</sup> honour. 265

The pavyloun was *wrouth*, <sup>(3)</sup> for sothe y wys,

All of werk of *Sarsynys*; <sup>(4)</sup>

The *pomelles*, <sup>(5)</sup> of crystall ;

Upon the top an *ern* <sup>(6)</sup> ther stod,

Of *bouruede* <sup>(7)</sup> gold, ryche and good, 270

Ifloreshed with ryche *amall*. <sup>(8)</sup>

Hys eyn wer carbonkeles bryȝt,

As the mone the schon a nyȝt,

That *spreteth* <sup>(9)</sup> out ovyr all.

Alysaundre the conquerour, 275

Ne Kyng Artour in hys most honour,

Ne hadde noon *swyche quell*. <sup>(10)</sup>

He fond in the pavyloun

The kynges douȝter of Olyroun ;

Dame Tryamour that hyȝte. 280

Her fadyr was kyng of Fayrye,

Of *occient* <sup>(11)</sup> far and nyȝe,

A man of mochel myȝte.

1 Constructed, Fr. 2 Much. 3 Wrought. 4 *Sarrasinois*, Fr.  
Saracen, eastern work. 5 The knobs on the tent poles. 6 An eagle.  
7 Burnished. 8 Email, Fr. enamel. 9 Spreadeth.  
10 I cannot understand this phrase. 11 Ocean.

In the pavyloun he fond a bed of prys,  
*Ibeled* (¹) with purpur *bys*, (²) 285  
 That *semyle* (³) was of sygte;  
 Ther inne lay that lady gent,  
 That after Syr Launfal hadde ysent  
 That *lefsome* (⁴) *lemede* (⁵) brygt.

For hete her clothes down sche dede, 290  
 Almost to her gerdyl stede;  
 Than lay sche uncovert:  
 She was as whyt as lylie yn May,  
 Or snow that sneweth in wynterys day;  
 He seygh never non so *pert*. (⁶) 295

The rede rose, when sche ys newe,  
 Agens her *rode* (⁷) nes naugt of hewe,  
 I dar wel say yn *sert*. (⁸)  
 Her here schon as gold wyre,  
 May no man rede her atyre, 300  
 Ne naugt well thenke yn herte.

Sche seyde, 'Launfal, my leman swete,  
 'Al my joye for the y lete,  
 'Swetyng par amour!  
 'Ther nys no man in Cristenté 305  
 'That I love so moche as the;  
 'Kyng neyther emperour!'

1 Covered.

2 Should it be 'purple and bice,' i. e. blue?

3 Seemly.

4 Lovesome, i. e. lovely.

5 Shone.

6 Seemly, beautiful.

7 Complexion.

8 Certes, certainly.

Launfal beheld that swete wygt,

All hys love in her was lygt;

And keste that swete flour.

310

And sat adoun her bysyde,

And seyde, 'Swetyng! what so betyde,

'I am to thyn honour!'

Sche seyde, 'Syr knygt, gentyl and hende,

'I wot thy stat, order, and ende;

315

'Be naugt aschamed of me!

'Yf thou wylt truly to me take,

'And all wemen for me forsake,

'Ryche I wyll make the.

'I wyll the geve an *alner*,<sup>(1)</sup>

320

'I made of sylk and of gold cler,

'Wyth fayre ymages thre:

'As oft thou putttest the hond ther inne,

'A mark of gold thou shalt wynne,

'In wat place that thou be.

325

'Also,' sche seyde, 'Syr Launfal,

'I geve the Blaunchard, my stede bel,

'And Gyfre my owen knave:

'And of my armes *oo pensel*;<sup>(2)</sup>

'With thre ermyns ypeynted well,

330

'Also thou shalt have.

<sup>1</sup> Alner for almoner—i. e. *aumoniere*, a purse.

<sup>2</sup> A pencil (penoncel) is a small banner.

‘ In werre, ne yn tournament,  
 ‘ Ne schall the greve no knyghtes *dent*, <sup>(1)</sup>  
 ‘ So well I schall the save:’—

Than answerede the gentyl knygt, 335  
 And seyde, ‘ Gramercy, my swete wygt,  
 ‘ No better *hepte y have*.’ <sup>(2)</sup>

The damesel gan her up sette,  
 And bad her maydenes her fette  
 To hyr hondys water clere : 340  
 Hyt was ydo wythout lette,  
 The cloth was spred, the bord was sette,  
 They went to have sopere.

Mete and drynk they had afyn,  
 Pyement, clare, and reynysch wyn, 345  
 (And elles greet wonder yt wer),  
 Whan they had sowpeth, and the day was gon,  
 They went to bedde, and that anon ;  
 Launfal and sche in fere.

For play lytyll they sclepte that nygt ; 350  
 Till on morn hyt was day lygt,  
 Sche bad hym aryse anoon.  
 Hy seyde to hym ‘ Syr, gantyl knygt,  
 ‘ And thou wylt speke with me any *wygt*, <sup>(3)</sup>  
 ‘ To a *derne stede* <sup>(4)</sup> thou gon. 355

1 Dint, stroke.

2 Hoped I to have.

3 Whit.

4 A dark place.

' Well privyly I woll come to the,  
 ' No man alyve ne schall me se ;  
 ' As styлле as any ston.'

Tho was Launfal glad and blythe ;  
 Ne cowde no man hys joy kythe, 360  
 And kest her well good won.

' But of o thyng, syr knygt, I warne the ;  
 ' That thou make no bost of me,  
 ' For *no kennes mede*.<sup>(1)</sup>  
 ' And yf thou dost, y warny the before, 365  
 ' All my love thou hast forlore.'—  
 And thus to hym sche seyde.

Launfal took his leve to wende ;  
 Gyfre *kedde* <sup>(2)</sup> *that he was hende*,  
 And brought Launfal hys stede ; 370  
 Launfal lepte into the *arsoun*,<sup>(3)</sup>  
 And rood hom to Karlyoun,  
 In hys pouer wede.

Tho was the knygt yn herte at wylle :  
 In hys chamber he hyld hym styлле, 375  
 All that undern tyde ;  
 Than come ther thorwgh the cyté ten,  
 Well *yharneyseyth* <sup>(4)</sup> men,  
 Upon ten *somers* <sup>(5)</sup> ryde.

1 No kind of reward.

2 Perceived that he was ready.

3 Arçon, Fr.

4 Well armed, or well dressed.

5 Baggage horses, *sommari*, Italian.



Some with sylver, some with gold, 380  
 All to Syr Launfal hyt *schold*, (<sup>1</sup>)  
 To presente hym with pryde ;  
 With ryche clothes, and armure brygt ;  
 They axede after Launfal the knygt,  
 Whar he gan abyde. 385

The yong men wer clodeth yn ynde ;  
 Gyfre, he rood all behynde,  
 Up Blaunchard whyt as flour :  
 Tho seyde a boy, that yn the market stod,  
 ' How *fer* (<sup>2</sup>) schall all this good ? 390  
 ' Tell us per amour.'

Tho seyde Gyfre, ' hyt ys ysent,  
 ' To Syr Launfal yn present,  
 ' That hath leved in greet dolour.'  
 Than seyde the boy, ' nys he but *awreche* (<sup>3</sup>) 395  
 ' What thar any man of hym recche :  
 ' At the meyre's hous he taketh séjour.'

At the meyre's hous they gan alygte,  
 And presented the noble knygte,  
 With swych good as hym was sent : 400  
 And when the meyr seyge that richesse,  
 And Syr Launfale's noblenesse,  
 He held hymself foule yschent.

<sup>1</sup> Should go.

<sup>2</sup> Fare—to whom shall it go ?

<sup>3</sup> He is not without his revenge, (*i. e.* compensation) whatever any man may think of him.

Tho seyð the meyr 'Syr, per charité,  
 ' In hall today that thou wylte ete wyth me:— 405  
 ' Yesterday, y hadde yment,  
 ' At the feste we wold have be *ynsame*; (¹)  
 ' And yhadde solas and game;  
 ' And erst thou wer y went.'

' Syr meyr, God *for yelde* (²) the! 410  
 ' Whyles y was yn my poverté,  
 ' Thou bede me never dyne;  
 ' Now I have more gold and fe,  
 ' That myne frendes have sent me,  
 ' Than thou and alle *dyne*! (³) 415

Ye meyr for schame away gede;  
 Launfal in purpure gan hym *schrede*, (⁴)  
 Ipelured with whyt ermyne.  
 All that Launfal hadde *borwyth* (⁵) before  
 Gyfre, be tale, and be score, 420  
 gald it well and fyne.

Launfal helde ryche festes;  
 Fyfty fedde pouere gestes,  
 That yn myschef wer.  
 Fyfty bougte stronge stedes; 425  
 Fyfty yaf ryche wedes,  
 To knyghtes and squyer:

Fyfty rewardede relygyous;  
 Fyfty delyverede pouere prysouns,

1 Together. 2 Repay. 3 Thine. 4 Shroud. 5 Borrowed.

And made ham quyt and schere, 430  
 Fyfty clodede gestours ;  
 To many men he dede honours,  
 In countreys fer and nere.

All the lordes of Karlyoun  
 Lette crye a tournament yn the toun, 435  
 For love of Syr Launfal ;  
 And for Blaunchard hys good stede,  
 To wyte how hym wolde spede,  
 That was ymade so well.

And whan the day was ycome, 440  
 That the justes were yn ynome,  
 They ryde out all so *snell* : (1)  
 Trompours gon har bemes blowe,  
 The lordes ryden out a rowe,  
 That were yn that castell. 445

Ther began the tournament,  
 And ech knygt leyd on other good dent,  
 With mases and with swordes bothe ;  
 Me mygte yse some therfore,  
 Stedes ywonne, and some ylore, 450  
 And knyghtes wonther wroght.

Sith the rounde table was,  
 A bettere tournament ther nas,  
 I dar wel saye for sothe :  
 Many a lord of Karlyoun 455

That day were y bore adoun,  
 Certayn, withouten othe.

Of Karlyoun, the rych constable  
 Rod to Launfal, without fable,  
 He nolde no longer abyde ;  
 He smot to Launfal and he to hym :  
 Well sterne strokes, and well grym,  
 Ther wer yn eche a syde.

460

Launfal was of hym yware,  
 Out of hys sadell he hym bare,  
 To ground that ylke tyde :  
 And whan the constable was bore adoun,  
 Gyfre lept yn to the arsoun,  
 And away he gan to ryde.

465

The Earl of Chester *thus of segh* ; <sup>(1)</sup>  
 For wrythe yn herte he was *wod negh*, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 And rood to Syr Launfale ;  
 And smot hym in the helm on hegh,  
 That the crest adoun flegh,  
 Thus seyd the Frensch tale.

470

475

Launfal was mochel of mygt,  
 Of hys stede he dede hym lygt,  
 And bar hym down in the dale :  
 Than come ther, Syr Launfal abowte,  
 Of Walssche knyghtes a greet rowte,  
 The numbre y *nat how fale*. <sup>(3)</sup>

480

1 Saw this.

2 Nigh mad.

3 I know not how many.

Than mygte *mede* <sup>(1)</sup> scheldes ryve,  
 Speres to-breſte, and to-dryve,  
 Behynde and eke before ;  
 Thoruȝ Launfal and hys ſtedes dent, 485  
 Many a knygt, varement,  
 To ground was ybore.

So the prys of that tournay  
 Was delyvered to Launfal that day,  
 Without othe yſwore. 490  
 Launfal rood to Karlyoun,  
 To the meyr's houſe in the toun,  
 And many a lord hym before.

And than the noble knygt Launfal  
 Held a feſte, ryche and ryall, 495  
 That leſte fourtenygt :  
 Erles and barouns fale,  
 Semely wer ſette yn *ſale*, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 And ryally wer ydygt.

And every [time] Dame Teramour, 500  
 Sche com to Syr Launfal bowr,  
 A day when hyt was nygt ;  
 Of all that ever wer ther tho,  
 Segh *he* <sup>(3)</sup> non but they two,  
 Gyfre, and Launfal the knygt. 515

A knygt ther was yn Lumbardy,  
 To Syr Launfal hadde he greet envye ;

1 Perhaps it ſhould be *me do*—i. e. men do. 2 *Salle*, hall. 3 Her.

Syr Valentyne he hygte:  
 He herde speke of Syr Launfal,  
 That he couth justy well, 510  
 And was a man of mochell mygte.

Syr Valentyne was wonther strong,  
 Fyftene feete he was longe,  
*Hym poȝte* <sup>(1)</sup> he brente brygte,  
*But* <sup>(2)</sup> he mygte with Launfal pleye, 515  
 In the feld, betwene ham tweye,  
 To justy, other to fygte.

Syr Valentyne sat yn hys halle,  
 His massengere he let y-calle,  
 And seyde, he moste wende 520  
 To Syr Launfall the noble knyght,  
 That was yholde so mychel of mygt,  
 To Bretayne he wolde hym sende.

‘ And sey him, for love of his lemman,  
 ‘ Yf sche be any gantyle woman, 525  
 ‘ Courteys *fra other bende*, <sup>(3)</sup>  
 ‘ That he come with me to juste,  
 ‘ To kepe hys harneys from the ruste,  
 ‘ And elles hys manhod schende.’

The messenger ys forth ywent 530  
 To *tho* <sup>(4)</sup> hys lordys commaundement;  
 He hadde wynde at wylle:

<sup>1</sup> *In poeste*, Fr. in power.

<sup>3</sup> Above other beauties.

<sup>2</sup> Unless.

<sup>4</sup> To do.



Whan he was over the water ycome,  
 The way to Syr Launfal he hath ynome,  
 And grette hym with wordes styлле. 535

And seyde, 'Syr, my lord Syr Valentyne,  
 'A noble werroure and *queynte* of *gynne* <sup>(1)</sup>,  
 'Hath me sent the tylle;  
 'And prayeth the, for thy lemmanes sake,  
 'Thou schuldest with hym justes take.'— 540  
 Tho *louȝ* Launfal full styлле. <sup>(2)</sup>

And seyde, as he was gentyl knygt,  
 Thylke day a fourtenygt,  
 He wold with hym play;  
 He yaf the messenger, for that tydyng, 545  
 A noble courser and a ryng,  
 And a robe of *ray*. <sup>(3)</sup>

Launfal tok leve of Teramour,  
 That was the brygt birde yn bour,  
 And keste that swete *may*; <sup>(4)</sup> 550  
 Thanne seyde that swete wygt,  
 'Dreed the no thyng, syr gentyl knygt,  
 'Thou schalt hym sle that day.'

Launfal nolde nothing with hym have,  
 But Blaunchard hys stede, and Gyfre hys knave, 555  
 Of all hys fayr *mayne*; <sup>(5)</sup>  
 He schypede, and hadde wynd well good,

1 Artful of genius.

2 Smiled in silence.

3 Array.

4 Maid, Sax.

5 Attendants.

And wente over the salte flod,  
Into Lumbardye.

When he was over the water ycome, 560  
Ther the justes schulde be nome,  
In the cité of Atalye.  
Syr Valentyne hadde a greet ost,  
And Syr Launfal abatede her bost,  
With lytyll companye: 565

And whan Syr Launfal was ydygt,  
Upon Blaunchard hys stede lygt,  
With helm, and spere, and schelde;  
All that sawe hym yn armes brygt,  
*Geyde* <sup>(1)</sup> they sawe never swych a knygt, 570  
That hym wyth eyen beheld:

Tho ride togydere thes knyghtes two,  
That har schaftes *to broste bo*, <sup>(2)</sup>  
And *to-scyverede* <sup>(3)</sup> yn the felde:  
Another cours togedere they rod, 575  
That Syr Launfal helm *of glqd*, <sup>(4)</sup>  
In tale as hyt ys telde.

Syr Valentyne lough, and hadde good game;  
Hadde Launfal never so moche schame  
Beforhand yn no fygt: 580  
Gyfre kedde he was good at nede,

<sup>1</sup> Thought.

<sup>2</sup> Both burst.

<sup>3</sup> Shivered.

<sup>4</sup> *Off glod*—i. e. *glided*, *slipt*, *fell*.

And lepte upon hys maystrys stede,  
No man ne segh with sygt.

And er than thay togedere mette.

Hys lordes helm he on sette, 585

Fayre and well adygt ;

Tho was Launfal glad and blythe,

And *donkede* (<sup>1</sup>) Gyfre many syde,

For his dede so mochel of mygt ;

Syr Valentyne smot Launfal soo, 590

That hys scheld fel hym fro,

Anoon ryght in that stounde :

And Gyfre the scheld up hent,

And brogte hyt hys lord to presente,

Er hyt cam thonne to grounde. 595

Tho was Launfal glad and blythe,

And rode ayen the thrydde *syde*, (<sup>2</sup>)

As a knygt of mochell mounde ;

Syr Valentyne he smot so there.

That horse and man both deede were, 600

Gronyng with grysly wounde.

All the lordes of Atalye,

To Syr Launfal hadde greet envye,

That Valentyne was yslawe ;

And swore that he schold dye, 605

<sup>1</sup> Thanked many times.

<sup>2</sup> *Sithe*—i. e. time.

Ar he went out of Lumbardye,  
And he hongede and to-drawe.

Syr Launfal brayde out hys *falchion*.<sup>(1)</sup>  
And, as lygt as dew, he layde hem donne  
In a lytyll *drawe*:<sup>(2)</sup> 610  
And whan he hadde the lordes sclayn,  
He went ayen ynto Bretayn,  
With solas and with plaw.

The tydyng com to Artour the Kyng,  
Anoon wythout lesyng, 615  
Of Syr Launfale's noblesse;  
Anoon a *let* <sup>(3)</sup> to hym sende,  
That Launfal schuld to hym wende,  
At Seynt Jonnys Masse.

For King Artour wold a feste holde, 620  
Of erles and of barouns bolde,  
Of lordynges more and lesse.  
Syr Launfal schuld be stward of halle,  
For to *agye* <sup>(4)</sup> hys gestes alle,  
For, cowth he of largesse. 625

Launfal toke leve of Teramour,  
For to wende to Kyng Artour,  
Hys feste for to agye;  
Ther he fond merthe, and moch honour,

<sup>1</sup> Falchion.

<sup>2</sup> *Throw*—i. e. time.      <sup>3</sup> Letter.

<sup>4</sup> To *guide*, or marshal his guests.

Ladyes that wer well brygt yn bour, 630  
Of knyghtes greet companye.

Fourty dayes leste the feste,  
Ryche, ryal, and honeste,  
What help hyt for to lye?  
And at the fourty dayes ende, 635  
The lordes toke har leve to wende,  
Everych yn hys partye.

And after mete Syr *Taweyn*, (1)  
Syr Gyeryes, and Agra fayn,  
And Syr Launfal also, 640  
Wente to daunce upon the grene,  
Unther the tour, ther lay the quene,  
Wyth syxty ladyes and mo.

To lede the daunce Launfal was set,  
For hys largesse he was lovede the bet, 645  
Certayne of alle tho:  
The quene lay out, ond behelde them alle,  
' I se (sche seyde) daunce large Launfalle,  
' To hym than wyll I go.

' Of all the knyghtes that y se there, 650  
' He ys the fayreste bachelere,  
' He ne hadde never no wyf;  
' Tyde me good, other ylle,  
' I wyll go and wyte hys wyll,  
' Y love hym as my lyf.' 655

1 Probably Gawain.

Sche tok wyth her a companye,  
 The fayrest that sche mygte aspye,  
 Syxty ladyes and fyf:  
 And went hem down anoon ryghtes,  
 Ham to play among the knyghtes, 660  
 Well styлле, withouten stryf.

The quene yede to the formeste ende,  
 Betwene Launfal, and Gaweyn the hende,  
 And after her ladyes brygt:  
 To daunce they wente all yn same, 665  
 To see hem play hyt was fayr game,  
 A lady and a knygt.

They hadde menstrales of moch honours,  
 Fydelers, sytolys, and trompours,  
 And elles hyt were unrhyt: 670  
 Ther they playde, for sothe to say,  
 After mete, the somerys day,  
 All what hyt was neyg nygt.

And whane the daunce began to slake,  
 The quene gan Launfal to counsell take, 675  
 And seyde yn thys manere:  
 ‘ Sertaynlyche, syr knygt,  
 ‘ I have the lovyd with all my mygt,  
 ‘ More than thys seven gere.

‘ *But that* (¹) thou lovye me, 680  
 ‘ Sertes, y dye, for love of the!

¹ Unless.



' Launfal, my lemman-dere !'

Than answered the gentyl knygt,

' I *nell* <sup>(1)</sup> be traytour, *thay* <sup>(2)</sup> ne nygt,

' Be God that all may stere !'

685

Sche seyde—' Fy on the, thou coward,

' *An hunger worth thou bye and hard*; <sup>(3)</sup>

' That thou ever were ybore !

' That thou lyvest hyt ys pyte ;

' Thou lovest no woman, ne no woman the !

690

' Thou wer *worry* forlore !'

The knygt was sore aschamed tho ;

To speke ne mygt he forgo ;

And seyde, the quene before,

' I have loved a fayrer woman

695

' Than thou ever leydest thyn ey upon,

' Thys seven yer and more.

' Her *lotblokste made*, <sup>(4)</sup> wythoute wene,

' Mygte bet be a quene,

' Than thou yn all thy lyve.'

700

Therfore the quene was swythe wrogt ;

Sche taketh her maydenes, and forth hy goth,

Into her tour all so *blyve*. <sup>(5)</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ne will.      <sup>2</sup> Day.

<sup>3</sup> I can neither understand this line, nor the word *worry* in the last line of this stanza.

<sup>4</sup> Loathsome maid.

<sup>5</sup> Quickly.

And anon sche ley down yn her bedde,  
 (For *wrethe* <sup>(1)</sup> sycke she hyr bredde), 705  
 And swore, so most sche thryve,  
 Sche wold of Launfal be so *awreke*, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 That all the lond schuld of hym speke,  
 With inne the dayes fyfe.

Kyng Artour com fro huntynge, 710  
 Blythe and glad yn all thyng,  
 To hys chamber than wente he.  
 Anoon the quene on hym gan crye,  
 'But y be awreke, y schall dye ;  
 'Myn hert wyll breke a-thre! 715

'I spok to Launfal yn my game,  
 'And he besofte me of schame,  
 'My lemman for to be.  
 'And of a lemman hys *yelp* <sup>(3)</sup> he made,  
 'That the lodlokest mayde that sche hadde, 720  
 'Mygt be a quene above me.'

Kyng Artour was well wroth,  
 And be God he swore hys oth,  
 That Launfal schuld be sclawe :  
 He went after dogty knyghtes, 725  
 To brynge Launfal anoon ryghtes,  
 To be hongeth and to-drawe.

The knyghtes *softe* <sup>(4)</sup> hym anoone,  
 But Launfal was to hys chaumber gon,

1 Wrath. 2 Revenged. 3 Boast. 4 Sought.

To have hadde solas and plawe, 730  
 He softe his leef, but sche was lore,  
 As sche hadde warnede hym before,  
 Tho was Launfal *unfawe*.<sup>(1)</sup>

He lokede yn hys alner,  
 That fond hym spendyng all plener, 735  
 Whan that he hadde nede,  
 And ther was noon, for sooth to say :  
 And Gyfre was yryde away,  
 Upon Blaunchard hys stede,

All that he hadde before ywonne, 740  
 Hyt malt as snow agens the sunne ;  
 (In romaunce as we rede).  
 Hys armur, that was whyt as flour,  
 Hyt become of blak colour ;  
 And thus then Launfal seyde, 745

‘ Alas ! ’ he seyde, ‘ my creature,  
 ‘ How schall I from the endure,  
 ‘ Swetyng Tryamour !  
 ‘ All my joye I have forlore.  
 ‘ *And the (that me is worst fore,) 750*  
 ‘ *Than blyssful berde yn bour.*’<sup>(2)</sup>

He bet hys body and hys hedde ek ;  
 And cursede the mouth that he with spek,

<sup>1</sup> Probably un-fain.—i. e. unhappy.

<sup>2</sup> These two lines are rather obscure ; their apparent meaning is,  
 ‘ I have lost all my joy, and thee (which is my greatest misfortune)  
 ‘ thou beautiful,’ &c. The phrase, ‘ blissful bird (i. e. bride or

With care and greët dolour :  
 And, for sorow, yn that stounde, 755  
 Anoon he fell *aswowe* (¹) to grounde ;  
 With that come knyghtes four,

And bond hym, and ladde hym tho,  
 (Tho was the knygt yn doble wo),  
 Before Artour the Kyng. 760  
 Than seyde Kyng Artour,  
 ‘ Fyle ! ataynte traytour !  
 ‘ Why madest thou swyche *yelpyng* ? (²)

‘ That thy lemmannes lodlokest mayde  
 ‘ Was fayrer than my wyf, thou seyde : 765  
 ‘ That was a fowll *lesyng* ! (³)  
 ‘ And thou besoftest her, befor than,  
 ‘ That sche schold be thy lemman ;  
 ‘ That was mys proud lykyng !’

The knygt answerede, with egre mode, 770  
 Before the kyng ther he stode,  
 The quene on hym gan lye !  
 ‘ Sethe that y ever was yborn,  
 ‘ I besofte her here befor,  
 ‘ Never of no folye. 775

‘ But sche sayde y nas no man,  
 ‘ Ne that me lovede no woman,  
 ‘ Ne no womannes companye ;

‘ maiden), in bower,’ occurs in almost every poem of the 14th and 15th centuries. 1 In a swoon. 2 Boasting. 3 Lying, falsehood.

‘ And y answerede her, and sayde,  
 ‘ That my lemmannes lodlokest mayde 780  
 ‘ To be a quene was better wordye.

‘ Sertes, lordlynges, hyt ys so :  
 ‘ Y am a redy for to *tho* <sup>(1)</sup>  
 ‘ All that the court wyll loke.’  
 To say the soth wythout les, 785  
 All togedere how yt was,  
*xii knyghtes wer dryue to boke : <sup>(2)</sup>*

All they seyde ham betwene,  
 That knewe the maners of the quene,  
 And the *queste* <sup>(3)</sup> toke, 790  
 The quene bar los of swych a word,  
 That sche lovede lemmans without her lord ;  
 Har never on hyt forsoke.

Therfor, they seyden alle,  
 Hyt was long on the quene, and not on Launfal, 795  
 Therof they gon hym *skere*. <sup>(4)</sup>  
 And yf he mygte hys lemman brynge,  
 (That he made of swyche gelpynge),  
 Other the maydenes *kere*, <sup>(5)</sup>

Bryghtere than the quene of hewe, 800  
 Launfal schild be holde trewe,  
 Of that yn all manere.

1 For *thole*, suffer.

2 Were ordered to consult the law.

3 Enquiry, inquest.

4 Secure, assure.

5 Procure, *querir*, Fr.

And yf he mygt not brynge hys *lef*, (<sup>1</sup>)

He schud be hongede as a thief,

They seyden, all yn fere.

805

All yn fere they make proferynge,

That Launfal schuld hys lemman bryng ;

Hys heed he gan to *laye* : (<sup>2</sup>)

Than seyde the quene, wythout lesyng,

' gif he bryngeth a feyrer thyng,

810

' Put out my eeyn gray.'

Whan that *waiour* (<sup>3</sup>) was take on honde,

Launfal therto two *borwes* (<sup>4</sup>) fonde,

Noble knyghtes tway.

Syr Percevall, and Syr Gawayn,

815

They wer hys borwes, soth to sayn,

Tyll a certayn day.

The certayn day, I gow plygt,

Was xii moneth and fourtenygt,

That he schuld hys lemman brynge.

820

Syr Launfal, that noble knygt,

Greet sorow and care yn hym was lygt,

Hys hondys he gan wryng.

So greet sorowe hym was upon,

Gladlyche hys lyf he wold a forgon,

825

In care and in mornynge.

Gladlyche he wold hys hed forgo ;

<sup>1</sup> Lief, love.  
condition.

<sup>2</sup> He pledged his head for the performance of the  
<sup>3</sup> Wager.

<sup>4</sup> *Borrows*—i. e. pledges.



Everyche man therfore was wo,  
That wyste of that tydyng.

The certayn day was *nygyng*, (¹) 830  
Hys borowes hym broȝt before the kyng,  
The kyng recordede tho,  
And bad hym bryng hys lyf yn syȝt:  
Syr Launfal seyde that he ne myȝt,  
Therfor hym *kas* (²) well wo. 835

The kyng commaundede the barouns alle  
To yeve jugement on Launfal,  
And *dampney* (³) hym to *sclo*. (⁴)  
Than sayde the Erl of Cornewaylle,  
That was with them at that counceyle, 840  
He wyllyd naȝt do so.

‘ Greet schame hyt wer us all upon,  
‘ For to dampny that gantylman,  
‘ That hath be hend and fre ;  
‘ Thus fer, lordynges, doth be my rede ; 845  
‘ Our kyng he wyllyth another wey lede,  
‘ Out of lond Launfal schal fle.’

And as they stod thus spekyng,  
The barouns sawe come rydyng,  
Ten maydenes bryȝt of ble ; 850  
Ham thoȝt they wer so bryȝt and schene,

1 Nighing, drawing nigh.

2 Causeth.

3 Condemn.

4 Slay—i. e. be slayn.

That the lodlekest without *wene*, (¹)  
 Har quene than mygte be.

Tho seyde Gawayn that corteys knygt,  
 ‘Launfal! brodyr! drede the no *wygt*! (²) 855  
 ‘Her cometh thy lemman hende!’  
 Launfal answerede, and seyde, ‘Y wys  
 ‘None of ham my lemman nys,  
 ‘Gawayn, my lefly frende!’

To that castell they wente rygt, 860  
 At the gate they gonne alygt,  
 Before Kyng Artour gonne they wende,  
 And bede hym make a redy hastyly,  
 A fayr chamber for her lady,  
 That was come of kynges kende. 865

‘Ho ys your lady?’ Artour seyde.  
 ‘Ye schull ywyte,’ seyde the mayde,  
 ‘For sche cometh ryde.’  
 The kyng commaundede, for her sake,  
 The fayryst chamber for to take, 870  
 In hys palys that tyde.

And anon to hys barouns he sente,  
 For to yeve jugemente,  
 Upon that traytour full of pryde.  
 The barouns answerede anoon rygt, 875  
 ‘Have we seyn the maydenes brygt;  
 ‘Whe schull not longe abyde.’

¹ Without opinion—i. e. without doubt.

² Not a whit.

A new tale they gonne tho,  
 Some of wele and some of wo,  
 Har lord the kyng to *queme*. <sup>(1)</sup> 880  
 Some dampnede Launfal there,  
 And some made quyt, and skere,  
 Har tales war well *breme*: <sup>(2)</sup>

Tho saw they other ten maydenes brygt,  
 Fayrer than the other ten of sygt, 885  
 As they gone hym deme.  
 They ryd upon joly *moyles* <sup>(3)</sup> of Spayne,  
 With sadell and brydell of Champayne,  
 Her *lorains* <sup>(4)</sup> lygt gonne leme.

They wer *ycloden yn samyt tyre*, <sup>(5)</sup> 890  
 Ech man hadde greet desyre  
 To se har clodynge.  
 Tho seyde Gawayn, that courtayse knygt,  
 'Launfal! her cometh thy swete wygt,  
 'That may thy *bote* <sup>(6)</sup> brynge.' 895

Launfal answerede wyth drery *dogt*, <sup>(7)</sup>  
 And seyde, 'alas, y knowe hem nogt,  
 'Ne non of all the ofspringe.'  
 Forth they wente to that palys,  
 And lygte at the hye deys, 900  
 Before Artour the kyng:

1 Please.                      2 Solemn.                      3 Mules.  
 4 Reins, Fr. La Combe's Dict.                      5 Clothed in attire of  
 Samite. Tyrwhitt calls the *Samite* 'a rich silk.' Le Grand translates  
 this passage, 'Elles estoient vêtues d'un "Bliaud d'Or."  
 6 Help.                      7 Thought.

And grete the kyng and quene ek,  
 And oo (¹) made thys wordes spake,  
 To the Kyng Artour.  
 ' Thine hall *agrayde*, (²) *and bele* the walles, 905  
 ' With clodes, and wyth ryche palles,  
 ' Agens my lady Tryamour !'

The kyng answerede, *bedene*, (³)  
 Well come, ye maydenes *schene*, (⁴)  
 Be our Lord the Savyour. 910  
 He commaunded Launcelot du Lak to brynge hem yn fere,  
 In the chamber thar har felawes were,  
 Wyth merthe and moche honour ;

Anoon the quene suppose gyle,  
 That Launfalle schulle, yn a whyle, 915  
 Be ymade quyt and skere,  
 Thorug hys lemman that was commynge ;  
 Anon sche seyde to Artour the kyng,  
 Syre, ' Courtys yf thou were,

' Or yf thou lovedest thyn honour, 920  
 ' I schuld be awreke of that traytour,  
 ' That doth me changy chere,  
 ' To Launfal thou schuldest not spare ;  
 ' Thy barouns dryven the to *bismare* ; (⁵)  
 ' He ys hem lef and dere.' 925

And as the quene spak to the kyng,  
 The barouns seyȝ come rydyng,

¹ One? ² Prepare, and cover; both words are Saxon. ³ Immediately.  
 Ruddeman's Gloss. to G. Douglas. ⁴ Beautiful. ⁵ Blame, Sax.

A damesele alone.

Upon a whyt comely palfrey,

(They saw never non so gay

930

Upon the grounde gone.)

Gentyll, jolyf, as bryd on bowe,

In all manere fayr inowe

To wonye in worldly wone.

The lady was brygt as blosme on brere,

935

Wyth eyen gray, with lovelych chere,

Her *leyre* (<sup>1</sup>) lygt shoone ;

As rose on rys her rode was red ;

The her schon upon her hed,

As gold wyre that shynyth brygt.

940

Sche hadde a crounne upon her, molde

Of ryche stones and of gold,

That lovesome lemed lygt.

The lady was clad yn purpure palle,

With gentyll body, and myddyll small,

945

That semely was of sygt.

Her mantyll was furryth wyth whyt ermyn,

*Ireversyed*, (<sup>2</sup>) jolyf, and fynd,

No ryche be ne mygt.

Her sadell was semely set,

950

The *sambus* (<sup>3</sup>) wer grene felvet,

Ipaynted wyth ymagerye ;

<sup>1</sup> Complexion.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps *faced*, from *revers*, Fr.

<sup>3</sup> The *sambus*, or *sambuc*, (*sambuca*) seems to have been the saddle-cloth, or housing.

The bordure was of belles,  
Of ryche gold, and nothyng elles,  
That any man myȝte aspye. 955

In the arsouns, before and behynde,  
Were they stonys of Ynde,  
*Gay for the maystrye:* <sup>(1)</sup>  
The *paytrelle* <sup>(2)</sup> of her palfraye  
Was worth an erldome stout and gay, 960  
The best in Lumbardye.

A Gerfawcon sche bar on her hond;  
A softe pas her palfray fond,  
That men her schuld beholde:  
Thorug Karlyon rood that lady, 965  
Twey whyte greyhoundys ronne her by,  
Har colors were of gold.

And when Launfal saw that lady,  
To all the folk he gan crye *an bye*, <sup>(3)</sup>  
Bothe to yonge and olde. 970  
' Her (he seyde) comyth my lemman swete!  
' Sche myȝt me *of my balys bete* <sup>(4)</sup>  
' ȝef that lady wolde!'

Forth sche went ynto the halle,  
Ther was the quene and the ladyes all, 975  
And also Kyng Artour;

<sup>1</sup> Superlatively gay. See Tyrwhitt's Gloss. to Chaucer.

<sup>2</sup> *Poitrail*, Fr. breast-plate. <sup>3</sup> In haste.

<sup>4</sup> Help me out of my bale or misery.



Her maydenes come ayens her rygt,  
 To take her styrop when sche lygt,  
 Of the lady Dame Tryamour.

Sche dede off her mantell on the flet, 980  
 That men schuld beholde the bet.

Without a more sojour,  
 Kyng Artour gave her fayre grete ;  
 And sche hym agayn, with wordes swete,  
 That were of greet valour. 985

Up stod the quene, and ladyes stout,  
 Her for to beholde all about,  
 How evene sche stod up rygt ;  
 Than twer they wyth her all so *donne* (¹)  
 As ys the mone ayen the sonne, 990  
 Aday whan hyt ys lygt.

Than seyde sche to Artour the Kyng,  
 ‘ Syr, hyder I come, for swych a thyng  
 ‘ To skere Launfal the knygt,  
 ‘ That he never, yn no folye, 995  
 ‘ Besofte the quene yn no *drurye* (²)  
 ‘ By dayes ne be nygt.

‘ Therfor, Syr Kyng, good keep thou myne ;  
 ‘ He bad nagt her, but sche bade hym,  
 ‘ Her lemman for to be : 1000  
 ‘ And he answerede her and seyde,

¹ Dun, dark.

² Gallantry.

‘ That hys lemman’s lothlokest mayde  
 ‘ Was fayryr than was sche.’

Kyng Artour seyde, wythouten othe,  
 ‘ Ech man may yse, that ys sothe, 1005  
 ‘ Bryghter that ye be.’

Wyth that Dame Tryamour to the quene geth,  
 And blew on her swych a breth,  
 That never eft mygt sche se.

The lady lep on her palfray, 1010  
 And bad hem all have good day,  
 Sche nolde no longer abyde.  
 Wyth that come Gyfre all so prest,  
 Wyth Launfals stede out of the forest,  
 And stod Launfal besyde. 1015

The knygt to hors he gan to sprynge,  
 Anoon, without any lettynge,  
 Wyth hys lemman away to ryde ;  
 The lady tok her maydenys echon,  
 And went the way that sche had er gon, 1020  
 Wyth solas and wyth pryde.

The lady rod forth [of] Cardeuyle,  
 Far into a jolyf ile.  
 Olyroun that hygte ;  
 Everych yer, upon a certayn day, 1025  
 Me may here Launfales stede *nay*, (‘)  
 And hym se wyth sygt.

1 Neigh.

Ho that wyll ther axsy justes,  
 To kepe hys armes [fro] the rustes,  
 In tournement, other fygt, 1030  
 Dar he never forther gon ;  
 Ther he may fynde justes anon,  
 Wyth Syr Launfal the knygt.

Thus Launfal, wythouten fable,  
 That noble knygt of the round table, 1035  
 Was take ynto Fayrye :  
 Seythe (¹) saw hym yn thys land no man,  
 Ne no more of hym tell y ne can,  
 For sothe wythoute lye.

Thomas Chestre made thys tale, 1040  
 Of the noble knygt Syr Launfale,  
 Good of Chyvalrye :  
 Jesus that ys Hevene Kyng,  
 geve us all hys blessing,  
 And hys moder Marye ! Amen. 1045

¹ Since.

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EXPLICIT LAUNFAL.

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FINIS.